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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Dwight Macdonald's
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The return of the
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PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Tracing the shadow
of a coming event

Especially in these pages the last couple of months, you may have noticed the name that the October issue will deserve its entire year, longer than usual, to sports in America, or, to use the term our promotion department has minted, "The United States of Sports."

Those who have made this magazine's acquaintance only recently may be surprised at this choice of title for our next extra-special issue, particularly since it will serve as next October's "anno" to our whapping anniversary issue of last October.

What many people have forgotten about Ensign is that from the very beginning use of the major tools of its fundamental philosophy has been a consistent preoccupation with the whole spectrum of sport. In the first four issues back in the Fall of 1958 there were articles by such immortals of American sports as Bobby Jones on golf, and Gene Tunney and Lester Lewand on boxing, as well as Elmer Monkmeyer on big-game fishing. Since then has this constant devotion to sport continued, as some mistakenly have thought, only to the participant sports such as golf and fishing. Over the years it has regularly ranged over the whole gamut of sport, with coverage as variegated as from Sherwood Anderson on harness racing to Eric Sevareid on bullfighting.

In fact, "sports" was one of the first words standing next to "Ensign" blazoned on our cover right off the bat. In view of information of what the reader might find inside this then new magazine,

Some years back, we deviated what many considered a disproportionate amount of space in one issue to that Jekyll-and-Jekyll of the spectator sports, pro football. That was before the Sunday-afternoon violence had become the national obsession upon which it subsequently developed, absolutely justifying the judgment of our editors. From the way things are shaping up now for the October issue it appears likely that some similar preoccupation may again be evidenced.

Sport, according to the undrugged Webster's, "is any activity or expenditure that gives physical enjoyment, pleasure, diversion." Considerably farther down, after the definitions that have to do with hot-air balloons, it offers this one: "amorous trifling or play"; but it brackets it as obsolete, a circumstance of which our editors will undoubtedly take due cognizance.

Going beyond even the broadest of these definitions, what may be characteristic of anything you would rather do at a given instant than anything else you might be doing, or even are supposed to be doing. Usually, sports and activities pursued for their own sake, and not for any financial gain or other personal benefit. The unimportance of betting and the greatest ascendancy of professionals have both tended to blur this ideal. And Wiener's lab has come along to confront the notion, so long regarded as truistic, that sports are to each as soap opera is to women.

But however broadly or narrowly you may define it, sport in certain the one topic that may be presumed to be of paramount interest and of almost absolute utility at a time when virtually everything else is in a state of flux. It's paradoxical, since the essence of a sporting event is the certainty of its outcome, that as a topic for a special issue sport is a better bet to "win out" than almost any other you could name. The upcoming October issue has every chance to be #1 as lasting interest; in the past October issues that it even were undergoing transubstantiation into a McKay hard-cover book.

These special issues are built on a separate track, so to speak, next to but apart from the regular editorial production line over which the annual monthly issue proceeds toward their various deadlines. And they are controlled by an independent committee of thinking and rethinking, right up to the moment the last whistle blows. At this distance from the deadline for October, about all we can tell about it is where it is now, or call it playing field, as an editorial package. But that tells right now in the equivalent of four average issues of the leading sports magazines on the stands today.

If the expertise with last October's jumbo issue in any indication, there could be neither jams nor fits for copies, with the consequences that anybody but a subscriber could be readily aware of getting one. This isn't to say you have to subscribe to get one; if you aren't already a subscriber. (Personally, I'm not.) It's just to say that a chance for winning for the hard core is. But it is to furnish a lot of letters, about five months from now, complaining that this was one race short about which nobody took the trouble to issue any warning.

Consider one issued — A.G.

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THERE IS ONLY ONE JOY THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD

Mother's Day, May 12th

WRITING RUST HILLS

Letter comes to me from Esquay. Open it. It ends as another letter, addressed to me (strangely, by chance), as "Fiction Editor" at Esquay, already opened by John Schwartz, Assistant Fiction Editor, who has scrawled on the envelope front, "You get the warmest mail I've ever seen. What is it about travel around the country visiting their far-flung children and grandchildren. "Thought you'd appreciate this," said the man who sent it to me. He was correct. I'd never heard of him, anyone he knew had disappeared, the appealing backwoodsman was everything's gone in the country now, anywhere. And I did appreciate his gift.

"Before address on the envelope says it's from John Harris Black Jr., Tucson, Arizona. Open it, you'd expect envelope all there is would be a postcard or maybe turn over and see a gift catalog. It's a color photograph of a blonde woman in a blue bikini set on a yellow rug. Part of the molded structure of the lounge (is Section 103?) comes up between the blonde's legs; she's holding a double puzzle; she's looking up at the camera, as always when John Harris Black Jr. has typed across the box, 'U.S.A.' Is this a good



I got weird mail, John is right. I don't get a lot of it, but a lot of it is really weird. Some of it is from New Jersey homeowners who think of themselves as revolutionaries and their patriotic forefathers (their complaints are about their landlords' money ways with rents and letters), but now and then a very less likely corusca (San Diego Cheryl)—keep the Momma's cool and go on doing those grrr-grrr! There's a nice lady in Pittsburgh who sends me letters of a kind of breed you can apparently only get in Pittsburgh—she's a widow, she's got white hair, it's clean, and it looks so delicious—just because I can write an obnoxious post on my blog (*McCook's*) called "How To Make Milk Tonk." Their names. I guess one of the basic assumptions of my work—maybe it would have to do with it—was that the names they were given would be reflected in us as I am, or maybe. So I guess it's logical for my readers to assume that I'm going to be as inaccurate in them as they are. And I am, I am, or nearly.

Since writing the above (you just had to believe me when I say some-there like that; I never tell about anything), I've had a few more responses. I don't know if it's because Illinois, a home I have never heard of. After explaining that this is the first time he's ever written to anyone he didn't know (which is what they all say), and apologetically

A while back I got sent a newspaper ad. There was a picture of a big house trailer, and the ad said, "Think of it as grandmother's house," the idea being that senior citizens should have a nice home and

hadn't guessed) of whose nose I was last year smitten. I heard from a girl who I felt somewhat about the whole of us the way I felt about Stephen's nose that Stephen had been out touring the East looking at schools and had pretty much determined she wanted to go to Dartmouth. Dartmouth is the last place she should take her

glorious little man. I know several people there, all of whom I dislike, and am quite happy that they went to Dartmouth, but not Stephens."

I know just how he must feel, this man, this absolute stranger, this freshetie in some place somewhere. I know how everyone who writes me feels. I never met anyone I liked who went to Dartmouth, either, except of course Brock Brewer, and even he sometimes acts as if something had gone wrong for about four years in his life. Certainly Dartmouth was no place for Stephens, and I would like very much to have him go back there again.

He is a good man, (at least once) to keep his own convictions clear in the manner by which all he could to keep her from going there. Also, I told him to see Wayne Badde's *The Ethics of Fiction*, (University of Chicago Press), a kind of all-purpose prescription I give to a lot of the people who write me.

Of course, since I get into this crazy column-writing, which is supposed to be more about books than about me, I get a lot of letters from people who are publishing books, their own or another's. These letters can be strange enough, too, though, sometimes.

For instance, here's one from Charles Léonard Cooke, of Gross Pointe, which says: "Recently passed my seventy-seventh birthday and discovered the incidence of certain numbers occurring on the same date is simply remarkable as I postponed getting a large contract waiting for the 18th to come up, and two years later I had my shirt on the business end. Here goes. I was born on the 23rd, March 1884. Born my first daughter born November 18th 1910 my second daughter born 2nd June 1911 enlisted in the American Legion in Detroit December 21st 1917. Seriously ill in WWI joined the 21st Canadian Battalion in France on 18th July 1917. Seriously

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^aSome former patients have joined the Royal Institute of Psychiatry, London, Britain.

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Announcing a revolutionary method for controlling problem perspiration.

The Mitchum Method.

What makes you sweat?

Life is sweat. When you use your energy, you sweat. The very act of breathing is a form of perspiration. (Ever notice the frosty vapor you exhale on a cold day? That's sweat.)

There are glands throughout the body whose main job is to release water. However, for our purposes, we are concerned only with the sweat glands in the major problem areas: armpits, underarms and the arms.

These glands produce a clear, odorless liquid. But when bacteria on your skin come in contact with this liquid, perspiration odor develops. Some people sweat more than others. Increased effort, nervous excitement—and the glands start gushing. Now while it may be socially acceptable to mop one's brow in public, mopping up drenched armpits presents a problem.



How do you know you have problem perspiration?

Those stains under the armpits that eventually eat into your clothes. That feeling that you want to keep your arms very close to your body. That moist, uncomfortable

sensation that seems to attack you more than others. Man or woman, if you think you have a perspiration problem, you have it. It's as simple as that.

How have you been coping with problem perspiration?

You've probably been using anti-perspirants instead of just plain deodorants which merely mask odor. You follow your morning habit of applying your favorite-of-the-moment anti-perspirant. You even apply it again if you're going out later on. Every time you shower or bathe, you automatically reach for your anti-perspirant. And still, comes a crisis, there's always that doubt:

Mitchum. The night-time anti-perspirant.

The Mitchum Method is as different from others as night and day. First of all, you apply it at **NIGHT** before you go to bed! That's the recommended MITCHUM METHOD. Now just in case you think there's madness behind this method, let us explain why.

You perspire, of course, while you sleep. But certainly not as much as during your most hectic time of morning, afternoon or evening. When you apply Mitchum Anti-Perspirant at night, you're giving its two anti-perspirant ingredients a whole night's time to work their benefits into your skin. You're pre-conditioning your skin to cope with the stress and strain of tomorrow.

In the morning, you can shower and rush off to the day's activities. And feel protected all day.



Does Mitchum Anti-Perspirant seal your pores?

Absolutely not. If you're wondering where all the perspiration goes after your skin has been treated with Mitchum, we would like to assure you that your perspiration goes out—from other pores in your body. All Mitchum anti-perspirant does is gently redirect it. It doesn't get clogged in your underarm pores. It just leaves by other less problem-causing "exits." So don't believe that old wives' tale that if you help stop your underarm perspiration, you're "interfering with nature." Or that terrible things will happen to you.

Is Mitchum Anti-Perspirant really gentle?

The answer is yes. Unless you have some specific allergy, Mitchum Anti-Perspirant works so effectively because it contains high percentages of aluminum chloride and aluminum chlorhydrate (the two best anti-perspirant ingredients). However, these two chemicals have been *buffered*—treated in a very special way—to make this product mild. To avoid irritation of the skin, Mitchum does its work gently.

Use Mitchum four consecutive nights and then only as needed.

Of course, you may use Mitchum Anti-Perspirant anytime of day you prefer. But we strongly recommend you use it at night, because that's your body's quietest, most inactive time. However, since some nights are less stressful than others, we suggest you use your Mitchum Anti-Perspirant for the first three four nights in a row. And then, even if you skip a night, you're still protected the next day.

Mitchum Anti-Perspirant is available in your favorite forms.

Cream. For people who want the complete coverage that only hand application of a cream can give. Since you apply it at night, it won't rub off on your clothes next day. Not a sign of it.

Spray. Press the nozzle on the elegant, seam-free can to release a gentle mist of protection every time. Available scented and unscented.

Dab-On. It applies easily and uniformly with a unique, built-in, silicon applicator. Touches the skin smoothly and effectively. Available scented and unscented.

Just pick the form you prefer. But use it at night. Then say good night—to problem perspiration.

The image displays several Mitchum anti-perspirant products. On the left, there is a spray can labeled 'Spray' and a cream jar labeled 'Cream'. In the center, there is a larger spray can labeled 'For Problem Perspiration' and a smaller tube labeled 'MITCHUM ANTHIPERSPIRANT SPRAY'. On the right, there is a dab-on container labeled 'Dab-On' and a tube labeled 'ANTI PERSPIRANT'.

The Mitchum Method. Plan tonight to sweat less tomorrow.



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Kodak
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in Boston where I have been a subscriber for many years." The letter is dated the 13th.

Because of my ill-fated experience reviewing books for Harper's, I get staff addressed to Nelson Algren, Harper's magazine, of my local news letter number in Connecticut. I get books sent to "Editor's Magazine" and one from a man in Florida, Worcester. George Soules, Inc. publishes a book they especially want to reach. Edna St. Vincent Millay, the editor-in-chief, writes me a letter as Fannie Flagg: "Dear Mr. Tilly," these letters begin.

Because I once mentioned that I might likely do a book for Houghton Mifflin on the West Coast literary scene, I get some friendly letters from out there. A man named Gerald Lechtin, for instance, who teaches at California State University, Long Beach, sends me everything he publishes. It includes a driver's handbook, which miniautographed and signed booklets, such as carefully numbered for collection. There's a book of his short stories, called *Locked in with Great Labels*, which is something you'd actually rather not be given the picture of his face on the cover of this booklet and the picture of his belief on *Sins of Paup*, his second collection of poetry. Most of these stories have been published in *Southern Review*, *Trempealeau*, *New Orleans Review*, *Mag*, and *Clyde Root*. The took me unprepared that is that these stories are really poetic—poetic or clever or sneaky or something—so much, even more oddly, for the first one, "The Hippie Shirt," which was published in *Western Humanities Review*, reprinted in Martha Foley's *The Best American Stories*, 1972, and is "unanswerable" and "presumptuous." I don't want to seem to be overemphasizing these stories; it's just that they're so much fun had that you'd expect them to be great the format and the Southern California aspect of it all.

Letter from Rosalie Woody: "Dear Mr. Tilly, All of us at Croswell are so enthusiastic about *The River Gates Water*, a novel by R. L. Gordon, who writes for *The New Yorker*. There's a quote . . . a rather good read—"Publishers Weekly." I start reading the whole *Publishers Weekly* description and it seems to be a fairly standard murder mystery. In fact, that's what P. W. forecast calls: "Readily great literature, but a little good read."

The same Rosalie Woody had written me two examples of mondo marine (which I guess we were in *Book-of-the-month*): "Dear Tilly, This is one novel I would truly like to see by next—Fest, Rosalie." The one novel Rosalie truly wanted me to read was *Last*

"I don't drive the car for the prestige. I drive it for my own feelings of satisfaction." Robert Orr, D.O.



Dr. Robert C. Orr, osteopathic physician and surgeon in Detroit, Michigan, talks about how he feels about cars in general and Cadillacs in particular. He presently owns a Fleetwood Brougham.

"I like a big car. I like the style of the Fleetwood. I've had friends of mine who had Cadillacs mention that they are good refug cars, and I find this to be true. I believe in buying a big, substantial car that also has weight to it, because, on a trip I want to be in a car I feel comfortable in."

"I've had some long distance rides with the car and it's very satisfactory. I've been down to Florida with it, with the whole family in the car, and I couldn't expect a nicer trip."

"I don't drive the car for the prestige. I drive it for my own feelings of satisfaction. And there's another big factor, and that is I feel that a Cadillac is worth the price. To figure it out statistically, I'm in the car between 13 and 15% of my waking hours. And my feeling is that I want to drive a comfortable car."

On the question of age, he said, "I see no differentiation between a young person or an older person driving a Cadillac—whether it's a Fleetwood Brougham or an Eldorado."

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If your musical tastes are too particular to join just any club, then MUSIC OF THE MONTH is for you. Choose the 4 introductory selections you want and mail the coupon today—
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HELEN REDDY	Long Hard Climbe (Capitol)	71219	Revert Of White Carr E.P.	94850
THE CARPENTERS	New & Then (A&M)	95085	TONI T. NALL	95591
JOHN FOGERTY	Wrote For You (A&M)	95186	For The People In The Last Hard Town (Mercury)	95591
ARTIE SHAW	A Man & His Music (Capitol)—Twin Set	95191	ROBERTA FLACK	95145
NEIL DIAMOND	Modest (MCA)	94479	Midnight Train To Memphis (Allentown)	95145
RAY CHARLES	Message From The People (A&M)	94787	ELTON JOHN	95217
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Music of the Month

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FOR ONLY \$1

HANGING OUT ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

In this TV season's hit series *Kojak*, Shelly is an endearing, dim-witted, dim-witted, dim-witted man which might be called the Cobb's Corner Shot. Here, repeatedly, as the gifted actor Telly Savalas as New York police Lieutenant Theo Kojak, driving down Broadway at night, cameras angled past his right profile, and in the background across the brightly lit high sign of the Cobb's Corner Restaurant. Does this mean that Lt. Kojak operates cells in the Times Square area? Is he part of this or that mob? Theo Kojak always first says Cobb's Corner to get his bearings? Is Cobb's Corner his security blanket? Does he sit there free? No more of this is the answer. The right series you see, film as well, is supposed to be located in New York, and early on, not yet certain of need, a second cut dispatched to the Big Apple failed to get sufficiently dismal night traveling shots to use for time and distance transitions. So, over and over, the Cobb's Corner Shot. But he is not destroyed. Learn to log the shot as one constant viewer has. Pray that however successful *Kojak* becomes, and may it run forever, the producers, not from need but as an artistic choice, shoot no more night, or day, car traveling shots. Recognize the fact that Telly Savalas will grow known in New York, copy free from the press, who would dare to use *Theo Kojak* in the narrative?

Does that mean as necessitated a request to all you viewers who wear you, which only news and sports? Perhaps. But Nielsen numbers prove none of us are into the action-adventure scene, and in a culture that clothing us as average of six and a quarter viewing hours a day, little things mean a lot. The plan to strip a cop of wheels begins with an aside's understanding that a human being, Telly Savalas, has become a character name. Theo Kojak, and Kojak lives in a world which only pretends to be real, where the sole motivation is to make a profit, and the absolute ruling force will be the same but different.

"The same but different?" What is that? A Zen concept? The answer to a riddle brought home by your third-grader? No, no, it is raised a bottom-line, onward-principle, unashamedly blessed by all those folks, TV programmers, series publishers and agents, who are responsible for filling infinite prime-time hours, past, present and future, which this season

has raised network advertising revenue for the first time to over two billion dollars. Who dares to demand a medium that brings in the revenue BIG cash? None so the point, who can denigrate the phenomenon of television "stuff"? Television cannot never was and never will be any better or worse, it simply reflects shifting moods and tastes. If today we watch professional football rather than the funny, farce shows of twenty years ago, it may only mean that a generation hence will be devoted to public executions.

"The same-but-different" rule was created when most of TV's so-called



OCT. 74

This fall,
Esquire pulls off
a squeeze play

October Esquire will be all about baseball, football, basketball, hockey, golf, tennis, boating, racing, you name it. All these games will be packed into one giant issue devoted to sports in America. The *Selfish* Esquire since last year's *Forbes* As inventory bust, Dick Schaeff will write on the intellectuals of sports. George Plimpton will review sports literature. Jim Bouton will reveal the true side sportsmen. And, as always, we will be quotes, analysis, predictions, personalities, an endless keepsip of excitement. Assume your best now—order a subscription to *Esquire*. If you will for a limited copy you may get *Blot Oct.* Strike one....



PERSONALITY OF THE YEAR

IS YOUR WATCH MAKING YOU A MISSING PERSON?



At first, people just look at their watches and sigh. Then they try to think up good reasons for your lateness.

(Like maybe your car was stolen.) When you finally show up, what do you tell them? "It was my watch's fault." Of course, if you had an Accutron® watch, you couldn't say that. You'd be guaranteed the right time to within one minute a month.* Month after month without any winding.

So if you were ever late, you'd have to find some other ploy.

BULOVA ACCUTRON®
For men and women



One beautiful smoking experience.

If you've never had one, have an A&C Saber Tip.

Long, slim and uniquely stylish, A&C Saber Tips are carefully blended from fine imported and domestic tobaccos to give you a mild yet rich and flavorful smoke. In light or dark wrapper—with a beautifully designed tip to match—it adds up to one beautiful smoking experience.



Antonio Y Cleopatra.

The same means, at present, a lot of cops. Why cops? Is just another study, the reflection of a live-in-order ethic, fictional, supplemented solutions to real and complex problems; but just as an overexposure of Richard Nixon was prove problematical, so apparently a cop's life is not always interest. Yet some will remain like Tom Keaton. For now, we have two cops partnered in a car who were born to two in a heliport. The scene is different. Another cop with a younger cop in Hawaii, a similar pair in San Francisco, where in yet another series the commanding cop is Rock Hudson with an adoring wife and fancy road. There is the private-eye cop with a black secretary and one who is a government Neffler-walks nearly as well as Geraldine Keeler. There is the big-city cop who puts on disguises and another typical cop who wears only a raincoat. We have the philosopher cop in the early West who believes that the "Life is a series of choices" while punishing people out with his bar bat, and a doctor-cop in the contemporary West who swings both ways. There is a black private-eye cop and a cop who sits in a wheelchair, another subject to being crippled. For a while there was even a blind cop who was caged or maybe fell down a man-hole. There is now a cop who not six million dollars a build, while he's not exactly a cop, he isn't properly a police, which somehow creates a balance. For those lacking we have the W.A.S.P. actor claiming in character to be a cop with a very interesting name, the actually Grumpy cop and character with a blowzy-accenting name. All these cops are to varying degrees compassionate, sometimes fanatic. That's the real. Not one steals or does the bad, which is unreal. The best of them, though Keaton may take money, his moodiness alone costs more than he ever lightens. Two to three times a day Tom Keaton changes four-hundred-dollar outfits. Such a dandy! Tourist. Most of the other cops are losers, an honorable state going back to Hammer's Continental Cop, who doesn't seem have a sense. Cops must operate out there, involved with strangers in trouble, and a family can't be a drag, not to mention a running cost of a really unnecessary expense in a TV series. Keaton, however, not only has a large and devoted audience family, but Telly's brother George plays a character named Stevens and is also listed in the production credits.

Out of all these top stars and numerous, with daunting differences, how then does one, Keaton, rise above to become a solid hit, a joy to watch? The answer, of course, is

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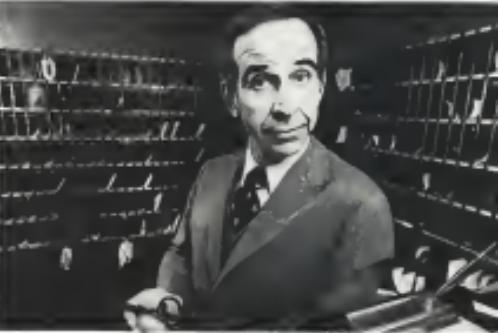
They're good at over 48,000 more restaurants.

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If your travelers cheques are stolen or lost, how quickly can you get an emergency refund?



"Sorry, we don't take that kind."

Refunds: usually on the same day.

If your American Express Travelers Cheques are stolen or lost, you can get a refund usually on the same day you report the loss.

You can report the loss at any American Express Company or representative office. They're located in over 200 cities across the country.

World's most popular travelers cheque.

If you're traveling outside the country, American Express Travelers Cheques still provide the best refund system in the world. During business hours, you can get a full refund—



AMERICAN EXPRESS
American Express Company

Telly Savalas, a first-rate actor, who is worth observing as he builds a character so real and truthful that one forgets he is just another cop in another cop series. Savalas has the robust talent and acquired ingenuity to allow him to create character. In his forties, raised in New York, Telly has absorbed his city's atmosphere of himself in the past, not the easiest shave for any actor. How much wiser it is to hide in another person. He has observed well over the years, in film and personality Kojak is the countercultural New Yorker. Also, Savalas has the presence that demands audience attention, when he is on screen. Here is a whole character happening before your very eyes; an actor Telly is working harder than anyone else now in show. He has not settled for Colombia-like passiveness. An old maniac, a cigar butt, grunting and snuffing are the first signs. But there are odd moments that are extremely sharp, when perhaps useful in characterization, reveal absolutely nothing about a human being.

To be complete, a first-rate actor must be able to bring both depth and vulnerability to a character, both of which Telly Savalas clearly understands and artistically is able to transmit to Theo Kojak. An actor can easily confuse his own judge, his revolver and a script which on the final page has him gunning down the perpetrator as passport to an illusion of danger, but circumstances often have a way of doing it as well as a need to cause audiences to think. Can the man exert his will, relentlessly or not, against an unwilling antagonist? Can he be dominant? Can he be held low? At the same time is he himself vulnerable to the needs of others, and is he able to reveal that?

Thoughtful actors have sometimes described their craft as a *formless* pursuit. What kind of max dress up in costumes and play hot games? More important, what kind of man is called upon to respond physically and on cue to others' emotional demands, those of the antagonist too, if any. Even a show as simple as *White Heat*, though not many can do that, which is why there are so few first-rate actors, which is why it's no waste of time watching Telly Savalas as *Theo Kojak*. Though he's not yet had to cry, you just know he could, with the loss of a single meiosis point.

Viewing the small-screen *Theo Kojak* one rarely wonders how much is the real Telly Savalas, how much has been invented, how much will eventually emerge. The star for New York speeds is perfect, it may be thymelating to know that before he became

an actor Savalas was a translator at the United Nations. Less educated than Savalas, Kojak is more illoscopic, and Telly has said, "If you hear a guy sounding like West Thirtyninth Street, that's my contribution." Yet that exact further, one assumes, is that, although a workmanlike product, "Telly's a dog." Kojak is slightly less arrogant than Savalas, whereas Savalas is less arrogant than Kojak. After all, Telly is married. Theo is not. With the image of Theo Kojak as a completely bald, middle-aged man with, let's say, irregular features, one wonders and asks Telly about Kojak's manliness. Moving toward the inevitable answer, Savalas is reticent to talk more and more like Kojak as the identification grows stronger. "They might throw a broad my way now and then," Savalas-Kojak answers. "I'm a cop in New York City, I'm married by goddam it's not a broad or a wife—no, no, but he's gotta have one for broads!" A pause. "I gotta change my image," Lasker, he goes on. "Kojak will rock a kiloape. I mean, if some broad gives him a box of kiloape, then he'll walk 'em."

Okay, as there may be an appeal for candy freaks, but can Theo Kojak be all things to all people? If Telly Savalas is completely at ease with the international-boss set, and he is, Theo Kojak on the other hand may generously show respectability an *Park Avenue* types. Here is probably an *America* type, a broad low—"The same but different." Both Kojak and Columbus are well-sedged out of the Universal studio, and by confronting exclusively wealthy perpetrators, Park-Columbus has become even more host of folk here, a symbol for the myth that even the mighty can be brought to heel. Has this kind of nonsense crept into Kojak? If so, it's a false note. Where Columbus is actually dolled, operating intuitively, and really a little man, Theo Kojak is far superior. His hospitable wardrobe is no *Westworld*; he belongs in those sets. What's more, he seems to be a man of the world. He is authentically New York type, sees shadiness like they were born on him. The fact is, Theo Kojak transsexuals claim but more to the point, if Kojak can be sympathetic with the known kind of hothead-addict, he surely can be tolerant of such millenarians.

Speaking of flaws ... but not really a flaw, more a funny thing. Theo Kojak is a master at what could be called the *Cosmic Throwaway*. All *Cosmic Throwaways* must be measured against the all-time classic written by Carson Kressley in the pilot episode of *Mr. Showboat*, a short-lived



White rum. Puerto Rican rum. Something you can stay with.



The party's still going strong. But once in a while it's good to get away.

If you need us each other—and white rum. Its smooth, clean taste is a natural with tonic, orange juice or tomato juice. This unusual smoothness comes with age. All white rum from Puerto Rico is aged in oak casks for at least a year—by law.

No wonder it's something you can stay with. Not just through the party. But through the years.

PUERTO RICO RUMS



TALE OF THE FOX

BY AUDI

Once upon a time, all cars were more or less the same.

Then along came sports cars, economy cars, compact cars, you name it cars.



The latest of which is the "sports sedan." Which is supposed to be



a sedan that has sports car features. But how many of them really are, though?

Enter the Fox by Audi: a real, true sports sedan.

Its front-wheel drive makes it incredibly surefooted. (It also gives you that traction you need to help get you

through the snow.)

It has the same type of rack-and-pinion steering and independent



front suspension that are found on some of the finest sports cars. This allows it to take turns with an agility remarkable for a sedan.

We also put something in the Fox so advanced, sports cars don't even have it yet. A special front axle design that helps prevent swerving when you stop under certain adverse conditions. (Speaking of stopping, the Fox's front disc brakes and radial-ply tires enable it to stop practically on a dime.)

Most extraordinary of all, despite the fact that this peppy little creature's overhead-cam engine can do 0 to 50 in 8.4 seconds and has a top speed of 97 mph,

it has an amazingly small appetite: 25 miles per gallon. Its price is relatively small also: \$3975.*

The interior, we might mention, is relatively large: seats five, comfortably. And it has an amount of trunk space almost unbelievable for a car this size. Its interior, by the way, is fairly smart, too, with things like fully-reclining contoured seats and door-to-door pile carpeting.

If you're in the market for a "sports sedan," try a true sports sedan: the Fox by Audi.

You'll drive happily ever after.



Canadian Lord Calvert is truly the All Canadian Whisky. From Vancouver's rugged coast... Manitoba's golden plains... the trimmest St. Lawrence River valley we bring our great Canadian whiskies to Ville La Salle and combine them into one greater Canadian smooth, subtle, Canadian Lord Calvert.



There's no Canadian more Canadian than Canadian Lord Calvert.

recent credit on the screen is "Created by," but Mann does not much like it. "It's not very sharp." An executive at Universal, who since the success of *Kojak*, has taken to carrying Greek pottery shards, encapsulates some of the facts. "The big hero of *Murder, She Wrote* was [director] Joe Sargent, who gave it real form and style. He made incredible but realistic demands on everybody. Joe had to have a caravanserai who cost approximately a week instead of what we generally get for twelve fifty. That kind of quality carried over onto the series with [cameraman] Jerry Finnerman. Great work all around, but as a result the show is very expensive. Seven shooting days, the second act. Sixteen days, the third. Between acts, and you know what that costs. Because of last year's writers' strike we shot the first two acts in 1982. No talk of who carries what it looks and sounds like, let's just get on. Everyone seemed to feel that special care was needed for a show that promised something special. They excelled a bit—and they were right."

When Abby Mann left the project, Universal brought in veteran producer (See *Citizen*) Matt Rife. Responsible for "most of the casting" is Jim McAdam. Over the long-distance phone comes the clack of wavy heads. "Telly is an absolute doll, never a streak's trouble. It was worth chasing him all over the world to get him. People had to bring him back because he'd do it again. The series is still on the air. So *Seinfeld* has to go on, and now he says it's stuck. But he laughs a lot when he says it. He, of course, is the key, but next to Telly, if there's one man most responsible for maintaining quality, it's a man whose name isn't even on the screen, Jack Laird." Laird, signed to Universal as a writer-producer, is not interested in a script editor's credit, but, "Every script goes through his typewriter. He's the guy who has polished everything together on paper, provides the continuity, the growth. He's consumed by the show."

According to Laird, *Death Wish* is important that "The *Kojak*, a fine Jewish being, continues to dole out as a poison and not, as the rest of his fellow brethren, a man who loves us, chases, or is chased by care. Let him continue to remain with other people, not with a gas shortage. For a world ruled by 'the same but different,' Telly Savalas, as Theo Kojak, a man who loves, loves, cruchs, splits out right ends, runs across streets holding coffee in a paper cup, dresses holding coffee in his family—this man may be different enough." ■



"Lights-~~Camera~~-Action"

Fingerabourghish Kodak XL movie cameras are designed especially to gather up nearly every bit of available light so you don't need movie lights. Just the light that's there, whether it's the light in your livingroom—the lights on your terrace—the searchlights at the lake—or the candlelight on a birthday cake sparkling in the eyes of a seven-year-old.

Kodak XL movie cameras have a fast f/1.2 lens, an enlarged shutter opening, and a viewing and metering system that let all the light go on the film. Drop Kodak XL movie 160 movie film in an XL movie camera and shoot.

Kodak XL movie cameras have a



Kodak XL movie cameras.
Movies without movie lights.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Book review

Since reading the article by Gerry Wills ("What's Are Young Americans Afraid To Here About," March) I've been in a mild state of shock. I had no idea that having a child was such a boomer. I've been living under the delusion that I was happy in the life that I live with my wife and daughter.

The people in N.O.N. certainly did come up with some convincing arguments in their defense to have a child. They failed, however, to give any of the eight reasons for procreation.

Get wise, I hate to think that we snatched our daughter for the wrong reasons.

James Dugay
Charlotte, N.C.

Good news

Julia Baumgard's marvelously written article on Josie Magard ("Happy Birthday, Joyce Maynard," April) should send back-to-back psychologists scurrying to her typewriter to begin a new case study. Madeline Kary,
Jeanne Koenigoff
Los Angeles, Calif.

Get-rich writing

In his article on the Keenland yearling sale, "What Are the Super Rich Doing for Fun These Days," March), Pete Atherton refers to Wall Street operator James R. Hayes as a "pajama-suit" at the horse sale. Hayes is not the only one who has sold out—his son, James R. Hayes II, has no connection whatsoever with the sale. It was sold off two years after his death and the name Keeneland comes from the Keeneland Stud formerly owned by John Oliver Keene, who was no relation to James R.

Atherton implies that the victory in the Kentucky Derby by Majestic Prince was the only justification for the high price paid for him and for his younger brother, Majestic Prince also won the Preakness, and the Santa Anita Derby, and a total of nine races in ten starts, and before he was syndicated for \$1,080,000 his race-track earnings of \$141,500 exceeded his purchase price of \$250,000. His younger brother, Cremorne Prince, has chosen to become a showpiece of a stallion; he was champion two-year-old in England, and after retirement also was syndicated as a stallion—for \$1,200,000.

Atherton states inaccurately (and

erroneously) that Horse Exchange "had a 'no bids' rule" and implies that this was a complete fool. Granted, she was a disinterested on the track, in view of her price, but notwithstanding an inquiry before her racing career began, she was nine, was once second and five times third in seven starts—severer out of the money. What she might do as a broodmare nobody knows.

William Robertson
Lexington, Ky.

Slewing beauty

I thought I was turned to John Steinbeck's unloving review, but his treatment of Barbara Stanwyck in his review of *The Way We Were* (Film, January) dismayed me. I care nothing for Steinbeck's personal opinions about Steinbeck's books, and don't see his dismal attempts at sophistry and irony in excusing them. What really disgusted me, though, was his air of no surprise that a man could force himself to bed a woman who is not up to Steinbeck's ideal of femininity.

Why doesn't John Simon stick to dewatering out such vital, intuitive matters of cinematography as Robert Redford's weaving of the same lie

True Menthols:

U.S. Gov't. tests show True menthol cigarettes lower in both tar and nicotine than 98% of all other menthols sold. Think about it.

Shouldn't your next menthol be True?



you, and leave the beauty contests to Bert Parks?

J. Wolfe
Sherman, Tex.

John Simon's film reviews are usually excellent, but he has betrayed himself in the March edition. The writing is at once witty, informative, and just plain fun, the latter resulting in a very short supply than of these days.

Deborah F. Glaston
Seattle, Wash.

lashed to more potent tablets? Peter Beachley is tall and good-looking and modest and has a gentle wife.

Also he was at home? In the Workmen's Club semifinals he beat Jeff Brown — even though Peter had a crimp.

My own celebrated modesty, a thousand times more overwhelming than Peter Beachley's, makes this much difficult to deal with, but I'll try. Under a dim red light Beachley might be described as good-looking and he is certainly tall, though the pleasing homeliness of my admittedly overgrown hair and beard may somewhat cloud his countenance. And while Mrs. Beachley is indeed a lovely creature, she is no match for the radiant beauty of my own wife, a former fast-food favorite still known throughout Connecticut as Queen Patti Go-Roo!

Peter Hill's qualifications as a literary commentator are dubious at best (all Strohman reads the acknowledgments which led him, during a single season, to break both thumbs on the lead courts). The author of the *Sound-Bentley* match scene has to have escaped his completely.

My plan, simply stated, was to lose the first set while exhausting my opponent, then win the next two and thereby the match. All

went well until the third set I had allowed myself to fall behind 2-4. In last-minute reflection, the action being to offer victory, then snatch it away, here the "big crimp" occurred. Beachley fell to his knees, preparing to serve, I glanced across the net and saw before we met a six-foot four-inch arrangement, but *Tres-Loose-Lassie*.

Graciously, I refused the crippled millionaire's hand, waddled over to default and allowed him to rest. Recovering with astonishing promptness, he urged me to return to the court. On my insistence in raising my hand (Bentley's doing had stopped), I was forced now to move directly into the blare of the setting sun behind him. Blinded, I lost the game, leaving me down 2-6, and as we changed sides the sun dropped below the horizon. Taking full advantage of the sudden dusk, Beachley went courtside into the shadows, barking along about *Na-mege-leh leh leh leh*, a war-ner—with no trace of a limp.

Let me end there, however, with a grade: Peter Beachley either his literary or sporting triumphs—or even the addition of his tandy, Hills, when maha toward me I have sought here to expose.

Jeff Brown
Sherman, Conn.



Regular: 12 mg. av. .07 mg. nicotine
Menthol: 11 mg. av. .07 mg. nicotine, or per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

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FILMS

JOHN SIMON

It's a curious fact about American movies in general, and even ones in particular, that they don't (cannot? dare not?) cope with serious, contemporary, middle-class adult problems. If the film is to be a drama, it can deal with the Western frontier, the historical past, some war or other; with the criminal classes, occasionally apart, possibly even law-enforcers, more rarely with the lives of famous people (there are new ones, when the common man is more than ever), and here and there lovable prostitutes, impoverished blacks, or exploited Indians. What is virtually nonexistent is serious film-making about the urban bourgeoisie and its ordinary problems. And when and if one comes along, it's about a short, bewifled young woman dying of mysterious disease, to say nothing of dominantly possessed teen-agers.

Yet most of us are likehousers, and the sort of discourses we made about ourselves in the films of Astrovkin, Bergman, Fellini, Buñuel, Ono, Ozu, Truffaut, Lucas, Mills, Carol Reed, the early David Lean, and a few others, we are very seldom afforded by American moviemakers. Virtually every notable American film is a genre film, a frosty little comedy, or a wacky romper, and, with the best of intentions, I cannot forgive myself for viewing *Frances* or *Rosemary's Baby*, *The Darling Companion* or *The Moonstruck Horse* or *Catch-22*. It is not surprising that an American movie about middle-class living paves anything but ludicrous or pathetic or both, that it is arguable that, in this direction, the American cinema might as well give up trying rather than such abominations as *Bonnie and Clyde* or *Sawyer's Way*, *Winter Dreams*, etc. I'll take the twentieth version of *Sally Fox Kid*, or the fiftieth movie about a bunch of easy borglars, trashing their way to riches.

Robert Altman's latest film *Thieves Like Us*, which has been garnering solid raves in, characteristically, a smattering of *Esquire*, *Newsweek*'s 1977 novel as when Nicholas Ray's 1947 *Take This Wife By Night* was based. More importantly, it is almost surely derived from Arthur Penn's *Bonnie and Clyde*. Still more surprisingly, the people in the film are barely on the fringes of the middle class, the period is the off-the-prepense Thirties, and the characters are originals and their womenfolk. And this is how close we have come to a serious adult film this far in 1978.



In exchange for leniency for her spouse, ends up by betraying Bowis to the police. Koosha, who never had another man and genuinely loved Bowis, nevertheless chooses him and her past as she goes off to bear his posthumous child.

It is true that the screenplay by Calder Willingham, Joan Tewkesbury and Altman does not explicitly blame the Depression and society for the tragic way of life. But it does have T-Bob's coldly cynical letter to "friends like us" and Bowis wonders whether a stray dog he picks up is "the third like me." So the film's philosophical framework is established: rich man, poor man, dog—everyone lives by screwing, thieving, surviving. Beyond that, the film is only interested in establishing what good family rats these robbers are—except for the smooth Charzene, whose meanness is implicitly blessed

as being ugly and unloved—and how it is through their virtue that the gods destroy them.

The characters seem real enough, but authenticity without sense appeal isn't worth very much. It is worth even less without some fresh insight into social and psychological problems. The supposedly upstanding Bowis is distinguished from his comrades only by a certain flaccidness about shedding blood, but even this is not gone into. He genuinely loves Koosha, but perhaps only because he is actually almost as inexperienced as she is. Koosha, in turn, loves three things: Bowis, making love, and gazing Casually, though in what order the three loves makes clear. Typical of the personality of the film is the line that when Koosha, while nursing the wounded Bowis, first yields to him, the radio, playing some sort of serialization of *Rebecca and Juliet*, enacted by strapless voices, and periodically interrupted by a fruitfully crooked announcer's voice declaring: "Thus did Romeo and Juliet consummate their first interview by falling madly in love with each other." We know this movie cannot not end, what would be funny, but these lines, which is?

What we is conclude from that? Altman's film makes even more persistent use of person radio programs than Bergman's *Paper Moon*. Had Koosha been listening on a device, even if it was connected with contemporary music, calls could still have been to shelf after a while. So Altman tries to justify it by extracting heavy from it—by, for instance, having Bowis listen to Gangbusters while waiting at the wheel of the getaway car for his pals. The emphatic triumphs of fictional law enforcement are belied by reality. So is in the love scenes, the clunky, Coke-swilling sex of Bowis and Koosha is meant to appear true, I think, than the fanciful literary love-trust, for their denigrated by broadcasting. Yet aside from the fact that many girls stale in highgate, there remains the question of why we are to consider these two tapes as even just equal to Shakespeare's. The level of awareness, to say nothing of the level of expression, of Altman's pair is indefinitely cruder, and resembles less Shakespeare's than the radio announcer's sensibility. But if that is the point, why waste such attention and affection on them?

Even as irony, the radio leitmotifs fail. By the time these radios have

Vacation tear-out supplement
Canada

Come to Atlantic Canada.



It's like taking a foreign vacation without crossing the ocean.

The city of Halifax, in Nova Scotia, is at roughly the same longitude as Bermuda, and St. John's, Newfoundland, is more than five hundred miles further east.

But Atlantic Canada is close to Europe in more than just a geographic sense.

It's the people — the Acadian French in New Brunswick, the Scots in Nova Scotia, the Irish and the English in Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island—and it's a way of life they brought with them hundreds of years ago and which even the influence of 20th century North America has failed to change significantly.

An Atlantic Canada vacation can offer you as much variety, as much old-world charm and as much fun as a four-country European tour.

Come and see.

Newfoundland is where North America began.

In the capital city of St. John's and in Ferryland, Trepassey and other parts of the pretty Avalon Peninsula, the accent is distinctly Irish. Further north, in the weatherbeaten villages tucked into rocky niches along the sheer cliffs and strung along the narrow inlets they call

"tiddies", you hear the soft burr of Dorset and Devon.

But the dialects aren't modern. Some of the words and phrases in common use are centuries old; part of an idiom lost long ago in Britain.

And all over the Province, people sing folk songs that tell of the countries they came from; as well as sea shanties recounting hundreds of years of Newfoundland legend and history.

Newfoundland will give you the exciting feeling that you've wandered into the pages of a history book.

John Cabot landed at St. John's in 1497, five years after Columbus found the West Indies. By the time Sir Humphrey Gilbert arrived (in 1583) to claim the land officially for Queen Elizabeth I, it was already a busy port, a rendezvous for the adventurous fishermen of half-a-dozen European nations. If you really want to feel the strength of the links that St. John's has with the past, go there in the spring, when the Portuguese fishing fleet sails in—just as it has every spring for more than four centuries.

Up until 1871, when the last British garrison was withdrawn, St. John's was fought over, sacked and more than once burned. So there are very few really old buildings left. The Victorian architecture that crowds the streets around the boot-shaped harbour gives way quickly to a brighter geometry of new sub-



Hundreds of tiny coves and "tiddies" around Newfoundland's rocky shore. From Come-by-Chance to Nick's Nose Cove, from Blow-me-Down to Joe Sett's Arm, each has a name that reflects the imagination and wit of the fatherfolk who settled these islands many generations ago.



shops, with modern hotels, office high-rise and shopping centres.

But there are plenty of reminders of the past for all that.

Signal Hill, where the last great battle was fought between the British and the French for dominion of the Atlantic coast, is a national historic park, with old fortifications and cannon pointing grimly out to sea. You can't stand up there, five hundred feet above the Harbour Narrows, the fresh Atlantic breeze in your face, without a deep sense of the past.

In 1901, Marconi tested an aerial from a flimsy kite on this same hill and picked up the first trans-Atlantic wireless message.

Across the city is the field where Alcock and Brown took off for their history-making flight to Ireland—eight years before Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic.

Lebanon adventure.

Labrador is part of the Province of Newfoundland. If you want to see something of this haunting "empire of the north," you can arrange an unforgettable cruise from St. John's. Coastal steamers weave their way through mazes of



islands, passing mist-wreathed cliffs and dodging occasional icebergs to visit villages and settlements that become steadily more remote and primitive the further north you travel.

But if you don't have time for a trip like that, there's plenty to do and see close to St. John's.

You can explore the outports around Conception Bay, where you'll find a warm, friendly people whose way of life hasn't changed much in generations. Their brightly painted wooden homes, the neatly quilted patterns of gardens and fences, the platforms of split and salted cod drying in the sun are part of a different world in a different age.

You can try your hand at jigging for cod—and whether you catch any or not, the yarns you'll hear while the boat rides the gentle swell will make the day worthwhile.



Nova Scotia is a province of intriguing contrasts. You'll find all the bright lights, gourmet restaurants and fine hotels you could wish for in the cities. But whenever you go, you're never far from sleepy fishing villages, ancient coves and soft sandy beaches swept spotlessly clean by the Atlantic tides.

Then there's the whole Newfoundland interior to explore. Almost one third of it is water—lakes, ponds, streams and rivers teeming with fighting Atlantic salmon and all kinds of trout. You



won't find finer fishing country anywhere on this continent.

Terra Nova National Park is a 156 square mile natural paradise on the shores of Bonavista Bay—where you might easily see a cruiser to Newfoundland is ever a stranger for long. Nova Scotia. Where else can you still hear Gaelic?

The Scots weren't the first to arrive in Nova Scotia. But when they came, they came in strength. Some 25,000 of them landed between 1809 and 1840, by which time there were very few parts of Cape Breton which had not been settled by Gaelic-speaking Highlanders.

When you tour around the Cabot Trail on Cape Breton (which you certainly must) you should know every verse of



they chose that part of Nova Scotia. The timbered mountains, hilly valleys and spectacular seascapes are uncannily like the home they left like.

Toddy the Scottish heritage is strong over most of Cape Breton and in Pictou and Antigonish counties. You can hear the skirt of the pipes and see the flush of leavened tartans at the Gathering of the Clans each July 1st in Pug-

wash (where the street signs are Gothic and English), at the mid-July Highland Games in Antigonish, at the August Festival of the Tartans in New Glasgow and at the colourful Gaelic Mod Festival of St. Ann's, which is held during the second week of August each year.

Nova Scotians never had any ambition to make their province a melting pot. Not the Scots. Not the Irish. Not the English. Not the

Germans and Swiss who settled in Lunenburg and made it the most famous shipbuilding centre in the New World. And not the Acadian French, whose descendants live today in a string of colourful communities along the French Shore of southwestern Nova Scotia and in villages like Belle Côte, Terre Noire, St. Joseph du Maine and De Madame in Cape Breton.

The French were the first to settle in Nova

Scotia. De Monts and Champlain built the Port Royal Habitation (at Annapolis Royal) in 1607—fifteen years before the Mayflower arrived at Plymouth Rock. The Habitation has been meticulously reconstructed and provides hours of fascinating sightseeing. But you'll get more feeling for the early strength of the French in Nova Scotia when you visit the great Fortress of Louisbourg on Cape Breton. Building began in 1720, and by the time they were finished it was a 100-acre walled city—the strongest fortress on the North American continent. Louisbourg was captured twice and finally demolished in 1760. Now it's being carefully restored. You can tour the sumptuously furnished Château, visit the museum and watch archaeologists digging in the ruins of buildings

not yet restored. Louisbourg is the historical showpiece of the whole area—perhaps even the whole continent.

Halifax. A perfect blend of old and new.

The Citadel—a mounted fortress straddling the heights 270 feet above the harbour—was built to offset the French power at Louisbourg. Today it dominates a city filled with exciting and delightful contrasts. A city where modern steel and glass high-rise blends happily with wooden-frame Colonial buildings. A thriving metropolis which still marks the noon hour with a booming cannon. A bustling commercial centre which still finds time for band concerts in the tree-shaded Public Gardens.

Halifax is the capital of Nova Scotia, and together with its sister city, Dartmouth, is the largest metropolitan

area in the four Atlantic Provinces. Its huge harbour complex has housed entire navies.

But despite its size and commercial importance, Halifax still has a kind of small-town charm. For all its fine hotels and restaurants, its extravagant shopping facilities and unique art galleries, it's still essentially a city of quiet squares and secluded parks. The perfect base for sailors and deep-sea fishermen who like to come ashore to bright

lights and an exciting nightife.

There are few more colourful cities on this continent.

A paradise for scuba divers.

More than 3,000 shipwrecks (some of them hundreds of years old) have been recorded in the clean, clear water off Nova Scotia's shores. Ships like Le Chameau, which sank in 1725 carrying a cargo of gold and silver and was located off Louisbourg as recently as 1965.

If you prefer to stay out of deep water, then consider a visit to Oak Island in the community of Western Shore, where people have been digging for Captain Kidd's treasure on and off since 1796. In that year, an old ship's block was found hanging from the limb of a huge oak tree over a thirty-foot wide depression. They say the treasure's buried there somewhere.

Nova Scotia is noted for its resorts: The Pines and Mountain Gap Inn at Digby, Keats Lodge at Ingomar, White Pointe Beach near Liverpool and the Old Orchard Inn at Wolfville to name just a few of the more famous. Wherever you stay in the province, you're never more than 25 miles from the sea, and never far from gaffing and sailing opportunities. So if in search of something special can arrange a cruise on the famous schooner Bluenose II. And for people who enjoy ballet, there's a once-in-a-lifetime treat waiting at the Theatre Arts Festival International at Wolfville—where the internationally-acclaimed Bolshoi Ballet is appearing this summer.

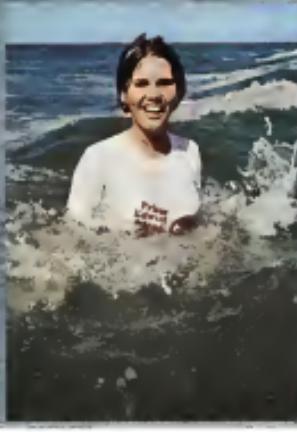
Prince Edward Island. The Million-Acre Farm.

The trip from Halifax to Caraquet, where you catch the ferry to Prince Edward Island, is very easy and very lovely. But if you're anxious to get there as quickly as possible, the airline service to Charlottetown (the capital) is fast and frequent.

Halifax is the home of the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra and of the Neptune Theatre, which ranks among Canada's best repertory companies. In Halifax and in the neighbouring city of Dartmouth (right across the harbour) you'll find a busy nightife, last-class accommodations and seafood restaurants to match any in the world.



They say that if you went to All Yankees Stadium with Prince Edward Islanders there'd be no-one left in the province at all. Canada's tiniest Province is so small that you'll come to know it well in a short stay—but truly that you won't run out of things to do and see even if you stay all summer long.



PEI is only 140 miles long and averages about 25 miles in width. From the air, it's a green and brown patchwork quilt of farms with a decorative edging of pink sand and surf. No steel mills, no oil refineries, no big factories and no pollution.

No push or hustle, either. To someone fresh from a big city, everything (with the possible exception of the houses at Charlottetown and Summerside, Race Tracks) seems to move at half-speed. If you really want to



Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island is a pretty capital city is a place of high art, historic buildings and a very English atmosphere of racing, flower shows, country fairs, etc. The Island offers a whole summer full of cultural joys — famous ones like the Lobster Festival at Summerside, the Princess Bath Parade and Regatta, the Royal Highland Games at Elgin, as well as dozens of village fairs where you can sample the Island's home-baked pies and delicious hospitality.



get to know the Islanders, think about staying on a farm for a few days or a week. You'll sleep in the farmer's comfortable guest room, eat enormous meals at his table and if and when you feel like it, lend a hand with the chores.



But the big dividend is conversation with the farmer and his family — the still summer evenings spent sitting on his porch, sipping the wine through his calm, shaved eyes.

Tourist Information Centers can make all

the arrangements if you're interested. But if you're not, there are dozens of good hotels and pleasant motels in Charlottetown, Summerside and the other towns. And the great thing is that wherever you stay, you're close to

everything the Island has to offer.

To miles of magnificent sand beaches. To seaside villages where you can shop for local crafts and charter boats for deep-sea fishing or sightseeing. To the Island's many fine 18-hole golf courses. To the come-as-you-are Lobster Festival held at Summerside in mid-July each year. To well-advertised auctions, carnivals, exhibitions and celebrations all over the Island. To Malpeque Bay, where acres of oysters are harvested

The New Brunswick coast is washed by Chaleur Bay in the north, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Northumberland Strait on the east and the Bay of Fundy on the south. But in spite of all that water, it's a harsh winter fishing area. The Minimata, Northwest Passage and Tatoushantap Rivers are among the world's greatest breeders of Atlantic Silver Salmon. Trout are plentiful and striped bass are in the rivers flowing into the Bay of Fundy.

every year for gourmet restaurants on the Island and in most of the big cities of North America.

Charlottetown itself is a gracious, tree-lined city. It was officially founded in 1763 and officially invaded by two American privateers in 1775. They captured the Attorney General, who was later returned, and the Great Seal of the Colony, which was not.

The historic Confederation Chamber of Province House (where Canada's founding fathers met to plan Confederation) is well worth seeing. So is the magnificent Confederation Centre of the Arts. It contains a thousand-seat theatre, a fine art gallery, Grand Hall, library and restaurant. It's the home of the special theatre presentations held each July and August during the Charlottetown Festival.

Fishing for Bluefin.
A thrill to last
a lifetime.

Most of the Island's tuna boats are berthed at North Lake Harbour, a short, scenic drive from Charlottetown on the King's Byway.

You'll find that you really don't need to be an expert fisherman to enjoy the sport. Nor do you have to be rich. The \$100-a-day rental cost (which includes bait, tackle and all the expert advice you can handle) can, if you wish, be shared with five other fishermen. Everyone gets a turn in the chair.

The smallest Bluefin landed last year tipped the scales at a little over 500 lbs. The world's record was taken in these waters (in October '73) weighing 1120 lbs.

Imagine having that on the end of a 130 ft. line.

Une soirée Acadienne.
An unforgettable
experience.

The ferry from Prince Edward Island takes you to Cape Témiscouata, New Brunswick. To the north is Aboriginal country. The first

settlers in New Brunswick were the French, who named this part of the New World "Acadia". Their descendants, living along the eastern and northern shores of the Province, contribute greatly to the way of life in New Brunswick and provide a cultural element that is rich and unique.



Wherever you go in New Brunswick there's a marvelous sense of friendliness and openness of personality. You're welcome in the gas-torn cities in the seven old villages and perhaps most of all in the gentle faces of the people.

They're delightful, hard-working people, with a tremendous capacity for enjoying themselves. Their parties (sorées) are public affairs. The entire community and everyone else who chances to be in the neighbourhood

is expected to participate. To sing, dance and partake of the great variety of Acadian cuisine.

King Lobster Reigns

While the entire Acadian coast is famous for its hospitality, joc de saveur and (especially) gourmet seafood, there's little doubt that the most renowned area of all is the resort town of Shediac with its spectacular beaches. Shediac is the Lobster Capital of the World. And to prove it, Le Roi des Homards (King Lobster) reigns supreme over the mid-summer, four-day Lobster Festival.

Only twenty miles away you can discover the marvelous mosaic of this province's personality in the warm, friendly city of Moncton.

New Brunswick's southern shore is on the Bay of Fundy, where the world's highest tides have worn the sandstone cliffs into sculptured masses resembling gigantic flower pots.

These same Fundy tides are also responsible for the fascinating Reversing Falls Rapids at Saint John. At low tide, the ocean is far below the mouth of the Saint John River. At high tide, it's so far above the River that the water changes direction and rushes back upstream with a force that can be felt for miles.

"... But my roving heart is seaward with the wings of grey Saint John".

Hila Corman, one of Canada's Post Laureates wrote these words many years ago to describe Saint John's romantic and economic ties with the sea.

Magnificent reminders of a wonderful vacation

Saint John is built on the traditions and dreams of the United Empire Loyalists who settled on these rugged shores in 1783. A well-planned walking tour (the Loyalist Trail) guides you past most of the oldest buildings in the city—Loyalist House, the old City Market, Marielio Tower—to name but a few

A cultured capital

Built on a gentle curve of the Saint John River, Fredericton is a gracious city of tall elms and church spires, statues and elegant Victorian homes.

Stay a while. You will need time to stroll through the University of New Brunswick campus to find the "Poets Corner", and to catch a Theatre New Brunswick production at the Playhouse.

Visit the Legislative Library, where there is a 1783 copy of the original Domesday Book, as well as one of the very few sets of Audubon bird paintings in existence. Don't pass by the Beaverbrook Art Gallery, which houses a priceless collection of paintings, including major works by Gambier, Reynolds, Turner, Knighoff and Dahl. And finally, there's shopping for hand-crafted treasures, not just in Fredericton, but almost everywhere you go in the Picture Province of New Brunswick.

Pottery and wood work, peacock and hand-blown glass, the famous Madawaska weavers in St. Leonard, fine woven Harris tweeds in Gagetown; and handmade silver jewellery in Sussex.

Magnificent reminders of a wonderful vacation





The sign at the border says:

If you're a U.S. citizen or permanent resident, you don't need a passport to come to Canada. Or a visa.

But to avoid possible delays, bring your passport. If you're a native-born U.S. citizen, for example, bring your birth, baptismal or voter's certificate. If you're a naturalized citizen, bring your naturalization certificate. And if you're an alien resident, bring your Alien Registration Receipt Card (U.S. Form I-151).

Anything to declare?

Generally speaking, you can bring anything you need for personal use. But you can't bring things to sell.

You can bring 200 grams, 100 cigarettes, 50gms of tobacco and 90 gms of alcohol-free beverages (or 24 parts of beer, but not both) without paying duty.

If you want to, you can bring a reasonable supply for everyone in your family. If you're driving a car, you can bring a full tank of gas and the same for an

outbound motor.

You can bring fishing tackle, boats, camping and sports equipment, radios, portable TV sets, musical instruments, typewriters, electrical appliances and cameras. But if you do check in with customs first, that you'll be required to have them with you when you check out again.

Same goes for guns. You can bring hunting rifles and shotguns (including .22 rimfire rounds of ammunition). But if you do, you'll have to provide the Customs Officer with written descriptions and serial numbers. Pistols, revolvers and fully automatic weapons are strictly forbidden.

Hunting and trapping

They vary from province to province. Best way to find out about hunting licenses is to write the Provincial offices in the addressed section of this booklet. You can buy fishing licenses from most sporting goods stores and outfitters and at any of the national and provincial parks.

Coming by car*

Bring your Motor Vehicle Registration form. If you're driving a rented car, bring a copy of the rental agreement. Ask your insurance agent for a Canadian version of the Inter-Provincial Motor Vehicle Liability Insurance Card. That's a long name for a little card which indicates that you have the minimum coverage necessary for driving in Canada.

Driving pets?

Your dog will need a rabies vaccination certificate that's less than 12 months old. Make sure it carries an accurate description, is properly dated and signed by a licensed veterinarian. There's no problem at all with cats.

Carriage versus carriage

The cost of exchange fluctuates a bit from day to day. To be sure you get your money's worth of our money, we urge you to

change your dollars at a bank rather than at a store. Independently issued credit cards are just as good in Canada as they are in the U.S. If in doubt, check with your credit card company.

Summer vacation Map.
You can expect temperatures in the mid-70's through July and August. But there's plenty of coolness in July and August as well as in September. The further north you travel, the cooler the evenings are likely to be—so pack a couple of sweaters along with your swimwear.

What else can do
persuade you to travel?

If you want more information about any of the places and events mentioned in this booklet, please write to the Provincial Travel Bureaux at the addresses below. They'll be happy to send you maps, lists of hotels and motels, details of lodges, canoe and the several float plane services that cover the far north. They want to do everything they can to make you feel welcome.

Department of Tourism,
Dept. G,
P.O. Box 1200,
Fredericton,
New Brunswick
E3B 5C9, Canada

Newfoundland Department
of Tourism,
Dept. G,
P.O. Box 100,
Hanturoa, Newfoundland
A1G 2P5, Canada

Prince Edward Island
Travel Bureau,
Provincial Administrative
Building, 2nd Floor,
Dept. G,
P.O. Box 2000,
Charlottetown,
Prince Edward Island
C1A 2M8, Canada

Newfoundland & Labrador
Department of Tourism,
Dept. G,
Confederation Building,
St. John's, Newfoundland,
Canada

Due to the energy situation, we suggest that you make early inquiries about travel into your area, through your travel agent or automobile clubs, on the way, to make sure any day of disappointment with your travel plans.

Canadiana
CANADIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICE OF TOURISM,
OTTAWA, CANADA

opened up everything from Rudy Vallee to F.D.R., from The Shadow to Beauchamp, dozens upon dozens into infatuable nostalgia, exactly as in Paper Moon. In the end, Beauchamp's addiction to Coca-Cola (which is advertised even on the side of the state penthouse) must be passed to elicit whistful recognition of her as a child of her time. There is even something touching and yet wistful about the way she borrows from the reservoir of the old Seven, although this is an obviously borrowed from the brilliant, tough ending of Faulkner's *Sounder*, without, alas, the toughness.

But when it comes to howling, the all too manifest source is *Seven* and *Cleopatra*, another film for which I had little use. Almost everything has been lifted: the writing around in montage, even through look landscapes that become a playground for marking engine speeds until the game suddenly turns horribly surreal, the sexual tension, the cross-dressing, the officers and friendly wives, one of skin tone, the other of tragic character, the obfuscation of the protagonist by a barrage of bedfells whose impersonalized roar produces of mortality deserves death of its dignity, the betrayal by a basically well-meaning wife who becomes a police tool. Pesa, Beaufort, and Newman almost deserve screen credit for *Seven*'s like this—for better or worse.

Even the sequences of Beauchamp and Cleopatra is faithfully copied by an episode such as *Boothe's* swayed body being roughly carried and wriggled in the patchwork quilt that is identified from his grandfather, the gruff Boothe and Koechee had loved so much. From the start, the body is brutally dropped onto a red rug liable to the merrily pouring rain. But what the film has especially in common with *Boothe's* and *Cleopatra* is the sympathy for the criminal based on the wholly expressed proposition that he is never different from the rest of us. In a novel such as Michael Kostbaum, a great artist like Blest who wrote *Boothe's* and *Cleopatra*, the Americans probably have studied instead of resorting to funds spent to treat amateur artists. The film, in fact, is so sloppy that it never begins to explain *Boothe's* unlikely acquisition of a sheriff's credentials with which to spring Chinaman from prison.

The most interesting thing about the movie is the photography by the superb French cinematographer Jean Buffay, here making his American debut. Buffay's cinematography was more overwhelmingly prehistoric in film like *The Hills* and *The Thing* of



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Safe career citizens, but here the critics have an extraordinary war of looks as if painted on glass, with the wifely looks so achieved. Whether this was deliberately intended to suggest the look of naive painting I can't say, but it is hideously effective. The acting, too, is commendable, with Keith Carradine's bumbling Route, his chosen property under cut by a certain coolness, and Shelly Duvall a most persuasively Klaatu, a jaded baste whose coolnesses, though they may be personally rather than performances, fit in perfectly with the whole. The film is a pleasure, however, though the supporting cast, besides acting competently, has a usefully unfriendly look. In fact, Aliens has most of the qualifications for a major director except the one of having something significant to say.

A not dissimilar atmosphere provides the other attention-getting quasi-memoirizing film of the winter season, *The Last Detail*. It was directed by Hal Ashby, whose admirable record includes *The Long Goodbye* and *What's Up, Doc?*, and the supporting cast, besides acting competently, has a usefully unfriendly look. In fact, Aliens has most of the qualifications for a major director except the one of having something significant to say.

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Two more, *sober*. *Sergeants' Babies* (Buddy), *Brandy and Mudec* (Hank Hall of the *Shore Patrol*), are detailed to conduct a kind of an amphibious-old-soldier Meadows, from Norfolk, whose uncommunicativeness tried to pilfer forty dollars from the police collection box, to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and eight years in the Marine brig plus a dishonorable discharge. The tough, self-styled "Hon" are willing to take on this detail because with seven days' time and allowance for a two-to-three-day job, it becomes a bit of a paid vacation. What they did not bargain for is a growing fondness for the simple, like-minded, uncommunicative, ever-persuaded Ashby, who makes them slow down their journey and devote themselves to his sentimental education. They work so identifiably in him self-respect and self-assertion,

then, less successfully, indignation against the Navy (Eight years because polo happens to be the Old Man's old lady's favorite hobby¹²), and, finally, enjoyment of the better things in life. Food, drink, and reading. In solid intake, Meadows progresses from chameleons to bare sandalines, in liquid ingestion, from soda to Beethoven ("the finest beer in the world—President Kennedy used to drink it"), in sexual output, from zero to two cracks at a time when when his doting matron gives him permission for fun, in Boston brothels.

When Meadows reaches self-realization, he can prove his manhood only by a foolishly ineffectual attempted escape, forcing his accords to recall him and hand him over bleedied to the unkind ministrations of the "grunts." The sergeants leave Portmouth deeply disappointed. Meadows will now find his uses more indispensable, while to claim the long years to come in the Navy also begin to seem like dispensations. Even if the concept of these soft-core toughies in old hat, there is a film in all that! And his cohorts, however, do not respond. They are not too schizoid in their roles, and are not too predictable in its calculated juxtaposition of drama and farce, and no whorish in the plotting or the gallery.

Thus, for instance, Buddy says that they take a "flock" for Meadows to visit his mother (his father has long since left), only to discover, on the Lord's day, that the mother goes God knows where, and the house a shambles litigated with empty bottles. No wonder poor Meadows turned east fast! Then there is Meadows's sensible unwillingness to blame Major, which drives the enraged Ashby to the point of shooting him down, without so much as scratching that mighty hand. Scarcely more likely is the inexperienced Meadows's blunderbust first acquaintance with sex, particularly when the whores in played by Carol Kane, are wacky and scrappy, with her even desultorily sloshing from the bottoms of two large, dark pots. Maia is black, which prompts the film makers to bark him uncommunicatively into a figure of skin, self-centered and serene, especially, a sort of Marquis de Sade bottoms.

What lurks under the crust of obsecrity is perhaps less a soft heart than a soft brain. The dialogue, even in the most banal scenes, is a crossbreeding-looking audience barked, barked, and barked at it, as though it were a bunch of cobwebs strung across a movie casting bed. One after another, they drop their bairicles a bit and break wind, such a bit louder than his precessions, the tarts, in a connoisseur crossword, come back to such three holes. If that is what makes audiences happiest, all hope for the future of the cinema is gone with the wind. ■

not a kind of a personal vision. Worse yet is the cross-examination of Michael Chapman, which even if the film had been shot in '64 was and then enlarged, would still look reasonably over-grossed and washed-out. Chapman also makes a brief appearance as a children, on which evidence his future appears no brighter in acting than in incrementally. And that there is the instant and score used to drink it".

As Baudelaire, Jack Nicholson gives what amounts to a complete repertory as yet another example of his contortion, which consists of delaying the reaction time to most stimuli in order to accentuate it to one or two others, and letting the emotion either snap or hurtle to the surface toward a slightly exaggerated, distorted climax—sometimes even an overacted indifference, a hasty silence. Most of this derives from Brando, and often mimics even for him. And one cannot get past the feeling that the basic payment of all Nicholson performances is an impasse of smugness. As Mike O'Malley Young is as good as the best of the postulations of Baudelaire. But the oil is the blood of Baudelaire. Once he has a way of acting in half- or quarter doses, masking apparent the promise of a feeling rather than the feeling itself, and, when called for, allowing a basically benign, opaque look to turn gradually diaphanous and radiant, the way an oil moon does become glowing and translucent with the fire within.

So instead of Burt Reynolds can be brief enough. Hal Brothman's like his previous *The Prodigies* and *The Tower Claw*, is a study of how not to make a comedy. It is like a pyrotechnic display only without the heat, and with twenty bolts simultaneously. All kinds of gags—chiefly asynchronisms, ironies, reversals, reverse jokes, and out-and-out vulgarities—are thrown together pull-neck, baited about unsmilingly in all directions, and usually burst in the ground.

With several gag writers falling away full blast, it is no wonder that a few one-liners come off, what I found more interesting, that, in one of our better theaters, a crossbreeding-looking audience barked, barked, and barked at it, as though it were a bunch of cobwebs strung across a movie casting bed. One after another, they drop their bairicles a bit and break wind, such a bit louder than his precessions, the tarts, in a connoisseur crossword, come back to such three holes. If that is what makes audiences happiest, all hope for the future of the cinema is gone with the wind. ■

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magam
LITERATE TO THE STARS

BACKSTAGE WITH *ESQUIRE*

Once we read a novel—it must have been a *Berith* novel—in which one of the characters was a painter, probably someone's son or grandfather, does *Esquire* except wonder in art, repeating wistfully, "Change and Decay in All Around I See?" It's clear that the line is a question, but we can't remember from whom, if we ever knew. Also we can't remember the name of the novel, or what the novel is about, or who wrote it, or anything else that happens in it. Perhaps it's only a minor detail in some well-known novel, like *Brookland Revisited* or *Code of the Washburns*, and what we've forgotten is not the novel but the relation, if any, of the old paintings to the rest of it. All of which proves the old man's point, whence he would give us to repeat whatever which is known: times, instances of vanishing and suddenly coming our way. The last time H. Allen Smith (*What *Esquire* Was Not*, *Esquire* page 122) appeared in this magazine was (we think)—change and decay under our memory eyes of ourselves) in March, 1958, and now here he is again, fresh and shiny as a dervish as a day, the very same H. Allen Smith whose *Farmer Boys* ("the *asexuals' Bonanza!*") when best-selling *Leave Me O! A Tattered Rose* (1941) introduced a wondering world to such of its citizens as the Washington reporter who could not keep the secret that Herbert Hoover had bladders on his feet and the New York future who also never carried a box of tortilla chips across the country at a mile's length and crying aloud, "Hoover has the last hump of the human race!" *Leave Me O! A Tattered Rose* deserved to be a best seller in 1941, and the lamentable fact that it is now out of print after a long career in paperback just shows how far change and decay can go. Mr. Smith, however, is at present living in Alpine, Texas (home of Sul Ross State University), fishing just fine, and writing on a new novel, called *Return of the Virginians*, which is to be published by Doubleday in June.

reporter David Burnham, was being transferred there, but perhaps also to escape the fact that back she has been the last to earn many top positions last year of her book, *The Art Crash*, which said many controversial things about art dealers and museum directors and the other people who run the art business in New York. In one of her Washington periods Mrs. Burnham used to make movies, as an assisted curator of the Museum Services of the Smithsonian Institution, she wrote, produced and directed several nonfiction documentaries, one of which, "The Smithsonian's *Widis*, was exhibited at the Venice Film Festival, and had to do with the manner of constructing a whale from fiber glass. "Whale making is much more difficult and dangerous than working," Mrs. Burnham says, "but your chances of making a good product are much smaller."

Richard Hill (Miss Mathews with *Dirty Fingers*, page 90) is a native and lifelong inhabitant (with small exceptions) of St. Petersburg, Florida, where he is writer-in-residence at Eckerd College; he has taught at the University of South Florida at Tampa and at St. Petersburg Junior College as well, and served three in the U.S. Navy, during which it is possible that he acquired the language in which to speak to each one as are the subjects of his article in this month's *Esquire*. Mr. Hill has traveled for his summer of researches, many of them on competitive wild ponies, not soon met since when, and this year he was the G. Henry Price for a short story, "Out on the Georgia," published last year in *American Heritage*. We are happy to welcome him to *Esquire*.

We are also happy to note the re-appearance in this magazine, after a number of years, of Norman Mailer, though we're only saying so briefly because, to talk the talk, we sort of thought the reader would take it for granted, what with his article *The Faith of Goliath* (page 16) being prominently exhibited in the lead position in this month and all. Also, here, here, here, and forth he goes (let's not speak to his wife who was living in New York and moving to Washington, ostensibly because her husband, New York Times

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SPORTS
ROGER KAUFN

Before encountering Ms. Lee Arthur, a hard-hitting model who reports sports for KDKA radio and television in Pittsburgh, I had been trapped by certain ancient traditions of sports journalism. "Never take along a date when you're covering anything," an editor growled, firmly stamping his scented hand on my back. "They're just like girls." "They're just like girls." But are girls, or whether someone's coattails smattered on her dress, or whether she can find a brother? Dames are distractingly whishy when we never let them in the press box."

Later, when I went to work as sports editor for a newspaperman, someone assigned me a woman assistant. She was marvelously attractive and she did well during the first part of the week, which consisted mostly of lunch. The shift ended when I slumped myself to compose a story on Natasha, the great raccoon Chukka in my work for errors, she the most. "Well, what's Natasha?" The next assistant was lazier and more attractive.

With this background, I take a certain pride in male chauvinism, nor am I likely to surrender that attitude until the attorney laws of several states are repealed. But fair is fair, as I was trying to tell the judge, and if a woman knows a shaker from an dining, she has a right to work the sports beat according to four or five Constitutional amendments. Any, tear the internet strips down, once few from every press box, bearing your shoulder message. For Men Only. Well, women in the truly journalistic corner (where the keepers were few, and sometimes weak), were all of the weaknesses are masked. Men and where scoring is nothing more erotic than a loudspeaker.

By my rough count, five women are already employed as sportswriters, two in Florida, one in Boston and one in New York. Ms. Arthur is Pittsburgh in the Western division of the Liberation Army.

We first sat down in a Manhattan television studio where I had gone to talk about a book and Ms. Arthur had gone to talk about the glosses of libation. She stands five feet three and weighs in at 120, with super-fit, well-toned, sex-savvy muscles. Unfortunately, our joint interview began badly.

"I hasn't read your book," the host told me, warmly. "What's it about?"

"It says what it's about on the jacket," I said.

"And you?" the host said, turning

to Lee Arthur. "How do you like being a girl sportscaster, Jackie?"

After fifteen minutes, we were dismissed and our subsequent coffee. Ms. Arthur was able to talk rationally about her work. "I like sports and I've always liked sports. They travel me for a while on TV, same in New York. I like to look at the schedule and one day I confronted the Cheesecake With Sex and the Chocolate Cakes. That took care of that, plus. When they called me from Pittsburgh, I was uncertain. I had a position in New York. Pittsburgh was a beer-and-selot town. I'd heard. And what a beer-and-selot town needs is a woman sportscaster, right? But it's going fine. I don't see up controversy, which some people would like me to do because just my presence is controversial enough. The one problem is the locker room." Ms. Arthur blushed a suddenly blushing. "What do they wear in the locker room?"

"Nothing."

"Well, when men are interviewing naked men, do they have trouble with their eyes? I mean, where to look?"

"Mostly, you look at his face and your nose."

"It's disgusting," Ms. Arthur said, "when people think I want to cover locker rooms for ramshackle reasons. The reason I want to go there is for status. Suppose I'm a doctor. I'd be seeing naked men all the time. I'm a serious journalist. Why do you guys assume my eyes would be trained to see through them? I'm afraid that the only solution is for the National Football League and the rest to pass rules that athletes keep on some sort of robe in the clubhouse."

Working the liberation frontiers with Ms. Arthur for a few days is revealing and in a sense refreshing. She has abandoned the pretensions for a comfortable apartment in Gateway Towers, which overlooks the Monongahela River. Pittsburgh's reborn downtown unto what the Chamber of Commerce called "The Golden Triangle," a cluster of mid-sized buildings rising close to the point where the Monongahela and the Allegheny join to make the Ohio River. Three Sisters Stadium, Gateway Towers, the studios of KDKA and the Civic Arena are all within a short distance. Some days Ms. Arthur could walk her beat and still check in with the Pirates, the Steelers, and the Penguins, who play hockey.

I joined her during a charactertastic week. First she'd set up interviews with several of the Pirates to discuss prospects for the new baseball season. She was pleased with her talk, but back at the studio my imagination got the better of me. I suggested to her that she should make a movie about the penguins' society. This produced twenty minutes of silent film. "Not too much," Ms. Arthur said, "because our TV news people aren't keen on subtitles."

Next she began preparing a hockey special that would be un-worthier if the Penguins went on a tear and reached the Stanley Cup play-offs. Finally she walked up short features: a hockey player who takes his breaks like a boxer, Danny Lee, a one-armed sophomore at Indiana University of Pennsylvania who had tried out for the basketball team.

"Now," Ms. Arthur said, "at the annual, human-interest show at KDKA, 'We bring you to Allegheny Community College, which has one of the best junior-college basketball teams around. Everybody on the squad's a local boy and they're fifteen-and-a-half."

Rh Shay, who coaches Allegheny basketball, brightened when Ms. Arthur mentioned his name. Ms. Arthur was once an actress and can light up on cue. Approaching Shay, she glowed, cracked out a friendly hand and said a lot. "How old are you, Coach?" he began.

"Thirty."

She fixed him with a smile. "Well, you don't look thirty." Shay grinned and cracked his knuckles. Soon he was talking enthusiastically about the advantages a junior college offers boys.

"What about girls in basketball?" Ms. Arthur said.

"In gym classes, we let girls where reasonably athletic play basketball against the boys. You know something?" The girls get up the boys' nerves quickly and soon they're running the game themselves.

We sat down in KDKA to discuss the film and then we headed for the Civic Arena where the Penguin fans were waiting. "I see the hockey special works," Ms. Arthur said. "Some of the men are terrific. For a fun night on the ice we play Happy Days Are Here Again. For the fungi of the old general manager, we play the Oldie to Joe."

Maggs Paradise, a pretty young blonde, explained to Ms. Arthur that her father had played for the New

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York Rangers and subsequently the family urged her never to marry a hockey player. When Maguire married Bob Ferguson he was teaching English. Accordingly, his avocational careers and entered professional hockey. "So we've lived in four cities in the last two years," Maguire said, "and I love the life."

Diane Proulx, whose husband Jean is a first-rate forward, spoke in a soft French-Canadian accent. "I'm always a little nervous," she said. "I always expect we'll be traded. What I really love is the quiet of our cabin in the Laurentians. It will be nice to spend Christmas there when Jean is through."

"What do you think?" Ms Arthur said, "when fans get on your husband?"

Diane Proulx considered briefly. "When he doesn't play well, I think he deserves it. I sometimes get on Jean myself."

Lorraine watched the Penguins play the New York Rangers. After a flat first period, the Rangers scored twice. Then Pittsburgh struck through for a goal and Ms Arthur squealed.

"No cheering in the press box," I said. That commanded instant服从 to both sexes in the interests of professionalism and sportsmanship.

"I know," she said. "I try not to root, but sometimes I can't control myself."

Another Pittsburgh goal. A second equal. Then in the third period Lorraine got up out of her seat. The Rangers were down the Pensacola and New York won, four to two. Some fans deserted the arena in the final minutes. "Why are they going?" Ms Arthur asked in pain. "Back in Indiana we used to say, 'The church ain't over till the singing's through.'

Ms Arthur moved from Indiana to Pittsburgh in the mid-period of her second year of pain. The Rangers won, down the Pensacola and New York won, four to two. Some fans deserted the arena in the final minutes. "Why are they going?" Ms Arthur asked in pain. "Back in Indiana we used to say, 'The church ain't over till the singing's through.'

"Sometimes it was pretty rough. I had to do a little teaching. And when it struck me that I always loved sports and I knew how to read a line

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All I want to do
when I get off a
plane is go home."**



Bud Stark, Conn.



Carry-on Luggage

and how to write a sentence. Why not put everything together as a sportscaster?" We had retreated to a pub, along with Bill Chadwick, once the chief referee of the National Hockey League and now a crackling good announcer for the Rangers.

"Does it shock you to see a woman in the press box?" I asked Chadwick, who is a grandfather.

"The public used to it," he said. "They don't mind. What the heck. If a woman can do the job, what's wrong with that?"

"I got three kinds of reactions here," Ms. Arthur said, first behind a glass of white wine. "Some were immediately. A few said it was all right for me to be in a press box because they felt they had to say it. Some totally ignored me and shielded their eyes. I guess some aren't sure what I am. A sports broadcaster or a broad sportscaster."

Living in Pittsburgh, Ms. Arthur has established a rigid rule. She doesn't date athletes. "It has to be the subject of all that groupy young at tennis." She doesn't care on apparently so much as personality, and she has received a number of good answers to the most common question:

"What's it like to interview all those men?"

"Every fresh interview is like a first date."

"Do you consider yourself the prettiest sportscaster in the country?"

"Na, Prank Gifford is the prettiest sportscaster in the country."

"What does it take to be a woman sportscaster?"

"Executive makeup that lasts all day. And a dryeing blower."

Beneath the charm, there is a kind of iron determination that one often finds in actresses and career women. And there are confessions surprises. Assigned to the U.S. Open Golf Tournament at The Oakmont Country Club last year, Ms. Arthur reported in a short top and hip-huggers. Before she had finished many interviews, the switchboard at WDKA was lit up like a Broadway marquee. Benevolent Pittsburghers made calls of outrage. Ms. Arthur's name was visible in their living rooms. For the rest of the day, coverage of Ms. Arthur was limited to "local news." "They caught me in that," Ms. Arthur says. "Now there's one thing I won't do. I won't wear a top and there's nothing in my contract that says I have to."

Scratch one less and cover one more! A spit decision for Ms. Arthur. SUD's voice loomed as a sequel in the press box says we've not heard as soon all that we will of her. *

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So when you're not waiting on lines at gas stations, you can conserve your frustrations for the jammed-up roads ahead.



VOLVO

BOOKS

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

In view of the present sorry condition of England, the second biography of Michael Foot's biography of Dennis Deacon (see review, p. 113-115) appears most apposite. For Dennis, though he died fourteen years ago now, is still a man who may be said to be still the most popular of British Labour politicians; though now a ghastly one. His career, his temperament, his attitudes and loyalties, especially during the last fifteen years of his life, reveal as Foot's second volume, exposes all the internal contradictions and contradictions in the party he served as ardently and yet so often, like a spider, Foot writes about him in a mood of nostalgia and never-here-was-ness; it itself, no bad thing. We can learn as much from an honest assessment of Dennis as from any memoir, especially in the case of a controversial figure like Deacon, and since Foot's悼念 attitude to Deacon and class association with him over a number of years is itself part of the story, it is surely significant that Deacon's devoted Roswell should come, not from the ranks of his fellow proletarians, but instead be the gifted attractive son of a famous Liberal family, one of whose brothers is Lord Cadogan, a sometimes distinguished colonial administrator and British representative to the U.N., another also a member of the permanent board of the family law firm in Plymouth, and just another a successful barrister and for a time a law officer in Harold Wilson's government.

As it was originally set up under the reign of Sidney Webb and the Fabians, the Labour Party was to be an alliance of socialist intellectuals and trade unionists emphatically called workers by brain and hand. The intellectuals were to provide the policies and the brain, the trade unions the cash and the vote. This arrangement worked for a time—indeed well, the Labour Club of Birmingham was the stedfast where Labour Party Cabinet ministers were bred and reared, and the trade-unionists had safe parliamentary seats—the pocket boroughs of our time—an industrial constitution and occasional minor ministerial appointments. Quite often they were finally put out to grass in the House of Lords, where, with their kindly wizened chancery, oil-fumption seats, fundholders for cigars, and expressions of unaffected obstinacy and uncompromisingness, they looked more like lords than

The trouble with Michael Foot's hero was, presumably, that he did not fit into this pattern. He was an aesthetic proletarian and trade unionist, but with intellectual interests and aspirations of his own, a sort of people's Charles James Fox who blood the tables of the rich because the wine was good and friend frosty, and who, in contrast to the rest of the apostles, had left because it was dirty. He was too left for the Labour Party leadership, too unruly for the trade-union hierarchy and too muddle-headed for the Marxist party-liners. Despite his alleged extremism, he found it very difficult to pass an evening with the Moscovite or Peking lions without losing his temper. If he had been less wayward, he could have given the Labour Party what it has always lacked and desperately needs—a great leader, imaginative, eloquent, attractive, who, speaking the language of social-

ism, even its cant, yet has a true love of freedom and free institutions and a great hatred of totalitarian orthodoxy and oppression. Also, he was a lost leader, and not just because he died. With all his scruples and scruples, he failed to say what is the most important and reliable following. He had admirers aplenty, but as opposed to correct ext., as he did, at the 1957 Labour Party Conference in favor of the retention of nuclear arms on the ground that otherwise, as Foreign Secretary in a future Labour Government, he would be sent "valedict into the conference chamber," he lost even his friends. Even Tribune, his own paper, edited by Michael Foot, turned against him. By the time he came to die in 1986, he was isolated and alone, and dead.

For an affective and comprehensive picture of this truly remarkable man as well written and documented, besides being a valuable snapshot of the British Left, now in an advanced state of decay, as such, it provides a useful handbook for England's present crisis which in my opinion is only at its beginning.

Another hero of sorts of ours here, Roger Casement, is the subject of a biography by Brian Banks (Oxford University Press, £16.95). Casement has been reviled these days, not just because of his actions of recruiting the then Belgian Congo and in the Upper Amazon, and his tragic role in the Irish uprising in the 1916-18 war which led to his execution for treason, but also because he seems to have been an inveterate homosexual, and to have left behind him stories which reveal in considerable detail his sodomy tastes and ways. Without this last particular, as with Oscar Wilde, it would be whether or not Casement would have been able to live. He seems to have been particularly interested in the health and vitality of the various male organs that interested him, and in his diaries carefully tabulated their vital statistics—if we can call them that.

Brian Banks portrays Casement skillfully and sympathetically as a man with admiral weaknesses, given to hypochondria and personal vanity, who was yet a dedicated champion of the oppressed and a true Irish patriot. By argue he was a Protestant Unionist, but toward the end of his life he became a Roman Catholic and Sinn Féiner, and so may be said to have died for Ireland. Actually, a



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good number of the Irish Home Rule leaders were, like Casement, only nominally Irish and wholly Protestant. It would be interesting to try and find out just what induces people to take on chauvinism, and sometimes being martyrs for causes in which they have no personal involvement. At every stage in the decline of British power and prestige in the world there have been such individuals who owed much to their British connections (which brought Casement a knighthood, a baronetcy, and an hereditary peerage), and yet who were Britain's enemies. I have known quite a number of them—they come in and out of the Manchester Guardian office in shorts and sleepers in India in the days of the British Raj—and have sensed in them something that they all have in common. But what? Some special neurosis or excessive vanity? Some personality relative to an inner instability such as homosexuality might cause? Certainly, in Casement one recognises the classic type of absolutely exposer and oppressor and bête noire. But what made him tick? I think probably all the other men too, though nothing so apparent. That large hall of another book called *The Renaissance* deals with the general syndrome of which Casement is so outstanding an example.

Readers of Professor Elinore Zell's *The Relapse of the Intellectuals* will know that he is a writer of exceptional perceptive, erudition and originality. It is a book I keep by me to dip into from time to time to help sustain some sanity as what is called Western civilization falls with an ever louder clatter about our ears. His latest work, *The Writer and the Statesman* (Harcourt New Jersey—Harcourt and World, \$12.50), is a remarkable study of how American literature, in its images of the Indian, reflects the stylistic means whereby a people and a culture have been destroyed or behalf of the idea of progress; that lauding Noloch, which, having first condemned everything and everyone else, is now trying to impose its way of life, and making a meal of our earth itself, and in its final "progressivist delirium" (Professor Zell's expression), multiplying creation and creativity. The book is packed with references to out-of-the-way writings; one is astonished to learn how great and widespread was the impression made by Indians on the thoughts of Americans and Americans themselves at all levels. Writers to me are unknown, and obviously of the greatest interest—for instance Harry Austin, who wrote the history of aboriginal American tribesmen for

The Encyclopedic History of America Little, Brown, according to Professor Zell, is a brilliantly written account of the Shoshone and Paiute Indians near to whom she lived for a long time in the California desert—are narrated, and either passed on the back or given their guitars. Others, like Franklin Cooper and Langford, are seen in early a new light in relation to Professor Zell's thesis.

The Writer and the Statesman is interesting, instructive, and I sincerely regret that I have not had it all. Nor should I dream of pressurizing upon Professor Zell's learning, before which I stand amazed. What I can say with the utmost certainty is that his essential point is powerfully and conclusively made. Thus, as stated in his opening paragraph, is that the chief culprit and actual agent in the slights of Indians and their culture, brought about by the European settlement of America, "was the idea of progress, which by its very nature demands the elimination of everything that it deems old, obsolete, out-of-date and rustic, while at the same time it represents the law of progress in man, in that it demands continual growth in man, of shanty dwellings, wise guides that time depends on the things of this world." To which I say, Amen, the more heartily because I have observed the same process at work in different circumstances, on what used to be called British India.

It was an excellent idea of Morris Miller's to compile an oral biography of Harry S. Truman. (*Open Speaking*, Berkeley, Putnam, \$8.25). As I remember very well from my days as a newspaper correspondent in Washington during the Truman Presidency, Mr. Truman had but one avocation off reading newspapers, and had little facility for the preparation used in considered statements. Miller succeeds in capturing his personal, conversational way of speaking to the left. Mostly, what he said was sheer and to the point, but sometimes, of course, like everyone else, he could be silly—for instance in supposing that an invitation to Fulio Castro to the White House, and calling him "Fidel," at the time of Castro's take-over in Cuba, would have served to prevent his subsequent break-up with the Soviet bloc. This is one of the foibles of the world of politics which seems to be destined. I remember also how, when the Nazis were consolidating their power in Third Reich, the nation was amazingly astounded by England that to invite George V to Buckingham Palace as the guest of the King and Queen would win him over from his adherence to Hitler and make a good peace-loving monarch of him. Similarly, Roosevelt

describes how, in conversation with Stalin at the Yalta Conference, he managed to slip in an "Uncle Joe," thereby ensuring good relations between America and the U.S.S.R. Unfortunately, our enemies entertain no such illusions. I feel sure that neither Chou En-lai nor Mr. Gromyko, whatever else they may think about the present American Secretary of State, will suppose that calling him "Harry" will get them anywhere, though heaven only knows what he will do if doused from behind and hit both clubs by President Saad!

Sometimes, as recorded by Morris Miller, President Truman goes a little too strong. For instance, his denunciation of General MacArthur is so uncompromising and uncompromisable that in the end it sweeps out his sympathies over to the General's side. On the Kennedy, I found his observations very much to my taste. They set me daydreaming on how a Watergate might have been avoided if John F. Kennedy, with farindsight, having the presidency of West Virginia, taking the Presidential baton in Cook County, the last pit out at the bottom of the Tail of Pigfoot, had not been so gullible. The last act of Ambassador due to changes of all the financial arrangements, his account books subpoenaed, etc., etc. I think it would have gone past the current Watergate in the shade. What a wonderful irony that Truman, the least regarded of this century's Presidents, should emerge as the most creditable! But so it is, and *Open Speaking*, following upon Margaret Truman's artfully skillful biography, furthers the process.

Should a work of reference aim at giving at any rate an account of objective? Or should it reflect the prejudices and predilections of the compiler? In principle, the former, but the latter makes for greater credibility. No one in his senses would turn to Edward Hynes' *A Dictionary of Modern Economics* (Taplinger Publishing Co., \$3.50) for unprejudiced information; its judgments and conclusions reflect all too clearly Hynes' own views as an old-style economic anarchist who loves revolutions and revolutionaries and hates revolutionaries and their hard-faced bosses. All the same, because he writes well, and because anarchist, being totally irreconcilable, is an appropriate adjective, I glance. I find myself breaking in the Dictionary with more pleasure and admiration than I should otherwise have done. The only really bad mark I give him is for admiring alone of the reigning revolutionaries. Tito, a despicable little tyrant, I should say, and only less reprehensible than Stalin because feebler. *

Go to the head of the class.



Old Grand-Dad.
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RECORDINGS
MARTIN MAYER

Though I was fairly faithful in my attendance at productions by the Juilliard Opera while she was a student there, I have never seen Shirley Verrett sing. I wandered into a rehearsal in one of the Meany Temple hallrooms there used by the New York City Opera, and found this spectacular creature moving casually, confidently, easily through the first-act gestures that must establish the character and dramatic validity of Carmen. Now, if she could sing, too . . . but of course she did. Her arithmetic had been almost entirely in Fehler until she was

These changes seem to have happened to Miss Verrett: a very happy second marriage, a decision to dispense with music teachers, and a resultant stage fright. The three are doubtless related. "Singers Finally

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have to be very intelligent," Miss Verratti said the other day, thinking back on her years of training and the results of them. "Students are never told what they're doing all those exercises for, and they never ask. So later, when they get in trouble, when the voice isn't as well suited anymore, they don't know why. And it's the same thing with the halter shape you learn—you don't know that it's necessary when you have to run alongside this is what you're supposed to do."

Doing without a voice teacher is repeatedly a dangerous step, but it may be no more dangerous than trying to use "Even when I was at Juilliard," Miss Everett writes, "change would go wrong, and my teacher would say, 'But, Shirley, is that your voice?' And I'd go home and say, 'Banquet, that's not my voice.' Early in life, I started listening to myself in tape recordings, and as well as anyone can I know my voice. You

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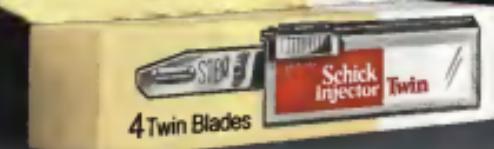
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the 1990s. The first was the introduction of the Internet, which has transformed the way we live and work. The second was the growth of mobile technology, particularly smartphones. These two developments have transformed the way we communicate and interact with each other. In addition, there has been a significant increase in the use of social media, such as Facebook, Twitter, and LinkedIn, which has further changed the way we communicate and interact with each other.



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should see my notebook. It's full of them—all crossed out. NO, that didn't work.

Labor-saving contracts permitting, Miss Verrett will be opening the 1958-59 season at the Metropolitan Opera with Beverly Sills, in Rossini's *St. Cecilia*, which is a generous act for her part—it's a great role, but Miss Sills' debut in the top house is certain to command all the attention. Before that she will have recorded as Adalgisa to Miss Sills's Norma, for ABC. Where she goes from there, who has been offered, and whether she accepted, remains to be seen. There is a decision still to be made. The one thing that seems fixed is that the German soprano for Solti at Covent Garden last year was her last: "I'm sick and tired," she says. "If people spending all that money for things that don't work to support what you're doing onstage." Amen to that.

Speaking of Miss Sills, the latest of her string of bel canto heroines has now emerged on record in the form of a full recording of Bellini's *I Puritani* (ABC-DG). She sounds more relaxed, writing about this moment for me: "I had better admit at the start, I think the opera is a piece of cheese. I played the recording, as it happens, out in the country, in a house where one does not notice the sound of the phonograph, and my younger son was in the next room turning lead into gold or rubbing molten iron because as a chemistry assignment. I apologized to him for damaging his working conditions while he was doing what looked like a job. 'That's all right, Mum,' wrote he, 'anything goes in that music, anyway.' That makes three Puritans in this family, which is probably a记录.

What people who consider *I Puritani* an important opera will make of this recording, then, I cannot imagine; I think it fits fine, especially the conducting by Jules Rosel, which makes everything as pretty as can be, and keeps the work from degenerating. The other star is the young soprano Paul Plimko, smooth as silk. Miss Sills as Elvira charges gallantly into the largest and wildest collection of mad scenes ever written for a single opera. Her voice sang with complete understanding—a little strained, however, by the sheer glee of her phrasing and interpretation. The conclusion is Callas with Tito Schipa, twenty-four years ago, when Callas could still sing, but according to some readers never did return to that voice, and Rosal's hearing seems far preferable to Rosdahl's soberly.

Conducting is also the cardinal vir-

use of the new RCA Victor I Purpi Singsher, and the work itself is again the incomparable weakness Verdi, of course, is an incomparably greater composer than Bellini, incapable of writing an opera without half an hour of really exciting music that says something about the persons of the drama. But Schipa gave his people of whom it was almost impossible to say anything interesting, and only in the fourth act did Verdi's music seem to exert its effect. Here James Judd was the conductor. He sang the basso buffo role of the smooth bass. But another Milnes per Domman is at his best, and Martina Arroyo is lady maniac in a role which is a throw-back to the voice-leading predilections of the earliest Verdi.

Enough carpings: what's good? To which the answer is, there's a new recording of Rossini's *Mzzo Floto*, with extraordinary performances of Samson by Kurt Moll, Pavarotti by Angelico Rademaker, and Tatami by Peter Schreier. Walter Berry is a fine Paggetto, though he needs a little for the first round robin. With the *Floto* and *Samson* of the Night, Moll at the beginning, you may turn to me, for instance, the two-octave range of Samson in a single soprano voice, with a surprisingly fat, faithfully sound, at twenty-five, he should have another twenty-five years ahead of him. The conductor is Wolfgang Staudtshaus, whose lean, wiry approach to the score is something original and convincing, and, to me, affecting. The *Angol* recording aside, I'm not saying you should dismiss your Staatsoper-and-Bolti *Mzzo Floto*, but for first-time recordings of the genre, Tatami deserves a hearing. *Floto* is the choice, I think, without saying that everybody should have a *Samson* of *Mzzo Floto*.

Also mentioned, though not in this column, is the new RCA disc of extracts from Bellini's *La Juive*, with Richard Tucker really getting a chance to reveal shades of the opera he has sung about more than any other. It's ten years late, but, except for me or two cast-bashers' heavens, Tucker singularly himself more than creditable. There is a significant range within which his voice is still powerful enough to sustain me several acts, real of that inferred me in the first three, they live by me means cheap or instructive music, cuts apart from their historical interest as a bridge from the Italian dominance of the Parisian operatic scene to the rise of Berlioz, Bizet, and Gounod. The long duets, one for timer and soprano, the other for two sopranos, are as lovely as Caruso's favorite *Requie*, grand as Singewer,

which Tucker sings very well. António de Almeida is the alert conductor, the orchestra and chorus are, as always these days, English; the recording is fine.

Two more vocal releases and two non-vocal:

Rachmaninoff's *Paganini* from 1915, very devoutly sung by a Russian chorus, a pianist, and sometimes rather stiff, but attribution by post-late Cassadossi to the Rachmaninoff Centennial (Metropolis/Angel).

Edith Mathis offering Mozart's *Eduard* (Alfred Brendel says Mathis never wrote real ledger, but Abensberg/Pfleiderer as Edith Mathis seems it is something Schubert could have claimed). This is mostly rhapsodic stuff, but the endearing and gloriously gay *Ue mitten der gruen*, a demonstration on a tiny scale of how Da Ponti's texts could stimulate Mozart's best imagination, is worth the price of admission (BGG).

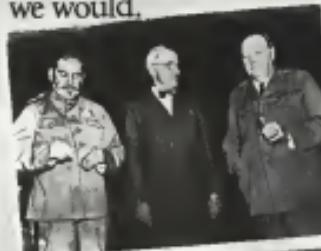
Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's conducting debut on Bölsche's Furtwängler label is a disc of his both charming, conversational and soundly played by the New Philharmonics. Having visited Fischer-Dieskau as a singer for something like twenty years, I'm happy to demonstrate that there's nothing personal about it by listing a real failure for him as a conductor (Angel).

And a set of *Vivaldi Concertos for Mandolin*, played by the Salzburg Venuti and imported by RIA from France on the Riva label. I am very far from being a Vivaldi freak, but these pieces are uniformly lovely; the Andante from the *Grosso* is perhaps the most *Concerto* of the year. Rehearsing the various names is good for your French, too.

Finally, a live performance by the Washington Opera Society, worth mentioning here for its intense sold-outness and also because it will be re-running elsewhere (a little bird has called, New York City Opera, 277-07). This was the Monteverdi-Rolling II Estreno d'Elise, the most daring of the English mezzo-soprano's recent recordings, and in the hands of conductor Ian Stannage and a superb cast, possibly the greatest madrigal of the two central forces. Frederica von Stade has this year advanced dramatically since via the Metropole Opera, a boldness and girth with a headstrong voice, very naturally employed; but Richard Stilwell as Ugolino was excellent beyond expectation. He has a big, florid, bone-battering of musical and emotional *Ugolino* (the lady's voice beside him whispered, "Papa!"), and he moved on the stage as though he owned it—which, passingly, internationally, he will.

For 28 years people have been advising us to brag because our scotch was the only whisky served at the Potsdam Conference.

If it hadn't been the only whisky available we would.



We can't say that Potsdam was one of our favourite conferences. A good bit of what is wrong with the world now seems to have been set in motion there. Nevertheless, with the likes of Churchill, Truman, and Stalin present, we wouldn't have been above bragging that King's Ransom was there, too.

King's Ransom has been chosen with gratifying regularity by heads of governments, both in power and in exile, and we have never been such tools in to turn away their trade simply because we disapproved of their policies.

What puzzles about Potsdam is why it was thrown together with a absolute uniform for appropriate supplies of food and drink. Considering what havoc might have been wrought had a person like Stalin come down with dyspepsia, it seems a wonder the world isn't as addled shape than it is. Fortunately, some unsung hero had stocked Eisenhower's commissary at Babelsburg with fairly civilized

comestibles and it was his SHAPEF commissary which was commanded to cater the affair at the last minute.

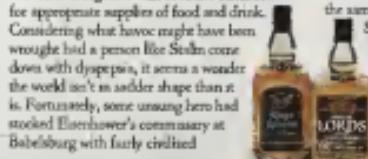
That was how our King's Ransom scotch whisky happened to be present at Potsdam. We can hardly brag about what was merely a twist of fate. We speculate, of course, whether things might not have turned worse were it not for our mellowing influence. We will, of course, never be sure.

As you may have discerned, King's Ransom (the very whisky which, for all we know, blunted the most intemperate plans of the Potsdam conference) is still doing business at the same old stand. Every drop is twelve years old and the price is still steep enough to bring tears to your eyes. No longer the world's most expensive whisky, King's Ransom is now merely one of the most expensive, it is, however, still King's Ransom and, hence, quite probably the best. Our hope is that you will try it.

We must mention, however, before you discover a taste for it, that nor even we are self-indulgent enough to drink King's Ransom every day. Weekdays we drink our eight-year-old whisky. The name of that is House of Lords, and we lavish the same love on it and blend it of the same pedigreed stock. (If those fellows at

SHAPEF back in '45 had been spending their own money, instead of Uncle Sam's, you can bet they'd have been drinking House of Lords at Potsdam instead of the other.)

William Whistley '68



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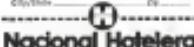
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TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

Surprisingly, the energy crisis and many of its effects could very well make this the year to go to Europe. An unexpected but major effect of the Arab oil boycott has been a de facto revolution of the dollar, which, at the time of writing, was having difficulty to negotiate percent more francs, marks, lire, etc., and about twelve percent more British pounds than it did last summer. As a result of the dollar's weakened purchasing power abroad, last year, the average adult holiday price in Europe, by the measure of American transatlantic visitors increased considerably below expectations.

This had a quick and salutary effect on some Europeans serving the traveler. They might have been able to survive on the business created by the increasing number of Japanese and German tourists, but they discovered, without the American business they could not prosper. And so hoteliers, restaurateurs, and shopkeepers who had been reluctant and even arrogant about accepting or changing American currency and travelers' checks suddenly rediscovered the beauty of the engraving on them, and American tourists, in turn, are experiencing again the joy of being welcome.

Although transatlantic air fares have been raised to cover partly the increased fuel costs, the prices of air tickets haven't risen as steeply as most other items, so there's still a relative bargain. The fuel shortage will probably result in fewer transatlantic and intra-European flights, but because the demand didn't increase much, and the continuation of youth fares from the United States, planes shouldn't be much more crowded than usual.

Our own precipitation inflation has rendered European price levels less horrendous. While the drop-off in tourist traffic should lessen the chaotic mid-season accommodations shortages this summer, advance planning and bookings are advisable to avoid being stuck with the most expensive hotel rooms. And visitors who have to hold their expenses down to the levels of previous visits will have to choose between reasonable rates in the public transportation facilities in place of taxis, and restrict the number and range of eating trips to the hotel. All this might result in less contact with the native 4's of luxury

transatlantic bags of valise after when the economic situation was supposedly at its worst. The Netherlands, we found, is the place to go in Europe this year—especially to escape the gas shortages! Holland, you'll recall was chosen as the prime European target of the Arab oil boycott because it, together with Portugal, was the only one of our N.A.T.O. allies to support the United States when the crunch came in the Middle East last fall.

But we found no serious gas shortages here. The Dutch economy today is one of the most comfortable in Europe. And they've managed to do this without giving their substantial constitutional monarchy, maintaining their national dignity, honoring traditional friendships and retaining their sense of humor.

Most gas stations are closed Sunday, but even then forty stations are



conveniently open on weekdays when the school children were supposedly at school. The Netherlands, we found, is the place to go in Europe this year—especially to escape the gas shortages! Holland, you'll recall was chosen as the prime European target of the Arab oil boycott because it, together with Portugal, was the only one of our N.A.T.O. allies to support the United States when the crunch came in the Middle East last fall.

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Most gas stations are closed Sunday, but even then forty stations are

restaurants but more show-cabins with ordinary European art engaged in the business of entertaining visitors.

These lines are being written during the worst of the gas shortage in the northeastern United States—we can't conceive of things possibly getting any worse—and, at this time it looks as though the costliest might be better off as a privileged car owner abroad than as the ordinary citizen who's had to give up the pleasure of the comfortable, quiet comforts of home. Almost all Western European countries have arranged to make one available for the winter driving a rental car. Gas is expensive, but cars are small and the distances are relatively short.

Striving to get a preview of what European travel would be like when the season starts in earnest, this department made a couple of quick



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open to serve visitors on major highways all over the country. The only other symptoms of a petro problem are the speed limits of about thirty-one miles an hour in populated areas, and sixty-two on the freeways, called motorways in Holland; gas costs about \$1.29 a gallon, but it is available, and with no waiting. We even found self-service stations operating as usual.

While we were staying in The Netherlands, Assistant Trade Minister Jan van Wijk went to England as a top American try-out to provide British impressions of the British scene in the midst of the energy crisis. Despite his warnings, forecasting the travel situation is more difficult in Britain than in Holland because of the complexities of the coal strike and the nationalization still upcoming at the time of writing. As far as the oil shortage itself is concerned, Louisa reported, Lewis seemed to be doing well. She ended her report with what she regarded as a significant comparison of Britain's difficulty with our own: "On the way from New York to France at the end of our trip," she said, "my car ran out of gas."

Other European countries, their fuel situations encompassed by such problems as Britain's coal strike, have all come through the time of writing with optimistic predictions of conditions. The traveler will encounter this year summed up, most of them indicate no serious problems for visitors, but here's a detailed rundown:

Austria: Rental cars and cars with foreign license plates are exempt from requirement that Austrian cars not be driven one day a week, except by tourists. No cash-deposit limit. Gas stations generally closed Sunday, but a few open for emergency. Speed limits, statutory miles an hour on the road, thirty-nine in town. No difficulty is train travel; eighty-five percent of the trains operate on hydroelectric power.

Bulgaria: Fuel crisis makes auto travel almost last but one of the world's deepest rail systems provides a convenient alternative. Most places no more than six hours' train ride from anywhere else within the country. And frequent train schedules make it possible to stay at least expensive economy.

Czechoslovakia: Many hotel rates now fixed for '74 and some for '75 because Czech travel industry willing to gamble on no further dollar devaluations. Fuel shortages have eliminated Sunday driving and caused other alterations in Czech way of life, but, says Andi Dusman, director of the

Danish National Tourist Office, "because many people's existence is dependent on the travel industry and because the crisis is regarded as temporary, a way will be found to keep the machinery moving."

Finland: With Finnish pegged at four to the dollar, last year's devaluations brought no change in exchange rate. And Finland's general price level rose only 4.5 percent last year, compared to increases of about ten percent and greater in neighboring Sweden. Gas stations open about a dollar a gallon. Fifty-mile-speed limit. Tolls are good, fast and cheap. The 1200-mile round-trip second-class rail fare between Helsinki and Rovaniemi, capital of Lapland, is only \$37.

France: A speed limit of fifty-five mph set for most highways, but French government officials promise special measures to guarantee sufficient gasoline for foreign visitors who are driving their own or rental cars, and for tour buses.

Germany: Gas stations still unpredictable at the time of writing, but the German National Tourist Office put out a pamphlet on major destinations that are easily reachable by the federal road and bus lines. Information may bring about higher prices than last year, but they will be partially offset by the improved dollar-mark exchange rate.

Greece: Although Greece resolved its disputes as yet present against the dollar, and gas now costs about \$1.10 per gallon, the government is currently working on a discount plan for visitors; prices for most other tourist items are still quite low. Government officials强调ed that repeat visitors are "welcome" and repeat for the fact that most Greek islands are so small that traveling abroad by car is unnecessary.

Ireland: Gas readily available at a dollar an imperial gallon. Speed limit fifty mph. No problems with our rental. Irish pound pegged in peso sterling, so better dollar exchange rate than last year, and little price level generally lower than Britain.

Turkey: Gas about \$1.36 a gallon for regular, \$1.38 for high-test. Gas stations close from Sunday noon to Sunday midnight. No driving during these hours except for public transportation, taxi and tourist cars. Speed limit (120 kilometers/62 miles seventy-five miles) an hour on interurbans, about only on elsewhere, heavy fines and vehicle confiscation for violators. Gas prices are the fence-free Sunday air, and a chance to cross streets unchained and to see pictures, buildings and monuments locked by parked vehicles. And for one dollar Altis will give

you a sand covering admissions to all important museums and galleries.

Luxembourg: No restrictions on gas-station operation. Gas about a dollar a gallon, but since Luxembourg's area is less than a thousand square miles, you won't need much to get around.

Norway: Gas stations closed from seven p.m. to five a.m. and from Friday night to Monday morning, but no driving restrictions. Hotel rates up eight to ten percent over last year. Bus fares and train fares up ten percent; domestic air fares double to fourteen percent higher.

Portugal: Gas stations closed Saturday, Sundays and holidays, gas costs \$1.43 per gallon. No negotiation, \$1.45 for high-test. Speed limits sixty-five miles an hour on national highways, fifty on country roads, but no other restrictions. Prices up twenty percent over past two years, but this is still one of the cheapest countries to visit.

Spain: No energy crunch here. No driving restrictions or gas-station closings, and gas is readily available at \$1.38 a gallon.

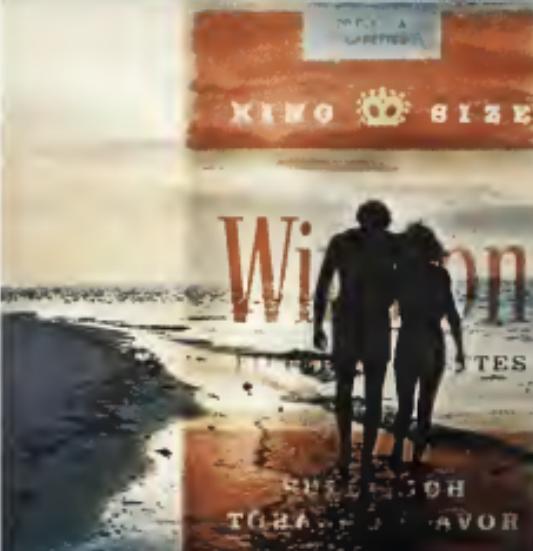
Sweden: No rationing, gas costs about a dollar a gallon. Prices up about five percent from last year, but still some good buys in packages: two days and three nights in Stockholm for \$27, including breakfast, tips and reductions on admissions at major visitor attractions.

Switzerland: Driving into Switzerland, your gas tank must be at least two-thirds full. Speed limit sixty mph. Gas consumption costs a gallon for regular, ninety-six cents for premium. The Swiss Mobilo service charges \$10 for 145 freight days and \$64 for fifteen days, first class, or \$31 and \$43 respectively for second class. They provide scheduled transportation on trains, buses and boats, and reduced fares on mountain railways and cable cars.

Turkey: One of the cheapest countries is Turkey, once you get there, despite a ten to twenty percent inflation rate. Domestic flights inexpensive: a 400-mile flight on Turkish Airlines costs about \$10. And you won't have any currency exchange problems with Turkish lira, but be prepared to pay the toll. Luxury hotels in Istanbul, Ankara and Izmir charge \$14 to \$20 a day, double, and \$1 per August beach resort they run as low as 48. Since Turkey produces and reduces most of its own oil, no shortage of gas at fifty-four cents a gallon.

Tunisia: No gas problem here, either, and prices very low despite ten percent rise in past year. Some shops give ten percent price reduction for payment in dollars. *

Winston



tastes good like a cigarette should.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous To Your Health.

Only Venice is Venice. Only V.O. is V.O.



There is only one Venice. One city of canals and lagoons, where beauty is the hallmark of all creation.

Generation after generation, for a thousand years,威尼斯人 have commissioned the greatest artists of their time to embellish their homes and public buildings.

Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Tintoretto, Giovanni Bellini—the Renaissance masters perfected their art here, and left it as a legacy, a monument to the betterment of the human spirit. And so the city has accepted it. In carnivals and celebrations, festivals and holidays, the people renew old traditions. They gather as they have for centuries, for small talk and philosophy, symphony and espresso.

And through the years, only Venice is Venice. Europe's greatest drawing room. A treasure house of art and architecture. A one-of-a-kind creation.

Like Venice, Seagram's V.O. is also a one-of-a-kind creation. Through the years, V.O. has stood apart, as a whisky uncompromising in quality, with a tradition of craftsmanship that has made it "The First Canadian in smoothness. And The First Canadian in firmness. And The First Canadian in popularity throughout the world."

Only Venice is Venice. Only V.O. is V.O. All the others come after.



**Seagram's V.O.
The First Canadian.**



The Faith of Graffiti

by Norman Mailer

There is something to find in these pictures, thinks our Aesthetic Investigator, but the question may be whether the Lord is on the side of the artist.

Journalism is choice. Journalism is longitude unless you can see yourself as a private eye inquiring into the mysteries of a new phenomenon. Then you may soon become an Aesthetic Investigator ready to take up your role in the twentieth-century mystery play, *Aesthetic Investigator*. Make the name! A hybrid Roman numeral I, for this is about graffiti.

I am talking to GAY 161. That is the famous Gay from 161 Street, there at the beginning with TAKEY 183 and JUNIOR 165, as famous in the world of wall and subway graffiti as Gustav Klimt may have been when his most famous painting, through the circuit of those workshops which led from Munich to Vienna to Prague to Berlin to Rotterdam, Michelangelo, Leonardo and Raphael. Where? In such company Gay has at name, although he will not necessarily see it that way. He has the power of his own belief. If the modern mind has moved from the illumination of the first master of fictions, that simple subtle Giottos who could feel beatitude in a belching as well as the beginning of perspectives in the flight of angels across the bowl of a golden sky, if we have mounted the high road of the Renaissance into Raphael's celebration of the True, the Good and the Beautiful in such human sacrifice three-dimensionality of the human marines and biops out to our own vales and wastes in Botho and Ellsworth Kelly, why so too have we also moved from the celebration to the name. We have traveled from that Western celebration of the appetites, even vertigines, vices that eat and wear us in the investment of their bodies had somehow wrested a degree of inde-

pendence from Church and God down now to the twentieth-century lesson that life is not a presence but an image, not a certainty but a name.

A story! Willem de Kooning gives a postal to Robert Rauschenberg who takes it home and promptly seizes it. Next he signs his name to the artwork. Then he sells it. Can it be that Rauschenberg is saying, "The artist has as much right to print money as the financier"? Yes, Rauschenberg is giving us small art right here and much instruction. Authority impinged upon emptiness in money. And the ego is integral convertible to exercise by the use of the name. Ah, the undivided links of production and distribution in the payless economy of the ego! For us and a half centuries we have been moving from the classical to the baroque into the evolution of the new advancement of new found and primitive relation to drama as complete that primitive ones less seen on the field of two dimensions (as if the medieval eye was not ready to wade down any fall). Then art dared to rise into that Renaissance liberation from anxiety which leased the painterly capacity to enter the space-perspective of volume and depth. Now, with graffiti we are back in the prison of two dimensions once more. Or is it the one dimension of the name—the art form screaming through space on a unilinear subway line?

Something of all this is in the mind of our Aesthetic Investigator as he sits in a bedroom on West 361 Street in Washington Heights and talks to GAY 161 and JUNIOR 161 and Li'l Flame and Lork. They talk about the name. He has agreed to do a preface of a book of photographs by Jon Naar, has agreed to do it

on the instant (in a Los Angeles hotel room); that he has seen it—the splendid photographs and his undisclosed thoughts on the subject leap together. He has a match. Maguet at the moment he will solve a mystery for Einstein, or Proust with the taste of the Madeline on his tongue can hardly be surprised. And now, what they find in these pictures, that is, Art, same pictures he can all tell from, not quite. All the infantile happiness of art, pleasure that had left before him. So, he is artistic. And dances weeks later that his book has already been given a title *It's Watching My Name Go By*.

A-J does not like "Watching My Name Go By." It implies a direct and sentimental connection to the world. There is no reason to be certain these young graffiti writers have such simple relations.

Does he not do use their own names? They adopt a name. It is like a logo. Monic or Sococo, Teng, Whirlpool, Dex. The kids bear a not quite definable relation to their product. It is not MY NAME but THE NAME. Watching The Name Go By. He still does not like it. Yet every graffiti writer refers to the word *Name*. In newspaper accounts, it is the lone name most often "I have put my name," says Super Kool to Dennis Shiley of *The Times*, "all over the place. There isn't nowhere I go I can't see it. I signatures on Books to Beverly Avenue, I signatures on Books and just spread the whole city"—"you're literally says it's watching my name."

"But then they all use it." JAPAN I, being interviewed by Jon Naar and A-J in a subway, seems a station cup passos and signatures here. He is clean. There is no spray can on hand today. Otherwise he would run, not grab. Jesus says with full satisfaction of his work, "You have to put in the house to add up the names. You have to get your name around." Since he is small and could hardly oppose too many who might choose his *name* has his own monogram JAPAN I, he merely inserts in answer to the question of what he would do if someone else took up his name and used it "I would still call the class," he remarks.

Whether it is his own intervention or others, the word which pervails is always the same. Mike 171 informs New York magazine, "There are kids all over town with bags of paint wanting to hit their name." A-J likes this. As subject is hit with paint, you run, and the writer is not afraid to do it. "You can't kill a thief," said D. H. Lawrence, "you know it satisfactorily" (that was who else could have said it?). You hit your name and maybe something is in the whole scheme of the system gives a death strike. For new year name is over there name, over the subway manufacturer, the Transit Authority, the city administration. Your presence is on these premises, your skin hangs over their souls. There is a pleasurable sense of depth to the shrewdness of the meaning.

She sits with Guy 161 and Junior and the others in the bedroom of Junior's parents and asks them about the name. It is a sweet meeting. He has been traveling for all of a week and my snowbound Sunday afternoon through the meanderous drifts of South Beach and Washington Heights as much like the old grey apartment-house parks of the Brooklyn where he grew up, a trip back across three generations because the boy Ricans in this neighborhood may well be offshoots from the Rodriguez family of Ricans whose mother would speak of a child up from the Jersey shore to visit. So little has changed still the small-d-cooking-on-the-walls like a single word, and the black-painted green

stones of the halls, those dark pits in the plaster speaking of the very arms of apartment-house poverty. In the apartment itself, entering by the kitchen, down through the small living room and past the dark bedrooms on a file of the stairs, all the shades drawn, a picture hangs on one of the bedrooms' walls in the living room like a rosary light in some semi-illuminated and poor sun-drawn church (one candle flicks in the wall ferment), while the father in shorts sleeps on the sofa, and the women congregate—the kitchen is near. The windows are stained glass, shades of red and yellow painted plastic to the glass. The view must be an air shaft. No light is this grey and late-afternoon day. It is all the darkness of that photo which sits in the very center of skin existence, that amalgam of worry and dread, heavy air buckets of oil, the tree wings of the working class, with all that attendant fever in the aftermaths of crime, the grinding entrepreneurs of having to live—lawyers' fees, badmen, prostitutes, affairs, all of it—and the twice-grounding warning of debt and economic disaster of a bookie is calling for payment on bets lost in games which took place weeks ago.

Yet now there is also a sense of protection in the air. The mood is not without its reverence: Guy 161 has the face of a saint. He looks as if he has been kept face forward against a wall, as if indeed a mighty hand has pulled him up and buried him through the sole of a stone house. He is big, squat, and almost are fast tall, once good-looking, and may yet be good-looking again, though he has been drawn by a contact-strip artist, for his features express the scars, creases, exhaustion petals, and straight-out dislocation of eyes and nose and mouth which accompany any hero in a comic strip when he runs into a collision **SHAZAM!-BLAM!-CRASH!** Guy 161, driving a stolen van, seeing the cops in an old-fashioned New York street chase, has gone off the road on a turn, "and right as 161 Street where he was born and raised, he hit a hydrant, turned over a few times, and landed up inside a furniture store. When the police looked inside the car"—description by Jon Naar in *The New York Post*—"He lay motionless in the driver's seat, dead and quiet, though his body was convulsed, unconscious, possibly, buried from the car by the impact." The friend had a broken leg, and Guy was left with part of his brain below set in a semi-hysterical operation. The doctor gave warning: He might survive as a vegetable. For two months he did not make a move. Now it is six months later, a trip from Jaws to December, and Guy is able to talk, he can move. His lips are controlled on one side of his face but stuck on the other—he speaks as if he has had a stroke. He moves in the same fashion. Certain gestures are right, others come up half-gropeled and top-heavy, as if he will fall on his face as the first false step. His friends are his witness. They surround him, offer the whole reverence of their whole alertness to every move he makes, yet curiously there is all the elegance of good manners in the way they would try to conceal that he is different from the others.

Guy 161 is happy now. He is in Junior's house, Junior 161, his best friend. They have gone out, writing together for hours, both tall, a twin legend—what stands on the other's shoulder, the noise goes up higher on the wall than for anyone else. True bond of friendship; they will each write the other's name, a sacramental interchange. Junior has a long head, that indolent phuto language which speaks of presence. "I move slow, man," says the head, "and that is why you watch me, because when I move fast, you got to watch

out." He is well dressed, ghetto style—a white turtle-neck sweater, white pants, a white felt hat, nothing more. Later he will step out like this into the winter streets. You get to meet the eye of the beholder with name class. *Precious is for plants.*

A-J interviews them. Yes, they started three years ago and would sit four or five hours a day. Junior liked to work at least an hour a day. So go the generative questions. Guy liked to use red marker, Junior blue. Hundreds of masterpieces to their credit. Yes, Junior's greatest masterpiece is in the tunnel where the track descends from 125 Street to 116 Street. There high on the wall is JUNIOR 161 in letters six feet high. "You want to put your name in a place where people don't know how you look, and how you look is what you are. You got to make them think?" Is it at the point of the pointed rock cities. Junior frozen on the later series who have often seen Guy and himself—AMEX, for example, who known as HAMA, who has sold to a reporter in his own full articulate speaking style, "Hama style is bubble letter, and Brooklyn style is script with lots of flourishes and arrows. It's a style all by itself. Broadway style, these long slant letters, was brought here from Philadelphia by a guy named Tex Cat. Queens style is very difficult, very hard to read."

Junior is contemplations of this. The new forms have wiped out respect for the old utilitarian writing. "That's just fascism," he says of the new. "Everyone going to get your name around doing all that fancy shit."

Guy speaks into this with his deep, strangulated, and wholly existential voice—he cannot be certain anyone he utters will catch on so he thinks "Everybody tries to catch up to us," he says.

"I have to leave the house."

Of course, he is not doing it at any longer. Nor is Junior. Even before the accident, he had lost interest. On the one hand, the police were getting tough, the beatings when you were caught were now certainly worse, the legal penalties higher. The supplies of paint getting to be maximized, and on the other hand something had gone happened to the prison itself. Names had grown all over walls—a jungle of ego crevices and tendrils had flowered through a series of psyche rancors as what passed like uneventful history over New York. Then the rain had blown. By all discussion on that winter afternoon was directed toward the necessity of past passengers to write the name, as if, like the Twits, it was over.

As we leave them, Testifying he offers a few questions about the importance of the name, of why people use that word. He hesitates how to pose the question—he fears confidence will be lost if he is too abstract, or to the contrary too direct, he does not wish to ask straight out, "What is the meaning to you of the name?" but, indeed, he does not have to—Guy speaks up on what it means to watch the name go by. "The name," says Guy, in a full voice, Delphic in its unexpected resonance—as if the ideal of a temple has just chosen to break into sound—"The name," says Guy, "is the truth of graffiti."

It is quite a remark. He wonders if Guy knows what he has said. "The name," repeats Guy, "in the feels." He is in no doubt of the depth of what he has said. His eyes fix on A-J, his look is severe. Abruptly, he declares that the proper title is *The Truth of Graffiti*.

A Sunday afternoon has come to its end. A-J walks downstairs with Junior, Guy, Lark and Lo! Plaza, and is shown modest examples of their writing on the

apartment-house walls. Guy has also used another name. At times he has called himself *THE PHAYER* 161. They say god-like is the hall. Guy shows All the latest 161 Street asanas of thumb-up finger-carved handshakes. The palm-sweated flourishes and spinned thumbs of one man touch the hands and forefingers of the other in a quick little cat's cradle. Guy's fingers are surprisingly dexterous. Then Guy and Junior open a bit, half come for Guy hardness, yet with the incisive tenderness of the ghetto, as Guy's moves also say, "She don't come in packages and a cripple keeps the entrance." It is agreeable to watch. As he attempts to open, Guy is actually weaker, better than he has all day.

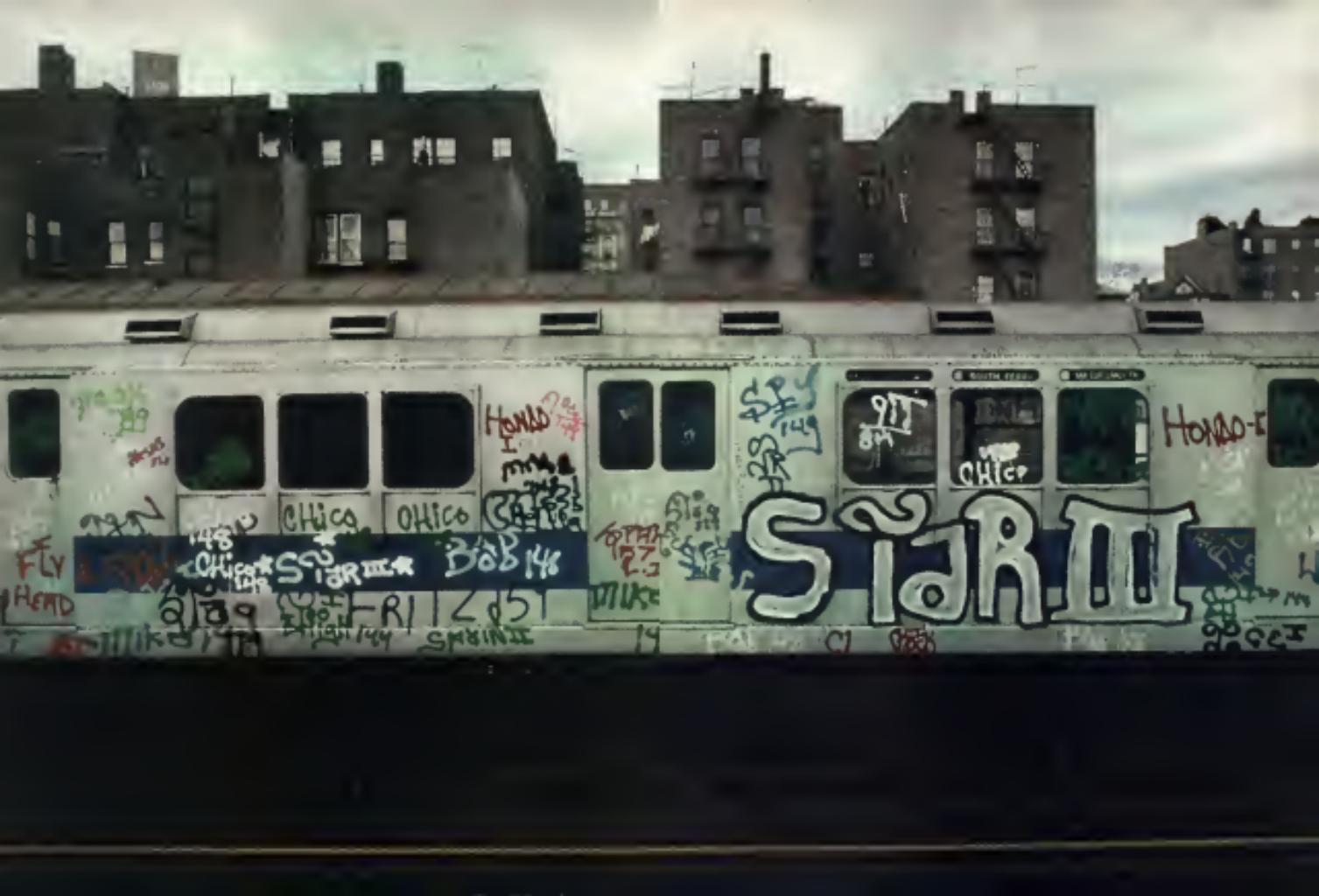
The name is the birth of graffiti. Was it true that the one who first used it did not make it up? Did they invent when someone else had just losses from the start? A-J still has no more than a clue to graffiti. Were the answers to be found in the long wear of the will against the power of taboo? How much of just such emotion still lived in the plausibility of the painter's act? But then who could know when men of the gods would turn in the winds of sleep as images were drawn. Was that a thought in the head of the first savage ready to delineate the ineluctable aftermath of an animal on the wall of a cave? If so, the earliest painting had been not two dimensions but one—an, as graffiti—the hand pushing forward into the corner of future participation from deepest filth filled with fury as human ardency. Later would come an easier faith that the Lord might be on the side of the artist.

2.

Ne, also doesn't care in packages, and the graffiti writers had both all heights and all depths, even all the acres from twelves to twenty-four. They had written masterpieces in letters six feet high on the sides of walls and subway cars and had scribbled furtive little bits, which is to say small names without style, sometimes just initials. There was peace in the act, a species of writing with an eye over one's shoulder for the ownership of the authority. The Transit Authority cops would beat you if they caught you, or drag you to court, or both, and the judge demands rules of Solomon would condone the early prisoners with the command to clean the name and sentence stations of the names Hitler II (reputed to be so innocent of his predecessor that he only knew Hitler I had a very bad rap) was caught, and passed on the score of his insubordination. Cleaning the cars, he had been obliged to cross the words out with a pen. All the time, though, it was a point of honor to keep a best and strongest attempt to communicate Graffiti to wipe out the works of Van Gogh.

There was real fear of being caught. Pun and humiliation were the culpable dues, and not all graffiti artists showed equal grace under such pressure. Some wrote like cowards, timidly, furtively, jerkily, "Man," was the condemnation of the peers, "you got a need-to handwriting." Others had one cool flowing of paint span another, and the other after having passed through all the continental stations of the criminal act, even to dust awaiting the past, which was of course the word for stealing the stuff from the station, but then an invention is the creation of something which did not exist before—like a working spray can in your hands (and instead of Planck's Ideal exists, and the universe is first a set of forms, then what is any invention but a theft from the given universal Ideal)?

There was always art in a criminal act—no crime could ever be as antisocial as a productive process—but graffiti writers were somewhat opposite to un-



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CHICAGO STORM B&B 148
Fritz Mike
14 CL 1968

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MAGAZINE

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nals since they were living through the stages of the disease in order to commit an artistic act—what a desire of the intensity of the artist's choice when you visit not only the can but try for the colors you want, not only the marker and the color but the width of the tip of the spout, and close them in double amounts so you don't run out on the station. What a kind of art! What a kind of art! What a kind of art! For when any man or Puerto Rican adolescent with a big imagination is forced to be examined by a Transit cop. He goes into the wrong station. So a writer has to decide after his parent has been interviewed by which subway he leaves it to be transported, and once his trip is completed back to the station which is the capital of his turf, he has still to find the work where he can warehouse his goods for a few hours. To attempt to take the paint out of the station is to get caught. To try to bring it back to the station is worse. Six or seven kids entering a subway in Harlem, Washington Heights, or the South Bronx are going to be searched by Transit cops for cans. So they stash it, will around the station for a time palating, asching, they are after all often in the subway—so the degree they are not chosen is a natural choiceless, virtually a country club for the scatology of it all—and when the cops are not out of sight and a train is coming, they stop and wait for the game to begin. In India, they count it on the fingers and in all the writings of eccentric neurotic fatigues set on the cities to ride to the end of the line where, in some desolate underground road, they will find their natural canvas which is of course that metal wall of a subway car ready to reverberate into all the eyes of all the stoolies of New York, what an echo that New York world will give into the slumped-jelly sense of every child-psycbe who grows up in New York, yes, metal as a surface on which to paint is even better than stone.

But it is hardly an quick or automatic as that. If they are to leave the station at the end of the line, there is foreign risk to traverse which guarantees no safe passage, and always the problem of finding your way into the yards.

In the A-train yard at 207 Street, the graffiti situation was never a fence which protected out over a cliff dropped into the water of the Hudson River. You went out one side of that fence on a narrow ledge, out onto the water, and back the other side of the fence into the yards "where the wagons," writes Robert Goldstein, "are setting like silent whales."

We may pack our lehengas—whales and dolphins, elephants folded in sleep. At night, the walls of cars sit there like the mechanical heart of exercises possessed of soul—you are not just writing your name but trafficking with the iron spirit of the vehicle now resting. What a presence. What a consecutive set of seas sleeping beside jaws all the corrals of the yard, and the graffiti writers stand by as the near-to-silent sound of their movements working up and down the lines of cars, some darting in to snipgle a little bit of a name on twenty cars—their nerve has no longer surge—others embarking on their floor or their hundred-and-fifth underground during the full spectrum of a roar of writing (names they had run into the yard) for the magnetic disturbance of their entries to settle, waiting for the guards patrolling the lines of track to grow somnolent and dashed into the early morning part of the watchman. Sometimes the graffiti writers would set out from their own turf at

dark, yet not begin to paint until two in the morning, holding for hours in the silent corners of the yard or in and under the trains. What a Hutchinson marriage of cost and style to write your name in giant separate living letters, large as animals, like an animal, underneath an Arabic and Graffiti code of alphabet, and to do it in the light of a winter night when the hands are frozen and cold the heart is not with fire. No wonder the best of the graffiti writers, those accusations of heavy masterpiece production, Stay High, Phase 2, Stay HI, get the respect, call it the glory, that they are known, famous and luminous as a rock star. It is their year. Nothing astounds about writing a masterpiece on a subway car. "It was scared," said Japan, "all the time I did it." And sitting in the station at 185th and St. Nicholas Avenue, watching the trains go by, talking between the waves of subway roosting song, he is tiny in size, his dark eyes as alert as any small and hungry animal who eats in a garden at night and does not know where the householder with his lantern may be waiting.

New Japan speaks, his eyes never failing to miss the collection of snakes, hercules, symbols, stars, crowns, ribbons, monstrosities and tons of even passing car, there is no room for that. For the mask is lost on. Now the cars are being cleaned faster than they are written upon, an act which was responsible a year ago, but the city has mounted a massive campaign. There was a partial in the middle stage. It looked as if graffiti would take over the world, when a movement which began as the expression of tens of thousands people living in a monochromatic iron-gray and dull brown brick environment, surrounded by asphalt, concrete, and change, had erupted biologically as though to save the atheroscus flesh of their inheritance from a misadmission of the psyche, save the blank city wall of their undid brain by painting the wall over with the grand trees and pretty plants of a tropical rain forest, and then took a jungle, every plant large and small apolo to one another, lived in the profusion and harmony of a forest. No one wrote for two miles over another name, no one was allowed for that, but each had something to say. A competition took place over the city as the plant growth of names with every institutional wall, bus or moving, every modern new school which looked like a bread-and-butter factory, every old steel warehouse, every standing billboard, every buck-stirring poster, and the hills of every high-rise residential housing project which looked like a prison (and all did) were covered by a layer of graffiti which goes seven or eight feet tall, even twelve feet high in these chosen places worth the effort for me to stand on another, oh, if it had gone on, the entire city of blind architectural high-rise towers would have been covered with paint—graffiti writers might have become connoisseurs with pride for the ascent of brightening high-coll singular specimens as the East Stoops and Benetton's, the look of New York and afterward the world might have been transformed and the interplay of names and colors, the variation of art, forever transformed, open up another world, have risen like a flood to cover the monotonousness of abstract empty technico-architectural twentieth-century walls where no design ever predominated over the most profitable (and obnoxious) most banalistic construction rates regardless in a ten or twenty-million-dollar bill.

The kids painted with less than this in view, no doubt. Sufficient in the graffiti-proliferating years of the early Seventies to paint the front door of every subway car they could find. (Continued on page 124.)

How To Make Friends with Celebrities

Fattery used to get you anywhere, especially if you acted big and remembered people's names like Dale Carnegie told you. None of that works anymore in the post-Watergate era, if you smile and remember a man's name it only makes him think you're a spy, a cop, or a credit investigator. What you should do by now, if you want to make friends, is to remember the diplomatic edge. The Enemy of My Enemy Is My Friend. Get it? Now go out and try it see somebody famous. We're not going to tell you why these folks are on the outs, because while you're waiting around to meet the people in the *Lethbridge* column, you can pass the time figuring out what the people listed on the right could possibly ever have done to get listed here at all.



To Get In With:

Liza Minnelli

Mickey Deans

Maeve Cox Thorne

Tina Marie Cox

Geral Jeffray

Rebekah Barkers

Gail Greene

Roy Andries de Groot

Mimi Sheraton

Gail Greene

Dick Wilmes

Roger Kahn

Temple Fielding

Arthur Frommer

James Roberts

John Frankenheimer

Joni Quintero

Ted Mann

Stephen Schwartz

Bob Fosse

Joe Layton

Carol Channing

Lillian Hall-Davis

Diana Trilling

A. J. Antoon

Christopher Plummer

Tammy Grimes

Christopher Plummer

Ethel Merman

Gilda Hawkings

Hal Prince

Zero Mostel

Julie Harris

Emile Pucci

Katherine Hepburn

Genevieve Kates

John Forsythe

James Brady

Halston

Clytie Ruffin

Rose Barnett

Bette Midler

Mia Farrow

Audra Lattouf

Lucille Ball

Les Marinelli

Desi Arnaz

Howard Corell

Jim Aubrey

Jacqueline Susann

David Burkhead

Shelley Winters

Truman Capote

Kenneth Tynan

Sally Quinn

Richard Salter

George Montgomery

Burt Reynolds

Howard Da Silva

Pete Roselli

Mike Pusey

Elaine

To Get In With:

Clive Barnes

Maurice Elbjart

Sam Peckinpah

Martin Ransohoff

Daniel Elftberg

Henry Kissinger

Schuyler Chapin

George Moore

Cleveland Amory

James Ketchner

Mrs. Donald Nixon

Richard Nixon

Joyce Maynard

Julie Baumgold

Mercedes McCambridge

Billy Franklin

Dr. George Stillman

Dr. Robert Atkins

Sandy Werblin

David Rockefeller

Joseph Ahoto

Gardner Cowles

Al Carrizales

Stephen Sondheim

Jane Powell

Gower Champion

Svetlana Alliluyeva-Peters

Mrs. Frank Lloyd Wright

Robert Rosenberg

Robert Seall

Hermann Stein

Aaron Russo

Paul Kramer

James Davis

William Buckley

Gerry Wills

Dick Cavett

Elliott Gould

Aileen Meeks (Suzzy)

Philip Van Zandt

Eugenia Sharpard

Charles Revens

The Charles Revson

The Wilson Levitts

Henry Goldblatt

Thomas Hoving

Oral Roberts

George M. Wilson

Sylvia Miles

John Birren

Janet Weiss

Al Goldstein

Bob Silvers

Deton Rader

Rud Bellow

Jack Ludog

A. E. Hotchner

Philip Young

Angela Lansbury

Lucille Ball

Jimmy Breslin

Christopher Lehmann-Haupt

Mean Mothers with Dirty Faces

by Richard Hilt

The SEALs joined the Navy to scare the world



A SEAL's work is never done—some have walked
through acres of debris of mud or rock.

Imagine," says Chief Tuote, "that SEALs are not rats. We check our capabilities against the problem to make sure we can handle it. You don't walk into a lion and offer to kick the shit out of everybody there. You offer to kick the shit out of half of them, which you know you can do."

Everybody seems to agree with that, although Lieutenant Bates, who has been briefing the SEALs on what they can say to me, might have preferred another example of SEAL self-control. I'm here in Norfolk, Virginia, with several members of Platoon Seven,

SEAL Team Two. Their recruitment literature describes them as "the Navy's elite SEALs, the silent, gun-totin' team of professional killers and saboteurs." They can come at you by sea, air, or land, thus the acronym SEAL. There are fewer than three hundred of them in the Navy. They start with underwater demolition training, then go on to jump school and advanced training in unconventional warfare and weapons.

The room is standard-issue World War II barracks-style conference room, basic Navy-wall green. Two de-

ranged radiators hiss along at flank speed, but the heat doesn't seem to bother anyone else.

"We've been buried by reporters before," says Schrammeyer. "We'd be drinking in some club in New York and here'd be this stale in fumigates, wanting to buy us drinks and shoot the shit. He usually turned out to be a reporter looking for hairy stories."

No humor stories, I tell them. I just want to find out what you guys do.

"Well," somebody groans, "we just lost our first intramural basketball game. We'd have won, though, if Mac hadn't fouled out in the first half."

"When I went through training," says Chief Tuote, "we only got five weeks of meals extra. We needed more training. I thought they can stick that money to their ass. I starved, but not for the money. I figured if the other guys could do it so could I. I like the guys—[for roads], my wife says."

"I always wanted to be a frogman," Schrammeyer says. "Ever since I was a little kid. It's the best thing to do in the world."

Chief Camp is less romantic. He has a way of halting, almost grimacing before he speaks, as though to determine if words are really necessary. "Military life is boring. Out in the fleet it's the same crap, day after day. Here we get to do all kinds of things. We get the blood pumping. We have waiting lists for torch assignments, guys asking Gys for something 'cause they're bored."

"You get satisfaction," says Schrammeyer. "I never had a job I wouldn't complete."

"Especially," says Camp. "These petty officers get respectability—a commander must never have it taken away. They have total control over the lives of men, and it's a way your leaders find out. As a challenge, I've stayed witness of happiness, and so see some of the others; but if I didn't jump I couldn't be an issue. So I volunteered to be commander, which means my ass hangs out of the plane half the time. I get a bone from the guy, like eatin', . . . well, cake."

"Nasty Ed?" Lieutenant Tuote laughs with everybody else, but when it's over he wants to bring the conversation back to earth. "We do our job. Like everybody else I still have to pay for my drinks."

The SEALs live the life of a wall. You can jump over it, tunnel under it, swim around it, or just blow the marshals up. And then they lay the bastard who built it in an unbreakable atmosphere. All these men have a freedom of action most of us can only dimly imagine. Anything can happen on an operation, especially in wartime, and the paradox is that for this freedom they must have some kind of rigid discipline in the hierarchy of warlike. The idea of the training camp is not to produce men who can take orders and rules, like Marines, but to produce men who can operate often alone, under the most stressful physical and psychological circumstances.

What they usually get is a man who loves stress. Chief Camp tells about some early problems NASA had when the astronauts broke down under gravity simulation. The scientists hadn't expected such a low threshold and wondered if they had miscalculated what a man could take. They called in some SEALs, who seemed to enjoy the show. "The scientists had voice communication and asked us guy of hell had enough. He could barely talk under those Gs, but he said, 'More, sir! More!'"

The SEALs' basic training is called BUDS—Basic Underwater Demolition/SEAL. Both regular Navy Underwater Demolition Team volunteers and SEALs take it; these UDTs concentrate on their specialty,

which is clearing landing areas, and SEALs move into advanced training in special warfare and weapons. UDTs can become SEALs. If operations exist, and SEALs sometimes serve in UDT units.

Rhodes and Brown aren't long out of BUDS. I ask if they remember how they survived it. Was there something special they learned, something that all the survivors knew, or was it something maybe a little mystical?

"I had breakthroughs all through basic," Brown says. "Maybe it is sort of mystical, where you get the strength if you think about quitting you probably will, but even if you don't there are times when you know you won't or say anything else you're thinking."

"We call it living as automatically," Rhodes says. "Hell Week teaches you to go as automatic. Christ, we were running and swimming miles, crawling through mud, getting four hours' sleep a night. Everybody was as automatic. We had a bunch of noctives running around there."

The phone rings. It's somebody's wife. "Yeah, yeah," he says, looking embarrassed. "You forgot to bring home a loaf of bread?" somebody asks.

"We banish each other all the time," Schrammeyer says. "Mostly 'cause it's fun, but it keeps you sharp too. You want to know if the other guy can handle it. Once you get to a guy everybody goes after him. He either shapes up or leaves. We don't wanna operate with anybody who can't take the pressure."

"I remember," says Tuote, "one time two guys got stopped for speeding. The cop was going to let the driver off, and the other SEAL held the cop to give him a ticket."

(Continued on page 124)

Some SEALs I Remember

It was Christmas Eve, 1970, in Cambo. I had been talking to Vietnamese refugees again. The photographs I took I sent to the Chairman of the Restaurant in the Hotel International in Saigon. The hotel had been renamed. The whole community where priests did not want them. That night there was a fancy Vietnamese wedding dinner in the restaurant so no one else could get in. We ate in the hall outside by the staircase. The Vietnamese were laughing and joking and grinning. Then you heard that yelling. The SEALs came in, telling you who they were. There were a dozen huge, white, young, drunk. They crowded into the hall shouting out what they thought of drunks who took over a whole restaurant. They wanted food and beer fast. It came. I could not go on eating. One was wasted and almost fell across my shoulders. Another kept trying to climb the stairs as if he were on a never-rope ladder. They drank a lot, breaking glasses. When the first Vietnamese woman came out of the party to go upstairs to the pines, she was not alone. Three Vietnamese men, in shorts and neckties, made a little circle around her. Twice this happened. The Vietnamese behaved as though they could not see the SEALs, could not even hear what the SEALs were saying. They did not panic and they did not fight. They took the women upstairs, where for them, all thoughts were laid down as if there were no foreigners there at all to speak and release them. After a while the SEALs went up to get rooms and girls. The wedding guests went home. I never did the birds.

—Gloria Eringer



Get Thee Behind Me, Satin

This is a good friend story. This girl here is all dressed up with nowhere to go but bed. She won't sleep in the nude anymore—that's Out, a casualty of the Seventies. Back in the Sixties it was neat to go around naked as the proverb, getting yourself all steamed up. Things are much cooler now, of course



It may be the energy crisis, says *Woman's Wear Daily*, and the fact that folks are staying home more. Lingerie is making a comeback in the stores. The homebody here, Pat Cleveland, is wearing a garter belt only or the finer stores, the designs of a Spanish-born Parisian named Fernando Sanchez, God bless



Sánchez says his work was inspired by Hugh Hefner comic fashions and Esquire's old and much-maligned piece of artistry, the *Petty Girl*. The lingerie is of Soie de lys with an occasional touch of mink, fox and lace. Skin, especially Soles' skin, got sweaty and smelly. This stuff is nice and slippery.



One of the few designers who likes real women's bodies, the ones with curves, Sánchez says he is only marginally concerned with fashion, obsessively concerned with erotic effect. He also works in for his clients, pleasure and like her, Sánchez maintains. "Lingerie suggests a genuine anticipation of sex."



Let's take a break now, a cold shower, in effect, and explore the other things you've been looking at in these pictures. There's a crushed soda-pop can, a record, a muscle magazine, some shoes. The shoes are by Sonchein; the other junk was put there by the photographer, which is his hang-up, not yours.



Sheh, she's a cheap oiler, we can talk man to man. A friend of ours once bought a black nightgown for his wife. She put it on in the other room, then walked in to where he was sitting. "You look like a judge," he told her. That was that. Don't be disheartened, though. These can be fun, if you don't slide off.

"When I was in my seventies, I felt as if I were in my thirties. And my eighties were all right. But I'm feeling a bit mystyuh lately. The ideas don't seem to come now. I seem to have used up every possible situation, and if I do get a good idea, I feel it's something I wrote forty years ago." P. G. Wodehouse lights his pipe, and the caucasianized dark thought follows me smoke out the window and into the garden, where both are forgotten. "I suppose it's old age, I suppose," he adds, brightening. "It's always like this in between books."

"But you've just finished a book, haven't you?" I ask, a little surprised by his complaints. Wodehouse has been writing about running out of story ideas far at least fifty years.

"Yes," he says, in full ruddy cheer now as he takes about his writing. "And I've got a wonderful title for it, *Baskerville Anagnosan*. Don't you think that's good?" He beams and chuckles at my enthusiastic reply, and his sharp hand ends with pleasure. "Yes, everybody likes that title. And the book itself really is funny. It's worked out perfectly well. It's much better than *The Jeeves Stories*, which I don't know how I can top it. The next one will be a letdown almost."

At ninety-two, after having written more than seventy novels, three hundred short novels, five hundred essays and articles, part or all of sixteen plays and adaptations, the lyrics for twenty-three musical comedies, and the scenario for six movies—not to mention scores of the funniest verse in the English language—P. G. Wodehouse can talk about his work without false modesty or false pride. Those who are not attracted to Wodehouse's never-never world of dandy lords and commanding butlers generally give up after the first page or two anyway, while those who stick with him for a score of them—because soberly, given each of Wodehouse's books a sale as certain and predictable as the tide at full moon—

their way, and leaving Wodehouse far behind, always find my copy but his won't do. "I haven't carried away down here for twenty years," he says merrily. "All I work is tobacco and books, and I can get those charged."

I first visited Wodehouse in the Fall of 1971, when his ninetieth birthday was being widely celebrated, particularly in England, where Bertie Wooster, Jeeves, Jaffy Lord Emsworth, and Steerforth's most adored admirer, the Empress of Bananagrams, have been played with Burton, Falstaff, the countess palomino, and Mr. Moxon's son a gaudy parrot, and of course much else. Although he enjoyed the attention, so many unanticipated visitors were a dangerous strain on Wodehouse, and by the time of the party itself he seemed utterly overwhelmed. When I talked with him again nearly two years later, he had not only recovered, but appeared stronger and, oddly enough, younger than he had before. He shows his age, certainly he does easily, but in hand of hearing and he walks slowly, with a cane at hand in case he loses his balance. His hair must seem to be as thin as ever, and his voice is even more faint.

"All that," he sighs, "is probably there more or less exactly a heart attack, but I had to have treatment, yes, know," he explains as he sits down, shoving away—"Bum off!" Box of "T," the cat that occupies his chair. "The BBC came two days right at seven-thirty in the morning and stayed all day with their lights and things. Oh my God, 'twas awful! It sort of laid me out. One effect of the treatment, however, is I lost about twenty pounds. I feel frightfully fit now, except my legs are a bit wobbly. But as far as the brain goes, I'm fine."

Unlike many elderly men who take each a class, Wodehouse can prove it, and, following the basic work schedule he established several decades ago, he still maintains what most writers would consider a torrid writing pace—he turns out

at least one book a year. Up at seven-thirty, he does his "duty doses," a battery of exercises he has performed faithfully every morning since he first read about them in Collier's in 1919. After a breakfast of tea and toast, he begins work, either writing or, as he was when I was visiting, planning to write.

With longish hair, an occasional rockabilly, he walks the garden with the dog, and a half hour for *The Edge of Night*, his favorite soap opera. Wodehouse continues to work until dinner, after which he reads or watches television.

A Wodehouse plot, a fan-favorite of surprising turns and unexpected solutions, is more complicated than that of most mystery novels, which it resembles in reverse, and he takes endless efforts to make it watertight. He gets down something like four hundred pages of notes before he even begins a scenario, a detailed outline which he backs out in several titles.

"Please, I mean, not get it mixed up with two separate things. To sit down, before a blank sheet of paper with no notion of how the story is to proceed and just start writing seems to me impossible. For a beginning novel, you'll get to have a scenario so you can know where the comedy comes in. When I do get a scenario out, I feel pretty safe. But it's curious how it puts away as you go along. I don't think I ever actually begin to one. In this last book of mine, that *Baskerville Anagnosan*, the plot started entirely from the outside. You just characterize in the broadest way what it all was when I was thinking about it."

Once he actually starts writing, Wodehouse turns out a thousand words a day, about half of what he could do when he was a simplefiffty or sixty, but still much more than many other writers. He used to write entirely on a typewriter, but lately, because it is easier to sit in a lounge chair than a straightback typewriter, he does first drafts in longhand, turning to the

typewriter only for revisions. He is a heavy reviser, and is usually not satisfied until he has done nine or ten versions. "Very often first that I've got something which ought to come in another place, something which I originally put in Chapter Two and then decide would come much better in Chapter Ten. I'm sort of working the place the whole time."

From start to finish a Wodehouse novel now takes about six or seven months.

"Do you write seven days a week?"

"Oh yes, rather," he replies. "Always."

"Do you enjoy writing?"

"Oh yes I do it. I never feel really comfortable unless I'm writing or know that I can write if I want to. In other words, unless I've got a story coming. I think a writer's life is the ideal life. You're about like a poet, you know. You haven't got any house over you. You write a thing and you get paid for it—and that's the end of it."

"Some people..." Peter Schied, Wodehouse's editor of *Banshee* and *Scholar*, is one of them—"like your short stories better than your novels. How do you feel about that?"

"Of course I feel really happy with a short story," he replies, not at all perturbed by the oblique criticism of his major work. "Yes, I think I'd sooner write short stories

than novels. The only trouble is that my short-story ideas really fit into my novels. I mean, I'm rather wasteful of a novel if I write a short story."

The last of human Wodehouse writers—and there—in today's writing by about so one but Wodehouse. "It's a shorty situation, for sure," says Schied. "Black humor, you know. Old oil belly laugh very choice. If some one like Robert Benchley emerged today, he'd slave to death." Wodehouse himself sells about fifteen hundred hard-cover copies in the United States, about twenty thousand

in England, and several thousand more in translation. The figures are respectable, but hardly soaring.

"Why are there so few humorous today?" I ask Wodehouse. "What makes a humorist?"

"Is it a circular question, and Wodehouse gives a circular reply. "I don't think a man can write a funny story unless he's got a sense of life that leads to finding the funny in everyday things. You sit down, before a blank sheet of paper with no notion of how the story is to proceed and just start writing seems to me impossible. For a beginning novel, you'll get to have a scenario so you can know where the comedy comes in. When I do get a scenario out, I feel pretty safe. But it's curious how it puts away as you go along. I don't think I ever actually begin to one. In this last book of mine, that *Baskerville Anagnosan*, the plot started entirely from the outside. You just characterize in the broadest way what it all was when I was thinking about it."

Gone are practical advice and that always get to the dialogue as soon as possible—Wodehouse is much more comfortable with the specific than the abstract. "I always feel, the thing is as far as speed. Making a reader of more than a great slab of prose at the start. You read as a poem that starts off quickly and then falls away."

"We've seen and criticism of your... (Continued on page 285)

Checking in with P.G. Wodehouse

by Gerald Clarke

Notes in passing
on a life still in progress



A More Perfect Union?



Dwight Macdonald's Thirty-fifth Amendment to the Constitution—itself only part of his reform program starting on the opposite page—provides for the abolition of the states and their replacement by new units. Macdonald leaves the final arrangement of things to a committee, but offers the above disposition as something to start thinking about; for starters, he leaves Hawaii and Alaska the way they are and combines most of the rest into regions as shown here, with four states left out because, Macdonald admits, "I couldn't figure out where to put them." Is Arkansas, for example, more properly a part of Midland, Southron, Appalachia, or Texas? That can be determined after the amendment is passed; the views of Arkansas residents are, of course, invited.

UPDATING THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

by Dwight Macdonald

Ten modest amendments

This article first appeared in the October, 1968, number of *Espouse*. It is here reproduced with such liberating afterthoughts as occurred to me six years later. The editors proposed this archaeological excursion because (a) the original had entirely flopped at the time—possibly because all the U-boat commanders used to report; and (b) it has now become, as we say, "relevant" in various ways. I agree with both propositions.

Although the pronostication doesn't give its all—advance proofs showing the Dallatinians leave on the just and unjust alike including every Senator and Congressman, plus personal appearances by the author on the Goffett and Griffin shows to discuss the Constitution for, respectively, twenty and four minutes—not one echo came back. Literally. I have the piece had appeared from earlier evidence (unless they ran up a special copy for me) but no letters to the editor and only one to me—a very nice and perceptive one but from a singer, i.e., one of the *Espouse* editors. Why this total lack of response, unusual even in my kind of journalism, I wondered. Aren't Americans concerned about their Constitutional system? Have they given up all hope? Or are they, as continue, hopelessly complacent . . . ? Great! More unsettling line of thought—was the trouble literary? Did the piece seem contrived, too esoteric rhetorically—a stylized tour de force they wished had never been found? Were readers turned off by my version of standard American journalistic practice, substituting the (theoretical) inductive for the (pedagogic) deductive mode of discourse? That is, reducing the facts to mere illustrations of my thesis (or Amendments), rather than the usual method of laying out the information first—let The Facts speak for themselves, if only they ever did!—that the ideas fit if any at least appear to follow from the data? Or was the piece too long? Too speculative? Or simply, let's face it, too boring?

The present reader, or readeress, may judge the above matters for herself/himself. But I hope it's not capping a pun to suggest the historical timing of the piece was unfortunate. It came out just before the 1968 Presidential election, which was centered late—as the 1976 one will be—on large questions of the validity of our democratic system including the Constitution, but rather on such trivia (in a kind view) as whether H.H.H. was LBJ's man or Nixon was Bob's man. How Hubert Horatio would have turned out I don't know, which way the jiffy would have jelled, and probably I should have voted for him as a lesser evil but somehow my finger wouldn't pull down the lever. But it soon became clear that Nixon, with his unerring instinct for disaster, was programmed straight toward the greater evil. His stance on domestic reform and Johnson's was on Vietnam. Then four years later he was rejected by practically everybody except somebody one knows—itals note 2 was easy to pull down McGovern's lever—and now my Constitutional misreadings have come more to the point, or points, especially the first (XXX: "The Office of President of the U.S. shall be Abolished . . .") and the last (XXXIV: "The present States shall be Abolished . . ."). That the eight in between aren't all tendon and some even amoral as of 1974, My own favorites are XXX ("A Tribune of the People shall be appointed for each Congressional District . . ."), XXXI ("There shall be established a National Memory Commission whose Functions shall be wholly Negative to slow down the Progress of Progress . . .") and XXXIII, which delites the space program and yet solves our earthly social problems. But XXIX and XXXV are the super-relevant ones right now.

While I proposed substituting for our peculiar Presidential arrangement—the one major failing of the Founding Fathers—a more flexible, and neutral, one of parliamentary, or Congressional, responsibility, it was on the basis of experience merely with Hoover and Lyndon Johnson. Now

that we are barely a year into Nixon's second term, with a choice between impeachment and Gerald Ford—shooting or hanging—plus of course the third alternative, slow strangulation for three more years under Thaddeus Dulles. In this winter of discontent, my pages of argumentation from 1960 look as obviously conservative as they looked (boldly) for our six years ago. Feudal winter way, you can't win.

A dramatic example of recent tail-taming, I won't say cast-taming, is my old friend enemy Arthur Schlesinger's latest tract for the times, *The Imperial Presidency*, in which he agrees with his usual views, conviction and angle of historical reference precisely the opposite thesis about Presidential powers so glibly (and inexhaustedly) expressed in the title of his 1960 essay, *On Heretic Leadership and the Dilemma of Strong Men and Weak Peoples*. (There's always been a *Weber* / *Millett* side to Arthur's historiography.) Then—as in his earlier biographical celebrations of heroic leaders like Andrew Jackson and F.D.R.—he was for a strong Presidency, full speed ahead and down the Constitutional impediments! But now the operatic adjective has changed from "heretic" to "imperial." Kennedy was elected in 1960 while Nixon rules us in 1974, a critic might say, but Schlesinger insists Nixon's Presidency was not as aberrant but a continuation! If anything, I think it's both. Like Stalin's relation to Lenin-Trotsky, it's taken Arthur a long time to colonize. The Age of Jackson won the Pulitzer Prize in 1956. He will find confirmation in eleven years ago when I reviewed (favorably) in *The New York Review of Books* (#1, No. 1) his collection—which included the "Heretic Leadership" diatribes to J.F.K.—when I entitled *The Politics of Hope*. After grousing about his Presidential hobby-horse, I singled out one remarkable sentence: "While the Executive should wield all his powers under the Constitution with energy, he should not be able to abrogate the Constitution

as soon as time of war, revolution or economic chaos" (italics added). Noting that no President had yet ventured to "abrogate" the Constitution, whatever that means, under play of dealing with either "revolution" or "economic chaos," whatever those terms mean (though sounding Lincoln had used "warlike necessity"—most reluctantly and not at all "heretically"), I asked why heretical ideologies are always so quick "in justifying such [illegal, not to say unconstitutional, tactics even before the Heretic Leaders themselves have attempted them?" Arthur's reply was loftily patrmonizing ("old Dwight"), but that was in the last year of Camelot however and I'm glad that Sir Lancelot—Arthur's no Galahad for sure—has finally come around to my viewpoint about the Presidency. Culminatively.

This is becoming an *verbis* in the resurrected article you're wanting to sit, so on my hat, or XXXIV, Amendment, I'll close only that a year later Norman Mailer (a steady friend) in his campaign for the Democratic mayoralty nomination, which was tactfully kept (knocked out the only serious contender on his side, Basile) but tactfully creating the old pose, as the more respectable Basile didn't do so, the grass roots "left" or "communally control" issue—anyway Norman got a lot of mileage out of his proposal that New York City should become the Fifty-first state. As a bit later did my favorite Congressman, Bella Abzug. Neither ever mentioned the lead article in the October, 1968, *Esquire* because, as far as I can tell, they haven't seen it. Irrescindible (or at a minimum) ignorance the Catholics can't, meaning you can't put B.C. past the Societies is Hell since they lacked the educational opportunities of A.D. types. Sure, sure, but *Esquire* is on the streets and it prints a million-plus copies a month and all these Vatervatists advance priests and yet Bella and Norman remained inevitably ignorant of my Amendment XXXIV I do. I must believe it, but it's disconcerting for a writer—and for the promotion department.

The editor has asked me to bring the Constitution up-to-date. One instance of the subject for the political journals is that it probably won't "die" before publication—the Constitution will still be around when this appears. I suspect Wrightson and me that it has long outlived its a great political document and have longer thought it could, for present uses, disappear.

While in no compression, replete in its vagueness, lancing in its reticence to the abstract and the democratic, our Constitution is one of the most important intellectual products of that great age of American politics in which a few provincial colonists gave the lead in the world, first in revolutionary action and then in the working out of that action in democratic—or, as we then customarily called, republican—theory. But this noble structure, if it is to serve our present purposes as adequately as it did those of the newborn republic, could do with some extensive amendment and addition. Ten such measures, or Amendments, are suggested below. Before going into them, it might be useful to consider briefly the character of the structure.

The Constitution was worked out in four months during the Summer of 1787 by a convention, in Philadelphia, of fifty-five delegates from twelve of the thirteen colonies now "born"; Rhode Island refused to participate. George Washington was chairman and the delegates in-

cluded Madison, Hamilton, Franklin, Edmund Randolph of Virginia, Roger Sherman and Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut and two uncredentialed Morris—Robert and Gouverneur—from Pennsylvania. The monarchic problem was how to make one nation out of thirteen bickering states minus states without either independence or the smaller the larger. The Articles of Confederation had avoided the issue by giving a majority of states veto power; the result being that Congress could never agree to raise money, conduct foreign affairs and settle disputes between the states, in practice lacked authority to such an extent that civil-war was a possibility and preserving a common defense against the Indians was a problem.

The solution to the big state v. small-state conflict—typical of others devised by the prudent, cautious, reasonable Founding Fathers—was Mr. Jefferson's "Compromised Compromise" (they were always compromise-ing) a formula to which each state elects two representatives—this is the only provision not subject to amendment—and a House in which the states are represented in proportion to their population. The more general problem of a central Government which would be strong but not too strong was solved by the "checks and balances" system which distributed authority among three branches—Executive, Legislative and Judicial—each independent of the other two in some ways and subject to interference by the other two in other ways.

Their aim was to establish a republic which would be difficult to subvert in either a democratic or an aristocratic direction, to prevent a popular majority voting a Caesar into despotism or an elite minority installing a king. The Federalists (Peter Hamilton, Madison and Jay wrote to persuade the states to adopt the Constitution—another important product of that golden age of our political thinking)—devoted some space to measuring the likely that a monarchy was not to be feared. On the other side there was the "Bill of Rights" drawn up by Madison and Jefferson and others of the democratic faction, i.e., the first ten Amendments which were really part of the Constitution since they were duly incorporated as law and were offered as an inducement to ratification by New York and other reluctant states.*

A remarkable achievement, all in all. De Tocqueville's judgment that our supreme American moment was not fighting the Revolution but drafting the Constitution, you, like most of the general remarks in his Democracy in America, accurate.

"If America ever approached (for however brief a time) that lofty pinnacle of glory to which the grand magnificence of its achievements is prone to pass, it was at this solemn moment, when the national power subsisted, and was, in authority. All ages have furnished the spectacle of a people struggling with energy to win its independence, and the efforts of the Americans in throwing off the English yoke have been considerably exaggerated. Separated from their enemies by these vast and miles of ocean and backed by a powerful ally [i.e., France], the United States owed their victory much more to their geographical position than to the valour of their armies or the fortitude of their citizens. It would be ridiculous to compare the American war to the war of the French Revolution, or the efforts of the Americans to those of the French when France, struck by the whole of Europe, without money, without credit, without allies, threw forward a enormous part of her population to meet her enemies.... But it is now in the history of society to see a great people torn a calm and scrutinizing eye upon itself when appraised by the legislature that the wheels of its government are stopped, or it carefully examine the extent of the evil, and patiently wait two whole years until a remedy is discovered, on which it reluctantly authorizes without a murmur or a drop of blood from mankind. The assembly which scripted the task of composing the old Constitution was small, but George Washington was its president, and it contained the finest minds and noblest characters that had ever appeared in the New World."

*In one dramatic aside, the Bill of Rights has several words as deleted as unnecessary which would have been unnecessary: shall replace an adjective, determine a verb, etc. The original version of the First Amendment, for example, read "We the people do ordain and establish this Constitution, originally designed to prevent the usurpation of the power of the few over the many; we, ourselves, do ordain and establish this Constitution and its inseparable companion."

A more historical note: "The United States never fully victory much more to their geographical position than to their military genius or political genius" is absurd. But the Colonies, as usual, had to prove. Maybe we should call it the "American Revolution of 1776 for the Constitution of 1787." That would also give us an excuse to call the period the "Revolutionary War" in which we had more room for maneuver and more room for democratic expansion.

The document whose genius is often celebrated by the Tocqueville-
esqueans was not one of his efforts—but at least around us now
pervades the world's older written Constitution. It has endured partly
because of the timeliness of its architecture—the important division of
power, the balancing act between autocracy and democracy. More impor-
tant still was the fact that the Founding Fathers left many blank spaces
to be filled in by the future. Their silence may be assumed to have been
from prudence rather than lack of vision, of which they had plenty,
not were they inattentive about these.

This has now been addressed by simple Act of Congress—to many, perhaps most, of my Amundists could be I can say my proposal in the form of Amundsen's became me interesting. suggestion was to update the Constitution—and because Constitutional language was more fun by proxy.

In the following ten Amendments I have tried to keep within the bounds of what is possible in some reasonable form. While all my Amendments are, I think, justified—given a few years for negotiating—some are more pressing than others. For example, XXVII (extending the term of Representative) is four years; XXVIII (giving the Armed Forces on a relatively honest basis); XXIX (giving every American a guaranteed minimum income); and XXXIV (postponing any Space program until our Earth program has gone). But some may take a little time, as the first (abolishing the Presidency) and the last (abolishing the Senate). They are all radical and reasonable enough, however, that you haven't been able to do all of them today.

Amendment XXVI. Section (1) The office of President of the United States of America shall be abolished and the Functions of the President described in Article II shall be exercised by a Chief Executive who shall be known as the Chairman.

**Secton (2) The Chairman shall be elected by a
Committee of the Members of Congress belonging to that Party which
shall have at the Time more Members in Congress than any other Party
Each Senator in the Majority Committee shall have one vote and each
Representative one.**

Section (3) The Chairman shall hold Office for six years until his Party forms a Major seat in Congress. By "Major" is meant a House for which at least three districts advance Seats is granted by a Census of states Party. After six years OK after such a Decree, the Chairman shall resign and nominate elections for both Houses of Congress shall be held.

Solution (F) The office of the Vice President of the United States of America is forever alienated and shall not come back.

The chief executive is elected by the popular vote and holds office for four years, to whom the parliamentarians, who commonly used an older Western democratic, in which the legislative representatives are elected by popular vote and then select their own executive leaders who holds office as long as no law party constitutes a majority, is the weakness of our system. The advantages of this proposal are that it responds more readily to changes in public opinion and that it relieves the president or President from commands because he is directly elected by the whole country. It also limits his power by transferring the Executive more closely with the Legislative Branch. This mitigation is current far as Britain shows the Prince Minister and his cabinet members sit in the House of Commons and can be questioned, argued with and dismissed by the members.

The dominance that the President has come to assert in this country is understandable; a complex, new-industrial society can be more easily (though not necessarily better) run if power is concentrated at the top. Five hundred thirty-five members of Congress are an unwieldy inefficient instrument of control compared to one President, and a dozen cabinet members he can choose to work with and under him. The Executive branch has gained authority and weight at the expense of the Legislature. This has had no advantages, of course, mostly Ronald's New Deal reform, which originated in the White House with its brain trust. But, as surely needs to be learned after President Johnson's military exploit in the Dominican Republic and Vietnam sustained without benefit of Congressional debate or approval, it can have serious disadvantages.

Politically speaking, though the Foreign Ministers were, some of these little states, have passed little too soon, in the opinion of the President, his party in the last inauguration. And in the capital one, the Presidential legal manipulations made great play with "executive privilege." It makes them look to the future like a simpleton. One concludes that the Ecclesiastes of the Game were more or less agreed on with it. The Establishment, which then would be won by gentlemen in TET, they are in, 1894.

The male has not been
seen.

His measure is enough to make one take the playboy life. But this same Cossander created an offshoot that looks back not so far away but at something like 1880. The D.F. have been a consistently interesting lot in bad I hope told, as the P.D.P., the day would come when the D.F. would stand. His great virtue is foreign affairs. But, that, for eight years, like Kautsky, set in War and Peace, has done little, or almost nothing.

The inflexibility of our Presidential opinion is perhaps even more than genes today than the conservatism of power. Senator McCarthy's victory in the New Hampshire primary showed that the President's methods and his policies had become far more unpopular than any of the existing indicators of political feeling had shown. So unpopular that the late Senator Kennedy was embarrassed to become a candidate for the Democratic nomination; and, a few weeks later, the President himself announced he was "opping the bombing" of North Vietnam and also that he was not going to run for reelection. An underground of opposition to the war, and to the President who had maintained it for three years, was suddenly revealed after New Hampshire. It now appears that this underground sentiment may have included a majority of the American people. When one man concentrates in his person the power and the charisma of the President of the United States, it takes too long for popular discontent to make itself felt. By Garde it is the only African head of state comparable in this respect to our President, and he has surely had his New Hampshire, one that ranks close to irrelevance.

And suppose Senator McCloskey had not made his logically disastrous in the Fall of 2007 to challenge his Party's leader for the nomination? And suppose President Johnson had now had the impuse to take out of his pocket the assassination code in his March 5 speech—on literally a last minute decision that it wasn't in the text given as advance as the *proof*? The fate of the republic shouldn't depend on such accidents of individual psychology. There should be some way of public opinion expressing itself monetarily on all administration policies, and not only in a quondam conviction. Our policies should move to a more organic rhythm, our lottery should be changed up like solars, in arbitrarily equal chronological parts. Deceased members of Congress should be reengaged to press their opposition by the prospect of an appeal in the electorate at any time. They should also have, as in Britain, the power of public, personal debate with the Executive branch and its terms of merit equality than at present—one needs the peers to move for Senator Tubbington or Mr Secretary Rank to refuse to gain custody by the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee.

At certain historical moments, four years as a long run. We should be able to live ourselves from the depths of some Presidential Cold War of the Sexes without waiting for him or her to term of office to expire. Our greatest President is a sobering example. There is also the nose-disease Frontalism of Herbert Hoover, who was caught by the 1929 stock market crash a few months after he took office as the bureaucrat's bureaucrat and who never fully recovered confidence in the mounting threat and a half dozen oil leases, ending Louie's chapter in chapter as the Great Depression was an opaque despite every stagflation remedy in the Republican pharmacopeia—perhaps because of them. It was the best lesson, but it didn't start the words. The Mad Hatter could have told us. Unfortunately, President Hoover relied on the advice of Ishamian life cycle Mills, Andrew Mellon and the National Association of Manufacturers. So by the time he was removed from the White House by automatic chronology—the 1932 election was just a formality—our rate of unemployment was about the highest in the world, just below the German rate which gave Hitler his chance. The banks were closing like sunflowers and a Democratic majority had to implement the strong of American capitalism with unusual measures devised by academic types who had never met a payroll. Can you see such a nation offend that kind of Justus? Perhaps even the last intelligence granted us in Presidential dementia. A parliamentary system in 1920 might not have worked either, but the legislature, and the popular vote, would not have automatically ended about four years of life. Hoover did not live long enough to name one of them that something could be done before April.

¹⁰ The House publicly announced Indian New Parliament as an important December political event. After December Committee to Mysore, by order of the Legislative Assembly and by joint resolution of the Legislative Assembly, three and a half days at Calcutta, Room of

the student riots in
1968 first came close to
toppling the government
and could have done so
had not the trade unions
been revitalised by their
communist and Socialist
members.

...the later mobility Senator Taft's permission to pay these Pentagonal Papers from the Senate Administration Fund Daniel Ellsberg developed the history of his ultimate repudiation and exposed the spirit of the Constitution. Also his publications reproduced Senator East's critical article and Professor Carl's Clark's work in the Justice Department when they discovered evidence of criminal acts and turned it in a book at White House events to wish this kind of possibility one way or another.

underestimated the power of the daily. He will never attain exceeding but they're sure done. We've just reached month the last year of

Johnson's personal term
had come to an end at 12 noon
on August 29 and in January
the Times announced the
results of a special "pe-
ople's poll." Binger poll on how
the citizens still stand about
the president. They chose last
year as the longest presi-
dency in history. In the same
poll, however, 75 percent believed
that some or all of the most serious
charges against the Presi-
dent were "well founded." A
few, indeed, made, major
ities (44 percent vs. 44 per-
cent) was against impeach-
ment, but for their
majority (51 percent of the electorate)
an impeachment
proceeding would
be "wiser," writes Binger.

and its impeachment "healed" the cleavage between the two wings of the party? A Golden part of the answer is that the Vice-Presidency was not asked "Do you approve or disapprove of the way my President is handling his job?" 23 In 1960, 51 percent approved and 46 percent disapproved; 10 percent did not know.²⁴ But in 1968, 57 percent approved, 37 percent disapproved, 83 percent could not answer early last November. The White House released a statement that it had been asked to do so, and that it had done so, but that it could not say if the Vice-President had indeed been asked. This was a remarkable admission of a "pox on one wing" in the case of the Vice-Presidency, and it was a sharp contrast to the blunt attack from Nixon's April speech in the Nader Committee and many other sources. It also suggests that the Vice-President may give him the 1972 presidential prime.

then really elected the President, no assurance about a popular vote. But for a country and a half it has been as useful as organ of the body politic as the *transom appendix*, and sometimes as dangerous; times of nearly Presidents have been elected by it. Choosing the chief executive by popular vote is natural, but choosing him by drawing on the electoral college is silly—all the disadvantages of both systems. And there are the current possibility that if Wallace gets enough electoral votes to prevent either major Party from getting a majority in the electoral college, the election will be thrown into the House of Representatives, also at per-
Constellation, with a possibility of another minority President, also of a
low demagogic like Wallace playing a part in the selection.

* The Vice-Presidency would also be eliminated. Reverting this office was one of the big沼es of the Founding Fathers. It is an avoidable contradiction. The Vice-President—or “V.P.” as he is nicknamed—is significant that the President is never called “President”—but no Constitutional reason except preceding over the Senate, whatever it is, does, or doesn’t, is up to the President. Not a job to attract men of ability or authority; four years of scandal關注ion of worldly political plotters. At Toss Marshall, Wilson’s model, just is. “The Vice-Presidency is like a man in a state of catalogue; he can see and hear everything that’s going on around him but he can’t speak on it.” But this official nonsense becomes the President white and if the real President dies, The gamble is too extreme, either four years of political oblivion or supreme power. Like this terrible choice in Harry stories, the princesses will be kingdom or death. Most who have accepted a V.P.-ship have

had never slept well. Mr. Marshall, who stated only for his country a good five-cent cigar, per day for the coarse. Gandy said that some who have had thralls thrust upon them have done badly. Chester A. Arthur, the late Roosevelt and Truman come to mind. But some have done well—the Johnsons and Coolidges. At any rate, there's no need for such an Arkansas Night singer-writer as Johnson. The second Johnson is a superbly arranged offer from Kennedy and who went into a never-ending emotional depression when he discovered the powerlessness of Verghese, and who then surrendered his native escape, his coach so in fact, when Dulles gave him the girls. He might have won the Presidency as he won in 1964 without benefit of the import from becoming the elected President, but he also might not. As for the current Vice, what can one say except that the dismantling effects of the office, with potential power always in view but actual power always denied and with the added pressure of a master who is adept at corrupting good men with the lists of poverty, have made Biden, like an Shakespearean nothing with many differences from his male Blakes, like an Hamletian protagonist.

* The Presidential primaries and the national convention would also be eliminated. Every four years on the day of the election would begin with labor pains and bring forth a President who is usually an more distinguished than millions of his fellow citizens but who is invested with an automatic mandate because he is the people's choice. An odd effect of mass psychology is always revived because the workmen have reward here or there. A great waste of time, energy and money all those endless assemblies of newspapermen, those interviews and newscasts and opinions by highly paid experts on TV and radio, plus the enormous expense for the conductors of laying time to the networks and advertising space in the newspapers, and all in "self" use of the other Presidential "personality." The parliamentary system is better because voting for geographically limited representatives means a closer consultation between the spatial, individual interests of the voters and the candidates they elect, voting as men rather than personalities. Nobody can be President of one hundred million people.

* Because he is elected by everybody the President has too much prestige and therefore too much freedom of action. When President Johnson conferred with Premier Kosygin in Vladivostok, Miss Jamie, I am told he proposed they make a "deal," peace or war. The Soviet Premier was taken aback. "But I can't," Mr. President, I'll have to consult the Politburo." With the possible exception of Mao and Giscard, the American President has more unbridled power than the head of any other

only got 13.3 percent
the vote in 1966 and up-
dated himself so that also
a "college" and a really
other school. And a looksy
and as well as from a per-
sonal looksy also cer-
tainly in 1973.

(1974) or 1980's.

The rate was set at 25% to 17%. The proposed rate was to be equivalent to approximately \$400,000,000 for the "Real Estate Investment Trusts of 1967" to be administered by the Illinois Real Estate Investment Trust of Chicago.

It was also proposed that the state should classify—on the Congressional Record—each part as "Tax-exempt," "the "Trusts," or "the "Real Estate Investment Trusts of 1967." The pertinent sections spoke only of the right of each trustee to make a gift of money to the Illinois Real Estate Investment Trust of Chicago.

Rep. John C. Stennis (D., Miss.) spoke in support of my designation. Considering the importance of being before an assembly such as this, he would take into consideration the fact that we have been in a position of great responsibility. Why not just keep our ears and keep them close to the rate?" (Rep. John C. Stennis, D., Miss.)

Rep. John C. Stennis (R., Va.) warned

major government role. Like other politicians, our Presidents develop a case linking the two members—DeGaulle, Truman and Eisenhower—have both gone all out for their colleague's Vietnam war, despite considerable differences in political style when they were in office. "The Club with only three members," Hugh Rafty called it in the May 17, 1966, issue. "While club members have managed to win the unassisted support and endorsement of business—they almost never have a hard word for other Presidents." Lyndon Johnson, for instance, has become

a defender of Herbert Hoover. "Hoover didn't want people to starve," L-B-J promised the other day. "He tried to do the best he could." If the Presidents' club had a slogan, that would be it. Tim remained of the opinion that Strother showed his fellow club member down the Terrible.

* This underscores the preoccupation of our Presidents has its reverse side, for them, in the style of Greek tragedy, hubris letting on the reminiscence of the Puris. His chief executive was one man representing everybody, he would not be so strong a target for assassination. His very resilience attracts the bated and wary of underlying weaknesses like Garfield, Lincoln and Oswald, set to measure the unsuccessful attempts on the lives of the two Roosevelts and Kennedy. In the last century no one British Prime Minister has been assassinated, though American Presidents have. And now there is the murder of Robert Kennedy, which estranged the party no candidate for the Presidency. "Maybe we should do a different way," Senator McCarthy reflected after that most ghastly event, in terms of American politics, instead of our political assassinations. "Maybe we should have the English system of having the cabinet choose the President. There can be no other way."

Amendment XXIII: The House of Representatives shall be composed of Members chosen every Fourth Year by the People of the several States. A Member shall not be required to be an Inhabitant of that State in which he is chosen, and the same goes for Senators.

The Constitution now requires that Congressmen, as Representatives are commonly, and confoundingly, called, and Senators be residents of the States in which they are elected. As Willard Stanley has observed (*Journal of Politics*, Feb., 1949), this makes the Congressman enthusiastically responsive to his constituents. The reason is this: the American member of Congress when elected cannot, like the English member of Parliament, seek election in another district.

Congressmen now have a year-round time, which hardly gives him a reasonable time to find the issue's nose before he has to begin campaigning for the next election. That is not enough time for new senators to learn their state Senators, and it discourages all senators from their legislative function. It also makes those constituents less inclined to trust their representatives. Democracy can be too slow. The kind of representative government outlined in the Constitution—which is corrupt here, because no point of view—of the representatives—represents a core balance between the individual judgment (and consciousness) of the representative and the wills of those he represents. This would mean, of course, that he has in general a longer term, long enough to reflect and, if he thinks it necessary, try to persuade his constituents to follow him. Sometimes the personal cause must be balanced with special interests that may conflict with the public interest; the "gun lobby" is a narrow example—sometimes they are the scattered expressions of more broad and popular aspirations, as when we have to do with unpopular minorities. A two-year sentence doesn't give a Congressman much of a basis for assessing long-term programs. That Senator is elected for six years can be one reason the Senate has reacted to the problems of our time more intelligently than the House, which has produced such gross ignorances as the recent, but easily reversible, House Committee on Un-American Activities. The level of the House was demonstrated by last summer's pollsters, who showed the voters during the debate about appropriating a sum for a new bridge, and disparate, misinformed programs in the urban ghetto. [It was believed.] Doubling the term to four years would be a first step toward making the House at the same important level of the Senate. Franklin

T. Nixon's clearly grasping Johnson's was from 1962 to 1973 far as conceivable advantages in as American people, and such discrete, discrete instances as the one. His colleagues every when Ellington was in *Prattian Papers*. A solid, unchallenged record might have brought them to his position. The only reason they did not do so is that they split away from the Democratic and the Republican parties. But not even they immediately realized it when they did. "The easy way out," says one, "was to let Lyndon [Johnson] be president. We largely and attempted ourselves of a Federal judge, namely, clearly uninterested in the public welfare. To apply himself and his wife to the public welfare.

ing before the Senator, who with measured but at little conspiratorial gloating in our questioner's voice in the Marquette room looked so placid, unconvincingly, that I suggested to President Johnson, "Who needs a White House?" Glorie exploded, "Why can't we just have a *Blue* House? There's something wrong with our nation." We raised her out of the chair.

is not discontinued even if
Parideval Nitro's sap-
er of this reform.

about "a bunch of new movements on rate" and "a great demand for rail passenger service." He said: "I think that the rail cannot stand for it at all. It will be a financial loss to the railroads." This discrimination against passenger service, from which he cited the example of the Toledo, Peoria & Western Railroad, Lewis, Ohio, added a plus for the railroads' cause. The Toledo, Peoria & Western Railroad, he said, already had the "best rates in the country." Who was to blame? "The people who are responsible for this are the passengers themselves," he said. "We will be forced to increase our rates for the rail and against the people." The idea of increasing rates was not new to him. However, most of us are willing to face that he has been instrumental in trying to bring an even stronger proposal. (See "Rate Increases," page 10.) The Chicagoan must have been realistic when he wrote this. "Perhaps KELLOGG'S rates will be higher than ours when the other railroads raise rates if we had held ours steady," he said. "But I don't believe it would have been possible." This statement may

Amendment XXVII. Every male Citizen between the age of eighteen and thirty shall be Considered, for all personal except outgoings and any other that dangers may wish in estimation, for a Period not to exceed two years of Service either in the United States or in an unnumbered Part of Europe. Each Soldier shall be allowed to obtain whatever alternative service the Commander, or his Faculty, shall think fit, during War; and during Peace, shall during "W" or during

HAD we not to labor this great principle, wrong for a nation to force citizens to violate their consciences by taking part in a war they did not want and have some reason to believe is illegal—of the Spock trial for current arguments and the Nuremberg trials for general principles. The practical objection to giving soldiers such a choice is, of course, that not enough would chose military service to provide the manpower needed for victory or survival. This is the kind of risk Constitution advocates must take, and take it I must. But there is a way out. I hate sending men, but especially beginning raw, military men, enough to compete with the going wages offered in civilian life for the same skills. (This special variation of Government participation in manpower after not too long a period—should be taken into account, don't let me sweep over this, because in business) The recruitment of blacks now more than those from this state, is an indicator even allowing for the fact that the Army has become the most successfully integrated American institution—compare, for example, the percentage of black sergeants with that of black farmers. (What this reveals about one society is a non-Constitutional issue.) Americans will volunteer for any job if the pay is right. Where do all those gorillas come from? Look after all!

A group of liberal young Republicans—if the two adjectives may be allowed—called the Rapso Society in 1966 proposed the speedy abolition of the draft and reliance on a professional military establishment as a solution to the moral and practical problems raised by the increasing resistance to the draft. Now that college students have been deprived of their temporary refuge name—a belated sort of social power map of their lives, incidentally, oddly enough or perhaps not so oddly since those men, revisionist to the Vietnam “war,” are strongest—the source of reason by male in Canada or of open defiance with a good chance of a felony conviction and a lengthy prison term is beginning to weaken with alarming regularity. Alternating at official quarter, that is—some of us make it, some don’t.

What my Abolitionist purpose is a lone master in jobs, Manchester Liberator! Not very elevated, one knows the economic wants of the young men who will be recruited into the Army by increased pay, and that of those who will be fit is will be superior physically and ethically in our present arrangements. The strict course of personal gain is preferable to the risk of Rose embezzlement, the system of Adam Smith is more benign than that of General Hershey—or Genghis Khan or Charlemagne. Man and his Contrite *overlord*, our Lord, he contrast with the lesser evil.⁴

Two other objections are: (1) that it will cost so much that the size of our Armed Forces will have to be reduced; (2) that it will create a permanent army (which it will) and that this may bring us into the first war as we history, a military case which may otherwise in American political life with the same disastrous results as in the case of France and Germany between the Franco-Prussian War and World War I.

To it, I would say that a relaxation in our military establishment however deplorable, is the price you have to pay for progress—and that I am glad to pay it.

²⁴ A wholly volunteer army as advertised by Harry Goldstone and Sylvester Thomas, *An Address to the Friends of the Slave in Chicago*, who were for Goldstone in 1861, and by J. K. Dafforn et al. of the City of Boston in 1863, by Justice Edward Bassett.

ever, General was a *Generalissimo*. The one in office didn't act like Congress. [Toddy Bawer] the only one who did act like Congress. General had something basically nice about a General who he tries to impose his method style on us as a civilian life. They were very aggressive like the late General Weymeyer, but also [one] who was the [commanding] staff officer General Weymeyer, has also been shown. While the commanding General [he was a Major at that time] fired General MacArthur with a little reason in a board meeting and he got rid of a vice-president who got out of line, the Germanic rhetoric and Wellingtonian profile started him enough. As old soldiers do hate army when they hear their name given, as colors of certain game birds hate as they expose out of water.

I recall with nostalgia—sad yet not painful—those first days in Honolulu so beautifully—My favorite General's addition to a joint resolution of Congress in those long-departed days—could it have been 1941?—proclaimed: "Whist wasn't the only Flagship as the beach." He delivered his findings of good cheer in full formal reg. more robustness than a tennis ball; chess, check, bow, and arrow, physically on top condition, the true model of a modern Major General. And that great moment at the end when he acknowledged the thunderous applause of the assembled in the lounge with a happy three way smile—FACE, drapé, right TADDALE, left, as you WERK!—brought his speech magnificently. But it wasn't just that, a glorious moment, Whist was restoring on the basis of unshakable confidence in himself and his troops, a school of gung-ho, high school! Fortunately there was no unengaged soldier and the G-1 had his speech and his ribbon engraved. But it can't be denied that a political threat, if we do professionals like our Armed Forces, looks like him. That goes for the Joint Chiefs of Staff also. How can they go on around when they couldn't cope with McNamee? Enclosed is the civilian's General, a name or the American grampus—a suddenly very good general exercise. Also, a scenario to me that before a major military case can break out of the barracks sees the stage of Hawaii—would have to impress the populace with some science. The process of research is not very elaborate in this situation either.

Amendment, XXIX. Section (I). Every return whose income is below Minimum Health and Decency Standard as established annually by Bureau of Labor Statistics of the U.S. Department of Labor shall paid a Supplementary Grant from the Federal Treasury sufficient

*Section 32. These Supplementary Grants shall
only be determined by Nerv. They are to be considered neither Char-
nor a Privilege but a Right of American Citizenship. They shall (be
first) be paid without regard to Work, Moral Character or any other*

One chief domestic problem at the perimeter of a hard core poverty during the longest period of prosperity in our history (1940 to date). Also the most widely distributed prosperity Roosevelt's famous 1936 phrase, "one third of a Nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished," was a gross understatement. Two thirds of the

²⁴ A wholly volunteer army as advertised by Harry Goldstone and Sylvester Thomas, *An Address to the Friends of the Slave in Chicago*, who were for Goldstone in 1861, and by J. K. Dafforn et al. of the City of Boston in 1862, by Justice Edward Bassett.

tion were then below the poverty level. Today only 13.4 percent of the nation are poor, gone progress but still 25,711,000 of them. Unlike the temporarily poor of previous generations, the contemporary poor are heading to found a state, chronic cause of poverty because they are at most all unemployed, not useful in the business system, the over-sixty-old, the under-fifteen young, mothers with small children and no wage-earning husband, the physically or mentally handicapped. The very fact that poverty has been so much reduced makes it easier for the 81.6 percent who have escaped to ignore those that haven't. The poor have become, politically and culturally, invisible. Michael Harrington's *The Other America* (1962) that made the general public aware of the persistence of this same poverty in the middle of prosperity. Taking off from his book, I wrote *Our Invisible Poor*, a sequel-novelle in *The New Yorker* (January 15, 1960), which ended: "To do something about the hard core [of poverty] there is no better way to help the poor [in society]. We have had that since the New Deal, but it has always been grudging and miserly, and we have never accepted the principle that every cause should be provided, at state expense, with a reasonable maximum standard of living. [That] should be taken as much for granted as free public schools have always been in our history."

Others at the time, notably Robert Threshold, who was actually an economist, proposed the idea independently of me as Harrington, but only later had it become respectable. The currently most favored technique is the "negative income tax"—those below the poverty level, according to income-tax returns, would receive enough from the Treasury to bring their incomes above that level. The conservative Dr. Milton Friedman—who showed under XXVIII Amendment—was one of its first advocates, which shows you never can tell. On April 29 last, a committee of national business leaders, headed by the chairman of the Xerox Corporation and appointed by New York's Governor Rockefeller to suggest "new approaches to welfare problems," came out for the negative tax.

And on May 29 more than a thousand academic economists—headed by Samuelson of MIT, Galbraith of Harvard, Tobin of Yale and Wilkins and Leopold of Wisconsin—enforced a "national system of income guarantees and supplements." It was significant that their statements referred specifically to the Poor People's Campaign and the attack reported on the President's Commission on Civil Disorders.

For the greatest threat from the poor to the normal, or at least the stability, of American capitalist democracy comes from the blacks. They are only one third of the poor, contrary to the common belief—most people like you put them at a half or more—but the poverty rate is about that now, as high among blacks as among whites, and they are the most alienated, bitter and vengeful, for good reason. Poverty and racial equality are intertwined today and, looking ahead the moral agenda seems for a rich society not leaving almost thirty million of its citizens to stagnate in apathy, a guaranteed minimum income would be a first step toward bringing the poor, black and white, back into the American community. The alternative is repression by the police and neglect of the majority, which might mean an authoritarian society—and the end of the Constitution.

Amendment XXXI. Section (1) A Tribune of the People shall be appointed for each Congressional District. He shall live in the District and shall receive and consider Complaints or Suggestions from Anybody about anything. "Anything" includes the Actions of Mayor, Governor, Judge, Police Officer, Regulators, Commissioners, School Board, Building Inspector, Migrant Workers, the President and his Cabinet Members, General Secretary, J. Edgar Hoover, and the Army Corps of Engineers. It also includes the Actions of Business Corporations, Churches, Small Town Agencies, Municipal, State Office Houses, Banks, Philanthropic Foundations, and City Planners.

Section (2) With the aid of an appropriate staff, the Tribune shall investigate such Complaints or Suggestions as are referred to him (a) Scrutinize, (b) examine the scope of existing frustrations, such as Crime, or similarly to be effectively acted on by them, and (c) to

offer some choice of Remedy by him and his Staff. He shall communicate his findings just to the appropriate existing Officials or Institutions and then, if no action results, to the Public.

Section (3) Each Tribune shall be appointed by majority vote of the Faculty and Student Bodies of the three largest Universities in the State in which the Congressional District represented by his office is located.

What I have in mind here is a modification of Ralph Nader's "People's Tribunals" invented by the Scandinavian communists and recently adopted in Russia as official who receives miscellaneous complaints from citizens and act on those he thinks reasonable—and that he can do something about—by negotiations with the Governmental departments concerned. He has no power as such but his recommendations emerge persuasive presenting his findings to the officials involved and appealing to their conscience and/or reason.

My Amendment adds an appeal to public opinion which, as Mr. Nader has demonstrated, like Lincoln Steffens, Upton Sinclair and other "muckrakers" in an earlier period, is perhaps the most effective weapon in the arsenal of reform. Of importance is some of my New Left friends for using the dirty word—I mean "reform," not "revolution," which is a clear, upstanding academic term—but please emphasize my amendment is to amend an old Constitution, not to write a new one! One of the weaknesses of a mass democracy—a contradiction in terms but the briefest way to describe the political castesque we've evolved—in the guttural feeling of the Common Man in the States that the machinery of Government is too gigantic a task to respond to, or even to hear, his own little personal miseries to things—which are sometimes and so little.

Volumes of the People would be useful here. They might also be called, less respectfully, Professional Troublemakers, Licensed Petty Beggars, Official Rambunctious, or, most logically, Guards of the Republic. Their salaries should be large enough to attract able anti-socials the more generally, not sexually. Jane Jacobs would make an excellent Guardswoman—but not so large as to attract bank robbers! Say around \$26,000, which would come to about eleven million for the four hundred Guardswoman salaries. Add another forty million for officers and staff—don't let's be small-minded about it—and it would still come to considerably less than the cost of one day abroad in Vietnam, an expensive country for American military tourists.

Amendment XXXI. Section (1) There shall be established a National Minority Commission whose functions shall be wholly Negative, to监督检查 the Progress of Progress. The Commission shall be divided into two autonomous Commissions: the History Preservation and the Native Preservation.

Section (2) The History Preservation shall consist of the Chairman, or his deputy, three members selected by the National Arts Council, five members selected by Congress, the Director of the four largest Art Museums and of the four largest Libraries, the President of the American branch of the Victorian Society plus more persons the Society will select, and an Attorney and/or Accountant to be chosen by the members enumerated above. The History Preservation shall be empowered to Find the Alteration or Destruction of any Building or other Man-made Object they decide, by majority vote, or of artistic or Historical Importance, also to pay the Owner thereof a fair price, by its determination not subject to review by the Courts, out of the Federal treasury.

Section (3) The Native Preservation shall have the same Powers applied to Lakes, Mountains, Forests, Canyons, Mountains, Valleys, Plateau, Savannas and all other natural phenomena including Plants and Flora. They shall consist of the Chairman, or his deputy, the Secretary of the Interior, the National Park Commission, the head of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, five members selected by Congress, the Director of the seven largest non and/or historical parks, the President of the Sierra Club, plus five more persons he and his Chil-

self-select, the President of the Audubon Society, plus for more persons
he and his Society self-select

Section 6. The History and the Nation Council shall each receive an Annual Subsidy of Five Hundred Million Dollar GM per annum of one percent of the Gross National Product, whichever is larger. This shall be Autonomous and not Dependent, an Congressional Appropriation. They shall not use more than ten percent of this subsidy for operating expenses, the rest shall be devoted to Compensation plan for Property Owners.

SECTION 10. OR TO produce or FOR Thousand or more Dollars whose Names are Places of BUSINESS or of their Receipt
are threatened with Extortion by Urban, Real-estate, Highway Proprietors
or other Impounders, the two Councils, meeting jointly, shall be
empowered to produce a PROSECUTION Summons of up to five years duration
which NOTHING WILL BE DONE. In this period, the Councils and
their staffs shall serve such Prosecutors, by way of compensation, new
grouping procedure, etc., between the Impounders and the Reusters
of this City, either Party may return the money to the Federal court,
where Decrees shall be Final.

THAT about covers it, I think. The problem that Americans overseas is the preservation of some of our connections with the past. I assume (6) that a people cannot live in health and ease and pleasure in an environment in which such connections are destroyed beyond a certain point. (7) That if the cutting of roads goes far, a people, like an individual, will become diminished and less healthy (as happened to the Russians between 1929 and 1939 when the Stalin regime systematically wiped out their past history and culture); the modest recovery seen there is evidence both of the resilience of the form for life, and, in the slowness of their recovery and their vulnerability still to being run later, of their fragility; (8) and this is the country, the destruction at the past, is going on largely unchecked, through a social socialist in the demands of our pragmatists. The British Empire is said to have been founded as a fit of absentmindedness, the American leadership as being unboundled in the same way. Although our history is short, compared to Europe, we are isolating in physical states with a brittleness comparable to theirs. But they can afford it; let me say that we can as easily burn down our buildings in London as expand to an early twentieth-century one in New York, and much more rare.

We have had considerable renovations of our national park-store American model; a deviation thoroughly in two centuries so was a renovation that's going now—the West Coast, northwards, the Florida Everglades, and now even much of the Great Canyon are all threatened! Not to mention the steady building up of popular areas over at least to their current inhabitants. One measure of our Green National Products—new statistics \$800,000,000.00 a year—shows we are expediting price to pay for maintaining the mission.

Amendment XXXIX. *The Number of Miltary Employees outside the Boundaries of the United States of America shall not Exceed one fourth of one percent of the Population of the United States of America EXCEPT THAT a larger Number may be Authorized, as a Temporary Emergency, by a joint Resolution of both the Senate and the House of Representatives. This Emergency may be renewed Annually by the same Majority in both Houses, or it shall Lapse and the Army Troops authorized by it shall be Recalled.*

As our present population is close to two hundred million this would bring from the massive Atlantic Fleet almost 160,000 Germans—widely scattered but still half the current number estimated! True! Hard to see where so many escape! We Rejoiceous record such enormous Central American losses from our commitment to defend against Communism. Aggression the Peace-Loving Peoples of the World—sorry, wrong side of record—the Democracy-Loving Peoples of the World! Periodically.

Answers to XXIII The Military Budget of the United States of

aid the Nature Conservancy.

countries shall not exceed three percent of the Gross National Product of the United States of America in any year.

The current military budget is one percent of GNP, or about \$90,000,000,000. Cutting it by two thirds can save us some, but I assume by the time we slash it to one-third and these quarters of the legislature get around to raising Appropriations XXXIII—the bill will still take at least two years. We will have been down to an adequately balanced treasury \$30,000,000,000 a year plus a few more. So programmed to energy in the air, ground or on Waterfronts, military budgets in all, from \$50,000,000,000 to \$70,000,000,000. A few less for armaments, step up those expensive electronically and dynamically, and those around the rock, around the globe, plane patrols with no nuclear warheads that are so reassuring to the Soviets and the Russians as we defend against communism, especially when they sit in their committee—these patrols plus living half the ocean on ships of the Department of Defense, as it is gaudily called, and all of an expensive higher military employee where the rank of brigadier colonel is sold? These may also have to be some economies. The C.E.W. (Chemical and Biological Warfare) researchers at Fort Detrick, Maryland, may have to research some promising processes as improved germ gas that will kill in seconds, not minutes, a new small oil balance plague of a veritable unknown in the Middle Ages—something called “The Dark Ages.” Before Fort Detrick, a massing of the aphelinus stenopeltis which may reverse seasons as the present is now had in human readings, or trap bright suns and insert in stations of an efficiency undreamed of in the worst nightmares of an earlier son of our shared Government, the Department of Agriculture.

Self and et al. \$21,080,000.00 will ensure quite a bit of weather B.W. or otherwise. My effort is to always to be reasonable and not extreme proposals thus General Westmoreland and Walk Whistle Blower might be able to discern at Transparency and Impartiality.

ARTICLE XXXIX. Until the Bureau of Labor Statistics shall certify at the Number of Citizens within Jurisdiction below the Health and Recovery Level (see Article XXXIX) it is the duty of the Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to prohibit all persons from leaving the State or Locality, or the Transportation of any Slave, African or Indian, more than four hundred miles above the Surface of the Land, States or America.

It will be noticed sooner than any of the others, with the possible exception of KXWV and KXHV. This thing tells us that the Indians would have excluded this town in their Government, with such against purposes of scalping and killing of strangers, had occurred in that place that Federal troops might someday be despatched to the protection of human safety there assumed were the primary concern of Government in order to avert the outbreak of a conflict. All of the Indians at the bottom of the basin lost their scalps, never had any discernible effects for good or ill, on the fortunes of the Indians. The Fathers were generous but not sumptuous. I find St. John Preston listed as believe dead.

(Had the question been raised during those grim days of Constitutional law, I venture that Hamilton would have declared such an act of revenue legislation unconstitutional. Madison imprudent Franklin exasperated and Washington the Eisenhower of his time postponed

Whether the moon be made of green cheese or whether it is composed of other materials, I hear Conservat-Matrix replying had some attack

Johnson had been indefinitely barred, but I was able to expect \$33,400-\$40,000 of federal money again to be "the only way out" from the military budget. Pagina needs a lot of the civilian, or C.P.A., money at Hanoi. Krishna is a socialist. A lot more available. The chief concern is that the Joint Chiefs Staff will veto budgetary planning at the open meeting of the Senate Committee on Defense or the presentation of the A.F. to Congress.

romantic delegate, a Yankee from Connecticut, age, proposed an Early American space probe, "a database of lively nature to scientific progress but not, I submit, to the convention. We are not to resolve not violent problems but remedial ones [Applause, cries of "Hail! Hail!"] Our concern is now with remote speculations about the nature of God's universe but with the immediate survival of God's country. [Renewed applause at this last happy note—laughter.] I appeal to our learned friend and colleague, Dr. Franklin, whose physical experiences we are so pleased as to him consider wise." Whittemore, Dr. Franklin—played by George Arliss in my "scenario"—listened impressively to his host and their next stage business with a smiley grin off one or two Poor Richard aphorisms, noted that the total cost of his now famous space probe will then double (one low @ £1, one bull of twice @ £1), one superannuated key had lost its lock @ 100/- and comes down heavily for common sense and economy.

We've lost ground in two centuries. First things first: 10 encouraging that the Space Program will probably be reduced more drastically than other nonmilitary programs in the current budget cut, it is expected to lose \$769,000,000, which would mean indefinite postponement of manned lunar landings, also of "probe" of Mars over scheduled for 1991 and 1973. I can wait.

Amendment XXXIX. Section (1) The present States shall be abolished and shall be replaced by new, decentralized Union, which shall have the same Powers and Functions as the former States.

Section (2) These new Units shall be determined by a Map Revision Committee appointed by the Chairman with the advice and Consent of Congress and the Supreme Court. The Duty of this Committee shall be to redivide the United States of America, which shall hereafter be known as The North American Union—into such Governmental Units as the Committee determine, Consistent best in the present economic, social and political Geography of The North American Union.

With the thirteen colonies made the revolution, they were 17 distinct political entities, each defined by geography, tradition and styles of social and economic life. They were, in the thinking of their inhabitants, really thirteen countries and the problem the Constitution solved, after the Articles of Federation had failed to was to subdivide them so a general authority and to make a nation of them. To get their agreement, the Constitution makers had to make considerable concessions in "Sojourner Rights." But these original colonies lost more and more of these distinctions as the nation enlarged and its changes took place—industrialization, the growth of cities and of a working class, universal education, etc. The cities were separated, in interests and in psychology, from the nonurban parts of the states they were in. States with commercial and manufacturing development like New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts came in from more or less from that art, especially at against the agrarian uses of the South and, later, of the West. Even conservative New England changed—Vermont was split off from New Hampshire, Maine was created. And as the country expanded westward, Congress divided the new territories into states that were, in Constitutional fiction, assumed to be of the same kind as the original thirteen but which in fact were often as arbitrary excisions in map-drawing as some of the postwar African countries.

In less than a century, the real divisions had become regional, with a subdivision between urban and rural mode the regions. But the main issues continued to be imposed for no better reason than we had begun that way biological rather than political genetic, like an organism reproducing in cell paroxysm. Because the original cells had been small (nonpolitic) as the enormous new areas, the size of the new states was held closer as a scale comparable to the old one. It had to be bigger, so much land had there, but an effort was made to keep the scale in some balance. They gave up on Texas.* And when continual expansion

*Other issues operating in this respect: because of all the new states—until the 1920s—examples of African Negroes could find the most difficult integrated identity (like the original colonies), as people and food imports from a foreign ruler had set up a capital of their own, finally closed to cover up the little free black.

The later biology did take place, so increasing popular apathy, but Moreau's original idea and the great program has been decisively cut back. The "Sky Lab" caper is about all that remains to us in the news today. The most household assumption that gets the public pacified is that the last big catastrophe that could really threaten us has survived: Jupiter's collision bolt and is now gently headed into outer space, never to return again, a terrible reminder. Long may its falling back to US until 1990, when another planet, Great Orion, about to become a Z. "Mars" is a Dot of immensity. Nothing about to go wrong, except our first human interplanetary. "They took off those great wings?" Quite right! More to follow.

crossed the Mississippi, geometry took over from history and from his man ecology (not much of either one there at the time, after all). Cf the large quadrangle formed by Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah, consisting of about equal size states met at the corner in lower east right angles, or the five slightly more irregular but still amazingly rectangular states put to the east of them—stacking down a thousand miles from Canada to Texas, like giant children's building blocks. North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma. Plus Wyoming to their west, which shares with Colorado the distinction of being completely, utterly, hopelessly square.

Just what new political divisions would make more sense than the present they raise is a difficult question, implying a rethinking of our national genius in domestic terms, like a man having to revise his body and decide whether an extra arm might be a good idea or maybe the nose no longer serves a useful purpose, and are two heads better than one, let's give it a try. Perhaps that's the way it would look to the present American population, and if so, realistic and due. My hunch, however, is that most Americans don't have strong emotional ties like, for the reasons just indicated, and that they would therefore accept a revision of the map which would promote functional representation. However, it is a complicated matter and I'll leave it to the Map Revision Committee, suggesting only two general principles: the re-grouping of the states into larger regions, and the distancing out from these regions of *assimilated urban areas* with their own separate national representation. The two least states, Alaska and Hawaii, are so isolated and so homogeneously distinctive in other ways that they are ready-made regions, and so should be left alone.*

The regional superstates I'd suggest, just to get the discussion started, are:

New England (including part of N.Y.)
Alaska (N.Y., N.J., Pa., Md., Del., D.C.)
Appalachia (West Va., Ky., Tenn.)
Southron (Va., N.C., S.C., Ga., Fla., Ala., Miss., La.)
Midland (Okla. and Ill., Mich., Iowa, Wis., Minn.)
The Prairies (S.D., N.D., Neb., Kan., Colo.)
Texas (Tex.)
The West (Wyo., Utah, Col., N.M., Ariz., Nev.)
Pacific (Wash., Ore., Calif.)

Before some cranky pernickety writes in to complain that few states are omitted from the above, let me when they are. I couldn't figure where to put them. Should Mo and Ark be split under Midland, Southern or Prairies? Arguments for each; can't decide. And what about and id. (id. is it id.) either way an incoming administration fit better into Pacifica as The West Mil. let the Map Revision Committee do some work.

While the regions would be nearly the present size with larger, the urban areas present even complex difficulties. The question is to swing out the long-obvious fact of life that the centers of their inhabitations are strikingly dissimilar to those of the nonurban populations of the states as which they are now incomparably embedded: New York City v. sparse New York; Los Angeles and San Francisco v. the California hinterland; Chicago v. desolate Illinois; Dallas/Fort Worth, Houston and San Antonio are very different from the rest of Texas—and what about Austin? Some planners now consider the whole Atlantic coastal area from Boston to Washington one "metropolis." Should that be one of the regions? How far should Chicagoland stretch? To Milwaukee and way? To Toledo, Detroit, perhaps even Cleveland the whole Midwestern would be to limit each urban area to an immediate satellite hinterland, so as to avoid that longish of disparate distances into unsoiled territories that is precisely the objection to the present state boundaries. Thus New York City would include the substantial New

*Final stage of program that initially proposed dividing Alaska up into four or five states, the Western Indians (although it is a very small and isolated area from the rest of the country) and the Alaskan Eskimos (which is a very large and sparsely populated area of which it appears to indefinitely if it has any virgin lands for its people, the rest of which is occupied by Indians who are already separated in a single city, its existence and the "Greater Seattle" from the end of the country).

Jerry came across the Hudson as far inland as Newick, plus the "dormitory suburbs" in Westchester, Long Island and Connecticut—one mile of which would be commuting distance. Change would include Gary, Indiana, and the North Shore suburbs, but not Milwaukee or Toledo; Minneapolis and St. Paul would be a town, but St. Louis and Kansas City would be separate, etc. A series of twenty or thirty "tiny states"—each autonomous, each with its own representatives in Congress who can both express an apolitical interest and also join with other city states as urban & rural entities, or with the representatives of its own regions on other matters.

Each of the eleven regions and each of the twenty or more city-states would get two senators apiece, as the states do now. The House of Rep. senators would be selected, in now according to districts that are equal in population. The one man/one vote reform recently denied by the Supreme Court would be followed. This rule, plus the Map Revision, would end the present domination by non-urban minorities that makes Congress responsive to small ghettoes and other problems of the cities—and besides it's not fair. It would also make unnecessary a XXXVI Amendment to appropriate funds and set up a commission to deal with these urban interests. There are enough Amurkans and citizens already in these proposals, and I'd just as soon not have to think up new ones. The new regionalization Congress should do some work, too.

As the composite type of reader who enjoyed the occasion of four states there has doubtless observed by now—I can see him smirking his little so the author also fit porridge with a right smile—my XXXV Amendment calls for an implementation, leaving it up to a Committee appointed by the Chairman with the Advice and Consent of the Congress and the Supreme Court. This is valid even by the *Founders'* standards. Actually, I didn't mean to give the Federal Government a centralized authority Alexander Hamilton himself might have drawn back from: the power to cover up our electoral map without democratic controls. A common operation, one might say. Trouble was I ran into difficulties whenever I tried to think concretely how the people might vote in which region, or capsize, they seemed to become pan-of-it again they wanted to change their boundaries at all. The possibilities are numerous, each affecting each other and also all the rest, the permutations and combinations nearly as to boggle and wobble the mind more. Suppose the citizens of one or more states chose to stir old topographical grudges the way Rhode Island held on against the Connecticut—and last are few states as many that after a R.I., or several R.I.'s, to give up the world? Or suppose some sizable population groups—two or three would be serious, were might be fatal—performed one of the doctors, were, hundreds of different ways to realize the map from this suggested by the Commission? And suppose they stuck to it? Who or what could decide? Even in our isolated American democracy of 1968 could the citizens of, say, Minnesota be compelled to merge themselves into Midland if every nerve of their civil psyche travel to be buried in The Prairie? And suppose the majority of The Prairie citizens—a hypothetical political division that could only become real after all the other states, including Minnesota, had been fixed into place on the new map—but let's assume this difficulty has been satisfactorily surmounted, perhaps by some John Marshall or Justice Weems of our time, then suppose the inhabitants of The Prairie—N.D., S.D., Neb., Kans., and Okla. are you forgotten—suppose they voted, in democratic plenitude, that their interests would be damaged by the addition of Minnesota, or perhaps put that they would feel more comfortable with all those other Minnesota infiltrations, nothing prevent of course just a Polluter Way of Looking at Things.

So I decided to define exactly the line map in Amendment XXXVI, hoping that the just proposals of the state independent, and Constitutionally truly self-balanced branches of our Federal Government—Executive, Legislative and Judicial—could provide a basis for a popular discussion and, finally, some consensus. But after the May Revision Commission has made its proposals, I confess I can't see anything clearly. We'll just have to play it by ear. Like the *Founding Fathers*. ♦

THE TRUE ADVENTURE OF THE SACRED IDOL OF KOM

by Sophy Burnham

Boozinny, boozinny, boozinny, boozin



Tribesmen of the dark continent dance for joy at the idol's return from the land of the American bwees.

There are a couple of problems in writing about the return of the sacred statue to the Kingdom of Kom. The first is that readers of The New York Times, having seen mass articles about it, think they already know the whole story (they don't). The second is that other people have never heard of the thing at all and hardly anyone knows where Kom is anyway. Just listen. I have been in the edge of the earth. I have sat in the compound of

an African king and watched a half-naked black man blow on an elephant-trunk horn while the pages clattered for the return of the Afro-A-Kom. So bear with me and I will tell you about how the sacred statue was stolen from darkest Africa and turned up in New York and about how we brought it back to Kom in the name of peace and what happened to it then.

There is a country on the west coast of Africa called Cameroun. It sits like an Egyptian cat, with its head at Lake Chad facing east and its tail at the exact point where the land, after an enormous western turban, suddenly dives south toward the Cape of Good Hope.

The plant (Inönübeli) has received
of late more from Presidents
than from the
village. Also, in Hanoi
there are many
more before Friday Dick—
not to mention
some of the people I
met there. I
let you care.

The United Republic of Cameroon is composed of East Cameroon, a former French colony, and West Cameroon, a former British colony. High in the mountain grasslands of West Cameroon lies Kien. It is one of seventeen relatively independent kingdoms in the Cameroons, spanning 280 square miles, slightly larger in area than Chicago. The ruler is called the Fon.

The story begins in 1966 when under the sign of Fen Akoé (1894-65) a sacred statue, the Afia-A-Kom was stolen from the capital of Kien. The statue is the wooden figure of a king, standing more than five feet tall. He is shrouded neck to toe with red and blue beads. He wears a crown covered with red copper spikes as dark as wood, and on his head is a crown of beads and cowrie shells, each bead having the price of a slave. Below him stands a small stool, beaded as well, the base of which represents three antelope heads. The statue is over hundred years old and it is actually the throne on which each Fon is traditionally "enthroned," as the title is called, after coronation and eight days of meditation.

For one hundred years the statue stood in the sacred palace, the Nyokwe House, in Laikon, capital of Kien, flanked by two even larger female figures and surrounded by the sacred masks and lotions of the tribe. Few were allowed to see it.

One August night in 1966 the statue was stolen. The short details are unclear, but both a son and a nephew of the Fon were involved. The two boys were paid ten dollars apiece to carry off the Afia-A-Kom, and two smaller statues and two regalia. During the confusion that night, lightning struck the deck with the statue on their heads down to a waiting taxi. Fajza is Bamileke, So Nia, Frenchmen to Donald. The Afia-A-Kom was wrapped in grass mats and disguised as a corpse, and no one thought anything about it, corpses, I suppose, often being transported like that.

Douala is a center of commerce in Cameroun. You can get anything out of the country from Douala. When I was there I talked to some art dealers. They pack a precious object in a box and mark it "Nigeria made—copy" or "West African—ancestor." The customs agents are not art experts. Yet that neither nor even the highest officials measure what constitutes a work of art, although these figures are worth a lot in the international art market. Dealers in Paris or New York are not interested in buying African art, though they do deal with masks, shields, stools, stools. "Do you buy wood?" they ask.

But back in Kien there comes a howl and cry. The police arrested twelve or fourteen people. No one was presented, however, and this was fortunate, for in Cameroun the penalty for擅自 robbery at a public execution. Some are held at the Old Hippodrome in the capital city of Yaoundé.

Fon Akoé died, "pathologically killed," people said, by the theft of the statue and His Name Nyokwe came to power. He was installed on a new Afia-A-Kom carved by a nearby artist. But the people did not accept the new statue. Things were not the same, and the new Fon (now) and the new Americans in the area without mentioning with regret the old Afia-A-Kom. One day, the Americans were sent the catalog of an art show held at Dartmouth College. On the cover was a picture of the Afia-A-Kom that had stolen, belonging to the New York gallery of Samuel Parsons, where it had been displayed publicly for seven years. A lot of people knew it was there. Mr. Parsons was asking \$80,000 for it. The next thing you know there was a front-page story in The New York Times.

The story described the theft, the \$80,000 asking price, and the significance of the sacred statue to Kien. It represents the "spiritual, political and religious source" of the Fon people and The State. It is the "heart of Kien." It is the spirit of the nation, the spiritual force of the tribe. It is a symbol of historical continuity. It represents the power and sovereignty of Kien.

None of this would have been enough to rouse alarm, but The Times added more: in this statue is embodied the peace and stability of the Kingdom of Kien; and ever since its disappearance the people have been mourning and squabbling, going to court over trivial property disputes, failing to do reasonably well.

Well, we Americans understood that. What with Wernher and von Braun in the Middle East and so far off our familiar battlefield chapters, to keep prices high and not butchering cattle for the same reason, impeachment of the President, soaring prices and a wildcat stock market—who knew better than we about money in the last? We had no easy solutions for our own problems, but there in Kien all that was needed was the return of a single statue. The story hit us right, and we reacted.

Whether days or hours, international business man and collector of African art, Lawrence Gammie, and his American colleague, Michael of African Art, in Washington, D.C., for the statue to be returned to Kien. With the help of a large contribution from Gammie, the ensuing biight is

from art-dealer Parsons for \$25,000. Other donations come pouring into the masses, including \$20,000 from Warner-Lambert, a large ethical drug concern with business in West Africa.

It was wonderful. Here we were, the naked industrial nation on earth, avenging our power, waging war around the planet, and our one desire seemed centered on bringing peace to Kien. The State Department had already called in the American embassy in Yaoundé. "What do you think, Gammie? What do you want us to do about the Afia-A-Kom?"—a message received with some trepidation, you understand, because in diplomatic circles usually write to be told if the other nation has a demand. The American embassy in Yaoundé hadn't sent The Times yet. It had been held by the Afia-A-Kom. For that matter, neither had the government of the United Republic of Cameroun.

The New York Times was present at lunch. The Metropolitan Bank placed a call to His Excellency El Hadji ("He has made the pilgrimage!") Aliasse Abiole President of Cameroun, to get his reactions to the discovery of the statue. They got him on the phone. "He quen" he said. "Qu'en-er que c'est! Qu'en-er Kien!"

It was a disappointing reaction on the part of the president and the conversation was not mentioned in the six or seven Times stories about the general idea of the statue's return. Instead, the press quoted Fon Nyokwe, who was so moved that he went blind with tears. "It is meant [for] the dead," he said. "No, 'no' like a dream." And "If I say it with my eyes and can touch it and know that it is within the kingdom, then God will tell me what to say. If I can only

see it again!" Other people "trembled with excitement" as they spoke of the return of the Afia-A-Kom.

Look, the statue's return was a spontaneous generous gesture on the part of Gammie, The Times, and Warner-Lambert and others—a personal compassionate contribution to the spiritual and mystical life of a far-off people. How were we to know we would receive international tension and turmoil in our walk, with at least one arrest, and fear and insecurity, and Rien, Rien, Rien, at the State Department in Washington, telephoning me, anxiety about what I might say in my interview?

To admit it right out, I wanted to go to Kien. I wanted to see the Fon's fifty wives and half-addicted slaves and all the porpois and porpois of great African kingdoms, where the people would measure up white bananas, bowing low or maybe even casting themselves on the ground and threatening death on their heads. I've heard of thirty like that. And I wanted to see the Fon ride out on his legendary pia, white horse to greet us, followed by his servants carrying calabashes of pale wine and his umbrella and his chair, in thick in the returning peace to Kien. He had promised to throw a week-long festival for us.

None of us admitted so much wisdom, left on the plane to Africa. I could see the fervor among them in all persons, even here in the airport, his cigar as champion. We were carrying peace in the form of the sacred statue in a long gray cloth propped across a fistless seat and protected by a Pan Am representative, two from the Museum of African Art, Gammie, a Cameroun diplomat, and a three-man team from the National Geographic Society.

By then we had been in Yaoundé the largest city in Cameroun. By then we had been there steadily for four hours. We were groggy with fatigue. A big crowd was gathered in the dark at the railway. Lights played across the bodies, casting shadows over shadows, and as the Official Delegates descended the ramp self-consciously to shake hands with waiting dignitaries, the mass of the jets seemed like the barest rear of the crowd.

Down in the darkness a young African leaned over, dapper in his suit and donote the most heavy head. "This is wonderful," he shouted in my ear about the jet arrival. "We didn't know we had anything this valuable." I was surprised at his clipped British accent. "You didn't?"

"No. We never heard of it before."

"I come from only fifty miles from Kien," shouted his companion. "I never heard of the Afia-A-Kom. Was it really for sale for sixty thousand dollars?"

The crowd shifted, a CBS cameraman was jostling for position, the Geographical was, regarding the four black berets who, grinning skyly, blundered into the lights, staggered down the ramp under the weight of the Afia. "All right," Fred Cook, the CBS television chief of Des Moines, who was aghast. "A much bigger event in the United States than ever here," he told me cynically. "You have been fourties or fifteen months and the best I ever heard of the Afia-Kom was when I read in The New York Times."

"It was?"

"It was a recurring theme. We were to go through maybe seven official ceremonies in all, with the Americans respectively presenting the statue from the people of the United States to the people of Kien, and mercifully having it accepted by the Cameroun government, where the United States government, and throughout we would meet with craft exercises. "No, we haven't really heard much about it.... I think its return was mentioned on the radio." A lot of people even thought that the statue would be back on the market in no time.

Or the Camerouners would continue with pleasure, in Gammie's dismay, that the \$25,000 price tag on it if that was what made it an object of value?

The Cameroun government on the other hand was trying its damnest. It kept giving its sermons and negotiations to accept the statue, like this one in Douala with press and around. The government had been taken by surprise. I think, at the American ambassador in the sacred state. Third, the Cameroun embassy on Washington had been forced to submit to the State Department, African Desk, after The Times's speech and the ambassador himself in his dark suit and tie had presented his formal demands. "We wish to protest..."

The Cameroun government had threatened legal and political action and made fierce press denunciations in the press about the theft and about the privations of cultural heritage. But in fact they knew they were helpless to back up their demands. There was a very good chance that old Fen Akoé himself had sold the statue; certainly the theft was done that summer's night by persons of the blood—members of the Fon's own household were involved. So the Camerouners



Unveiled, the sacred statue stands revealed in its primitive splendor, price \$25,000 F.O.B. New York.

were surprised at getting the sacred statue back instantly. There felt pretty rocky at home. I trembled the whole time. It was a spiritual complex like that and we were born like severely. It needs them look on the statue with unusual respect.

Nevertheless there was a question whether they wanted it to go back to Koro. We learned that in De Gaulle We were told we would not be allowed to re-enter Koro. Did God? Why were we flying ten thousand miles if not to deliver the Afia-A-Koro by hand to the Fon of Koro?

"Ladies," Vice-Consul Cook explained, "the statue was officially presented to the Cameroonian government last Friday at the Cameroonian embassy in Washington. That's an official diplomatic people, that be. Who's to open it?" And he strolled loosely off to watch the press conference inside. The modern plastic airport and hotel the successor of the Lutonian Province officially thank the United States government for returning the statue to the Cameroonian government. After which we flew on to Yaoundé, the capital.

Cameroun is one of the more modern of the West African nations, but its problems are those of any developing country, and its Cameroonian statesmen for down on poverty lists, long after job, education, polygamy, health, roads, communications, colonization, and economic independence. This is a country with two hundred tribes speaking twenty-four languages plus the official French and English. The Republic has been operating for only fourteen years, and skilled administrators for only two. The biggest problem is clan loyalty. So you can see how embarrassing it was to be handed this tribal token.

While we were in Yaoundé, the university students were demonstrating over tribal favoritism in handing out scholarships, and there were being clobbered by the police as university students around the world, and four heads of state (from Niger, Nigeria, Chad, Central African Republic) were meeting in our hotel to discuss the Lake Chad water rights and how to prevent the Sahara Desert from creeping south of thirty miles a year spreading famine and drought; and a satellite tracking station was being inaugurated, bringing in the first television picture seen in Cameroon; and a microwave station was being built; and the Banque Centrale d'Afrique, which is actually a creation of the French Treasury with all profits devolving to the French, was transferring headquarters for the

first time to African soil. Then there was us, bringing back the Afia-A-Koro.

In Yaoundé, the official delegations were guests of the government of the Germans, descended LTD. Chateau Henriette Hotel, perched on a mountain high above the city. There we were, stuck full of cameras and glossy-leather shorts, bananas and sunglasses, and cologne our anti-malaria pills and imported mineral water, and worrying about whether it was safe to eat salad, the Geographic team with twenty-two suitcases between them, including sleeping bags and tents and presents for the Fon (blouses they wore), and a separate expenditure from the statu the expense account marked, "Gifts for Safaris"; and for about nine days we are only the visitors of airports and embassies. The hotel becomes overfilled the evening parties, tennis courts and golf courses, and the strange piracy imagination of Africa. The white walls rose from the blue-grey valleys around the seven palest hills a day's drive landscape, expanse and exotic. At the pool a platoon of soldiers in blues and puttees, with white beretines across their khaki chaps, stood angry guard, rifles ready, to protect the four heads of state staying in the hotel.

In front the chandeliers were polished brass, Macassar limousines, and personally a head of state would leave the hotel on the red carpet rolled like a red tongue up the door, past the bowing attendants in flowing pink, white, and blue beretines, to sweep in arm-in-arm some exiles down the marble stairs with feathered hats and feathers, a dignified sort. You could tell this is a country that understands the trappings of power.

And so did our group, for we were not unacquainted. Right away we held a strategy meeting. At last, that first morning in Yaoundé we gathered in Guasman's room. Nothing was going to keep us from bringing peace to Koro. There were eight of us there. First was Larry Johnson, a chemical engineer, former president of Stein, Hall & Company, fifty-eight years old, the self-made son of a Queens shoemaker, with business contributions on three continents. At this meeting he was grizzled.

He looked around at Warren Robbins, director of the Museum of African Art in Washington, bearded in his grizzled beard; at Robbins' assistant, George Spoddy, our token black; at the remainder five of us, journalists all.

"The Cameroonian take the position," Guasman ex-



And this is the ruler of Koro, who entered the white house in great dignity and English shoes.

plicated carefully, "that the statue belongs to their government. In fact they say all Africans not everywhere should be returned to the government. We left them through the Cameroonian ambassador in Washington. We told him we were not giving the statue to the government of Cameroun but to the Fon people. The ambassador did not accept our position."

"I went to see the governor of the review," volunteered Thomas Johnson, a short and amiable black reporter who covers all of West Africa for *The New York Times*. He had joined us in De Gaulle. "He was upset," Johnson said, "that I had told the Fon about the statue's return and not him, the governor. He told me specifically: 'This work is not the property of the people of Koro but of the people of Cameroun.'

"Well, I didn't give this statue to be kept by the Cameroun government," snapped Guasman.

"We've gone to a lot of expense," countered Robbins.

"It's clear they don't want the statue to go back to Koro."

"Now, let's see what we can do," Robbins spoke up. "We can threaten to go home."

Guasman glared at him. "I don't think we should threaten anything unless we're willing to carry it out. It doesn't do any good to go home."

"I just want to list the alternatives," said Robbins defensively. "That's just the most extreme. We reject it as an objective."

"All right," Guasman said. "What are our alternatives? First we'll see the United States ambassador at lunch—Warren and I. We'll find out what he knows. Then we should put on subtle pressure. These people are fully aware of publicity and the importance of the Geographic with twenty-five million readers. And also of advance publicity."

"Maybe we could get it to Koro," said Robbins, trying again, "and then the government can take it off as national treasure after we've left."

Guasman shot him a glance of distaste. "They also know that if they don't return it they'll threaten their position in connection with the return of other works of art. We should let the embassy know," he said, "that we expect the fullest cooperation in this venture."

A formal reception was arranged for us that night in the hotel ballroom, to present the statue to the Fon. I think the government hoped we'd be happy and go on home. No matter.

I was looking forward to meeting the septuagenarian, known as Yacoundé especially for the occasion. I wanted to ask about his dogs and his monkey and his fifty wives, and if that was his first trip on a plane. But again, in royal robes, chrysanthemum, ring-dances, the audience dispersed.

First off he behaved like Tom Johnson to tell him. The Times had inaccurately reported the Fon population as thirty-five thousand. It was actually eighty thousand. "Yes sir," Johnson dutifully made a note. "T'll correct that right away."

New gray curtains with the Afia-A-Koro was placed on the floor near the stereophones, and the Fon himself arrived with arboreal dignity to the mike. The box was about to be opened!

The press shoved in, elbowing, trampling for position. The metal wires were cut.

The lid begins to rise, and flashbacks are blinding especially when a cry goes up "Wact! Wact! The Fon man forgot his cable!"

Slam. The lid slams. Foss events are the same the world over. The Fon snorted dryishly, waiting for the press. He speaks only Fon, but he used to be a member of the House of Chiefs in Benin when there was a bicameral legislature. Under his rule he wears fine English leather shoes and green socks with a white stripe.

CBS is ready. The photographers jostle in agonized, and now—bang!

The lid is lifted ...
The sacred packing paper is restored.
The center board ... And one hundred reporters are in a frenzy of excitement, pushing and shoving.

Gently, carefully, the sacred statue is lifted to the feet, apparently unharmed in this modern Marquis sojourn. Giggling, the Fon approaches Separation against the footlights, he passes his hands reverently from crown to heel, then announces in deep and imperious tones: "This is the real Afia-A-Koro. This is the Koro thing." (At that moment in Koro a great thunderstorm swept the mountainsides. I was told this by Americans in Koro. Rivers of rain filled the valleys in the dry season.)

"This is the Koro thing," says the Fon in Yarribal.

Guasman laughed and Robbins looked relieved, and cameras exploded in a thousand bursts of lights. Everyone was happy. The Fon had invited us to come up to Koro and we were all pleased, not knowing that the next day the government would veto his extravagant hospitality.

Meanwhile the Fon was meagrely dressed as back of the statue's head. No one is quite sure what he had. Some people heard him say that this was surely the real Afia-A-Koro because some beads were missing at the head. And others heard him say some beads were missing due to his never being cleaned in transit.

It was about that time that Robbins said definitely, "I think I know it. It must have been lost elsewhere. We never discovered that area." No one was listening. The Fon was so raged that he gripped Guasman's hand till he brought tears to the younger man's eyes. Guasman found his fingers gradually. We were hurried out of the room while the sacred statue was impaled for further inspection in a few minutes. Waiters passed champagne and whiskey, and the crowd混ed with Chinese, Russian, French and American diplomats who had been hastyly summoned that very morning and who, accustomed to these mixed diplomatic receptions, descended on the long tables and couches, sipping paper, which covered the center tables under the looming presence of a papier-mâché python. They consumed coffee, watered shishas and deviled eggs with dandling dix.

After a while there was the second ceremony, during which the Afia-A-Koro was again impaled on general agreement from the international assembly that the minister of information and culture, his hon. Dr. Vronnoum Tchibanga, is erosion fed and blue beaded, placed the Cameroun Medal of Honor first class on Guasman and second class on Robbins and Seitzley—a fine medal depicting a black man boeing in a propeller field. And just as the minister launched into a speech, I met an ethnologist, Paul Dieter, who had been born in Koro. In fact his father was a guardian of the sacred statues. Paul was getting his Ph.D. in ethnology at the University of Fribourg, Switzerland. His dissertation was on Koro class. (Continued on page 242)

Will Rogers Was No Damned Good

by H. Allen Smith

The first revisionist postscript to the life of an American saint

At the risk of being suspended by the neck from a ebonized tree, I have in recent years been taking dead aim on the late Will Rogers and calling him something of a fake and a fraud.

This is a hazardous undertaking because Will Rogers ranks as one of the few Americans—along with George Burns, W.C. Fields, Abner Lipman and, drop-dead down the scale, a few sotsches, the Beware! Billy Graham. In the last few years there has been a sharp reevaluation of "factual" in the Rogers mythos, owing as large part to the barnstorming tour of actor James Whitmore, who impersonates the cow-pasture charwoman who herself was engaged in impersonating a crackle-barrel Virgil. The public has been flocking closely to the Whitmore octogenarian show, but then, as we know, the public is capable of impersonating a ass, a shot.

My aim in this feuilleton is to tell a single anecdote that I think is amusing, with a kicker at the end, but it is useful that I first set down a few facts and a few personal opinions about the so-called Sage of Okanogan.

Was Rogers the "peasant philosopher," some people called him? Haven't without? He had a much better education than the guy. The great man of writing and reading, says talk shows, and dull and dim, out of it. He came up with a slight headful of genes, out of a vast output of spoken and written prose, those renowned sots charwoman, out to work at typewriters, could have done better, given the time.

Consider his two most famous lines, the two most often quoted, even today in the Times of Enlightenment: "All I know is what I read in the papers." Study it a moment. Is it wise? Why? Ehhmm? And then, "I never met a man I didn't like." That's the line engraved at the base of the Will Rogers monument in Claremore, Oklahoma, and I have read that it was once printed on a United States postage stamp. In a book containing Rogers' fragmentary writings I found a more credible rendering of the celebrated line—the way Rogers himself said he spoke it: "I picked about every prominent man of my time, but I hardly ever met a man I didn't like." There is one hell of a heap of differences between "never" and "hardly ever."

If he did say "I never met a man I didn't like," then, as I've often seen him do, he was doing one of the singularly contemptuous all recorded history. Farther than that, if he did say it that way he was speaking a large lie, he was as he was like. His lie.

In truth he had the appearance of a rube and he sometimes put a straw in his mouth to point up the image. He cultivated that image assiduously. Gene

Fowler, who knew him, told me that Rogers had a standing order with his tailor to turn out suits with bunches of wrinkles, cuffs high off the floor, and bagsy pants that would resist any pinching.

Rogers met me, the man he didn't like, at the arena in Cheyenne where the annual Buffalo Bill rodeo is now, and I was covering the 1922 edition for the Denver Post. One afternoon word arrived in the press box that the great Will Rogers was wandering aimlessly around the infield and we reporters decided that it would be nice to have him sit with us so we could dress up our stories with comical Rogers commentary. I was dispatched a committee of us to go seek him out and invite him to come and watch the proceedings from a comfortable chair. I crossed the track and wandered around the dusty arena, and finally I found him. I introduced myself and told him how we would enjoy having him sit in the press box.

"Hold me by the get lost. I persisted with the invitations, taking pains to avoid offending him—actually I was somewhat afraid of the knee from being in the presence of the great man and talking to him. He advised me to hit the road.

"It's real nice over there," I assured him, "out of the sun, and you should meet a drunk we've got some great women, and we'd all be greatly honored if you'd join us."

"Kicker, look!" he said breathlessly, "go on back to your little press box and don't come around bothering me. I don't wanna sit in your little press box. Now, beat it, and leave me alone."

The repeated-for centuries of the Oklahomans hard head nearly knocked me down. I wanted to speak a two-word explosive to him—an explosive that later became extremely popular in the armed forces of our land. But I stood there a moment in confusion and then I turned and made my way back and told the newspaper gang what he had said. They spoke the two-word explosive, changing the pronoun from "you" to "him."

I was just past twenty at the time, and impressionable. I have read somewhere that when Irvin S. Cobb arrived in New York and saw an amateur in front of the trial of informer Max hausschild (as I do to this day) and Mark Twain was roundly rude to him. This experience all but married Irvin Cobb for life—he never really got over it. I was not married for life by Will Rogers. I don't think I was scared for more than twenty minutes. But I didn't forget his insulting manner. At the time I had some vague idea that I might write a shortening magazine article about him, a merge-fol thing to do, but I am human like most people I have been insulted and re-

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Usurpation

—Cynthia Ozick

A truth worth having is a truth worth stating.

On occasion a writer will encounter a story that is his, yet he knows it, I mean, by a way, a writer of stories, not one of these small-geases that analyze society and culture, but the sort of ignorant and acquisitive being who comes after Marginal tales. Such a creature knows very little: how to cut a shadow, when to go to the stores for bread, and the exact stub of a story that belongs to him, and to his say. But sometimes it happens that somebody else has written the story first. It is like being robbed of clothes you do not yet own. The author in the rap hall, seeing the usurper on the stage across the manuscript, that is, in its deepest boring, was meant to yourself. He is a transvestite, he is wearing your own hat and underwear. It seems unjust. There is no way to prevent loss.

You may wonder that I speak of a hall rather than a book. The story I refer to has not yet been published, and the fact is I heard it read aloud. It was read by the author himself. I had a seat in the back of the hall, with a much younger person beside me, pressing the chair arms on either side of me, but, by the third paragraph I was blind and saw nothing. By the fifth paragraph I recognized my story—knew it to be mine, that is, with the same indispensible familiarity I have for this round-flanked left-lung under my tongue sinews. I think of it, as in all that waste and rubble acid gold dental crowns, as my past.

The story was about a crow—a mythical man, rascals of wisdom. I do not remember his title. Perhaps it was a simple call "The Crow." I have never seen him, but I read him in my famous author's collection of fables. He is, you may be sure, very famous, as famous that it was startling to see he was a real man. He wore a conventional suit and tie, a conventional haircut and conventional eyeglasses. His whitening mustache made him look conventionally distinguished. He was not at all as I had expected him to be—ugly and unkempt like the heroes.

This time the hero was a teacher. In the story he was always called "the teacher," as if how one lives is what one is.

The teacher's father is in the hospital, a terminal case. There is no hope. In an advertisement the teacher reads about a wonder cure, a rabbi who can work miracles. Through a rations fellow and a devout atheist, in desperation he visits the rabbi and learns

at a cures can be effected by the construction of a papal crown, which costs usually five hundred dollars. After it is made, the rabbi will give a special blessing and the sick man will recover. The teacher does not and in a vision sees a gloomy realization of the master's words. But afterward he realizes that he has been misinformed. Fortunately his wages now the rabbi is offered like a rock dump. "I recognize the importance of my father is still high." The rabbi quickly hides the money and returns to his home. The teacher means to use the crown to pay for his boardroom. "It caused him," says the rabbi, "it must be balanced in, or the crowning will not work." The teacher and the rabbi argue bitterly. The rabbi calls for faith, the teacher for his stolen money. In the heat of the struggle the teacher confesses with a terrible cry that he has really always hated his father anyway. The next day the rabbi dies.

With a single half-sighing word the famous writer snuffed out the last of the sick man's breath. He "ex-
isted."

Forgive me for baring you with plain sarcasm. I
know there is nothing more tedious, and dismal I might
say. A rabbit whose face I have not made you see, a
sheep whose voice remains a shadowy canon; how can
you tell the tasks of your gods with these? But it is not
my story, and therefore not my responsibility! I do

at instant map of it.

From the platform the famous writer explained that a story was a gift, he had not invented it. He took it from an ancient as a manuscript which one he had never seen. It was full of fable, of falsehoods, of fictions, bristling up in stories, stiffened with twists, vacuums, dislocations, transformations, all at dreck of the imagination. Whatever's made us they are, thick as levers against the sickly figurative.

Still, he wrote it rapidly happened, just like that—a break with his crooked wife, calling himself salilo, bringing on scabious people, among them educated men, young students even; finally there arrested the fraud

Instantly, the famous writer said, at the smell of
the word *maf*, he knew the story to be his.

This news came to him with a pang. The silver swallows away free, and where was I?—I who am packed with newspaper success, and hunch night after night and pleasure me to read the morning papers after publishing.



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night) existentially faced on skipping bats, death accidents, hot walls, mazurkas, magnesium, explosives, handbags, etc., while the crouched dishes sought them all around.

It has never occurred to me to write about a teacher, and as for rabbi, I can make up my own mafly enough. You may ask, then, what precisely in this story attracted me. And not singly attracted—seized me by the lung and declared itself my offspring—a change in search of its natural mother. Do not mistake me, I had only access to a newspaper that crucial night (*The Post*, *The News*, *The New Yorker*, *Esquire*, *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, *Boston Herald Tribune*, etc., ah, which? which?) and where was I in a bar! never, buying birth-control pills in the drugstore? I am a believer in fertility, reading, the arts, a health!, my own study would have been, logically definitive. Perhaps the sick father would have recovered. Perhaps the teacher would not have deserved to have his father I might have caused the silver crown to accost even the rabbi himself. Who knows what I might have cracked out of those swallows? The point is, I would have figured out the magical parts.

Maybe—I admit it—as what I had after. And not ordinary magic, which is what one expects of parapsychologists, their religious daredevils. It After all, half the world ascribe that even a *Saint* God becomes a saint, and moreover that whenever a priest in a sacred ceremony with it, that same God-men can climb into a little fat piece of unbroken bread. For most people nowadays it is only the idea of a piece of bread turning into God—but is that any better? As far as I’m drawn not to the symbol, but to the absolute magic act. I am drawn to what is forbidden.

Perhaps. The terrible Hebrew word for it freaks the tongue—*avtar*. Jewish magic. Trembling, we have heard in *Deuteronomy* the *No* that applies to any slightest sort of occult disclosure. How awful is Moses, pouring down the curtains into the endlessness of this sacred Astrologists, wizards and witches, and The Jews have no magic. For us heathen may not handle into body. Wine-makings death in itself.

And yet, with all good intentions, have crept down the most secret sanctuaries, and hidden readings of letters, and the silver crowns that hasn’t so it after all nothing to marvel at that they are, nor believe, subject should be the proterostellar—everglowing anti-Moses, all things blazing with their own wonder. I long to be one of the ordinary people, to give up our aquatic God whom even the word *fountain* means, who cannot be imagined in any form, whom the very hope of imaginable offends, who is without body and cannot enter body — oh, why can we not have a magus God like other people?

Someday I will take courage and throw over being a Jew, and then I will make a little god, a silver godlet, in the shape of a mouse, which will stop darts, rearrange fathers and under; out of its royal pearls gardens will burst—That sicker? Miss! Stolen! I considered: was it possible to leap up on the stage with a living match and burn the manuscript on the spot, freezing the crown out of the fissured tale, restating it once more to a puny account of the great? But no, there, even the little bubble website of a match, is too powerful a magic in such a plain situation, just glancing heretic configuration of words out of half fear for myself I friend a terrible spell. All the same, he would own a carbon copy, or a photographic copy, such a man is meticulous about the storage matter of his brain

A tycoonizer is a volume. Who can stop grift?

If I owned a silver godlet right now, I would say: Almighty small Crosses, rebuke that story, return, return the stuff to fit to me.

A possible incident: Just as the famous writer came to the last word—arrived—I saw the face of a god. It was this, white, blurr-errr, a strongly for board hung from its skin. Attached to the board was a transparent vine, a vine like a whetstone—but I ought to explain how I knew just then to be exposed to it. I was leaning against the wall of that place. The fading bass of a symphony had all at once forced me. I jumped from seat between the two young people. Their perspiration had dampened the chair arms and the chill of their sweat, combined with the heftiness of my greed for this mama story that could not be mere, turned my flesh to a sort of vapor. I rose like a heated gas, feeling insatiable, and went to press my head against the cold sofa wall along the aisle. My brain was all gas, it shouldered with ease. Expedit! How I wished to write a story containing that subtly sound! How I wished it well! who had come upon the silver crown. ... I must be sealed like an under, or in some function a functionary of the theatre, with my skull defined into the wall that way.

In any case, I was taken for an official: as someone in authority who left on the job.

The goat-faced blues a mouth deep into my throat.

I have stories I want to give him stories."

"What do you want?" I said.

"Him. Arrange it, can’t you? In the microwave, what do you say?"

I pulled away; the goat hopped after me.

"How? What?" said the goat. "What?" His little head had a tremor. "If he isn’t available here and now, tell me his mailing address. I need criticism, advice. I need help."

We became what we are thought to be if become a function

I said promptly, "You should be ashamed to pursue the famous. Does he know you?"

"Not exactly. I’m a critic..."

"...and a saint!"

"...and that rabbi’s wife. She’s an old lady, my mother’s, and she was her father. We live in the same neighborhood."

"What rabbi?"

The one in the papers. The one he usurped the story from.

"That doesn’t obliges him to read you. You expect me, right?" I said. "The public has no right to a writer’s private mind. Help from high places doesn’t come like waves. His time is precious, he has better things to do." All this, by the way, was question A famous writer—not that one—to whom I myself once sent a story about him with these words, so I knew how to use them.

"But do you say could speak for him?" snorted the goat. "Please don’t now me. Even the famous blind!"

"Only when provoked by the likes of you," I retorted.

"Have you been published?"

"I’m still young!"

"Pants before you died first and published afterward. Keats was twenty-two, Shelley twenty-nine, Rimbaud—"

"I’m still young, I love forever."

"Are you?"

"Let the famous call me that, not you."

"At least I’m published," I protested, as my disease fell. He saw I was nothing so important as an under,

only another unknown in the audience.

"Do you know him?" he asked.

"He spoke to me once at a cocktail party."

"Would he remember your name?"

"Certainly," I lied. The god had spared my dignity.

"Then, what can start?"

"Leave the poem man alone."

"You take it. Read it. If you like it—look, only if you like it—give it to here for me."

"We won’t help you."

"Why do you think everyone is like you?" he accused—but he seemed all at once submerged, as if I had hit him. He shook out a vast envelope, pulled out his manuscript, and apologetically began snoring something. Osgood had all at once forced me. I jumped from seat between the two young people. Their perspiration had dampened the chair arms and the chill of their sweat, combined with the heftiness of my greed for this mama story that could not be mere, turned my flesh to a sort of vapor. I rose like a heated gas, feeling insatiable, and went to press my head against the cold sofa wall along the aisle. My brain was all gas, it shouldered with ease. Expedit!

"How I wished to write a story containing that subtly sound! How I wished it well! who had come upon the silver crown. ... I must be sealed like an under, or in some function a functionary of the theatre, with my skull defined into the wall that way."

"Not of the great."

"Then let me at least have yours," he said.

The real voice just then came like a bream. Back! Back! Quiet! Don’t disturb the reading! Before I knew it, I had leapt out of my seat. The rest was gas, and I was clutching the manuscript.

The god had sensed his name.

That might I read the thing. You will ask why.

The newspaper was this, the *Washington Star*.

It started stable: a sort of feed stock. But

I soon discovered it was only the glue he had used to paste together parts of corrected pages. An amateur job.

If you are looking for music now, do not. This was no work to marvel at. The pose was not bad, but not good either. There are young who write as if the language were an endless belt of yard goods—you spin off as much as you need for the length of fiction you require. One turn of the loom after another, everything of the same smoothness, the texture catches you up nowhere.

I have said “fiction.” It was not clear to me whether this was fiction or not. The title suggested it was: *A Sheva of Youth and Mystery*. But the narrative was purposefully consciousness. Moreover, the episodes could be interpreted on several “levels.” Plainly it was not just to be told, but also to be read—much more, to be experienced. That “young” word! Right off the mark. Those stories assured me: such techniques as I learned in those followed-up publications called *Classics in Writing*. In my notion of these things, if you want to tell a story you tell it, I am against all these masks and tricks of newspaper and tabloid. That is why I am attracted to magical tales, they mean what they say; as these mirables are not symbols, they are conditional probabilities.

The goat’s story was realistic enough, though self-conscious. In perfectly ordinary, middle tribe, English it pretended to be inexperienced! That, as you know, is the hallmark.

I see you are about to put these pages down, in fear of another plot summary. I beg you to wait. Trust me a little. I will get through it as painlessly as possible, I promise to abbreviate everything. Or, if I turn out to be too boreheaded, at least to be interesting. Besides, you are not what risks I am taking. I am as familiar with the laws governing programs, and here I am, brazenly running a program that is not entirely fully aware. Perhaps one for the god’s story will be published and acclaimed. Or perhaps not, in which case he will recognize his plot as I am about to tell it to you, and what fangs will beat in bone? What? If, by the time this story is published, at this very moment while you are reading it, I am on my back in some

slithy manipulative dungeon? Surely so deep a sacrifice should engross your forgiveness.

Then let us proceed to the rest’s plot.

An American student of a yeshiva in Jerusalem is unable to concentrate. He is haunted by terrible dreams; in reality he has been to Jerusalem not for Torah but out of ambition. Though young and unpolished, he already fancies himself to be a writer worthy of attention. Then only not the attention of the very greatest?

It happens that there lives in Jerusalem a writer who one day will win the most famous literary prize on like planet. At the time of the story the writer is already an old man, living with fees, though of a rather perched nature. He has not yet been to Stockholm—it is probably two years before the Nobel Prize farms him into a mythical figure. (“Tuna fish laid a mythical figure” is an excellent example of the poet’s prose, by the way.) But the student is present, and fees of course. He composes a postcard:

There are only two religions
written in the world. There are
one who I am, the other, I will
come to you.

It is true that the old man is religious. He means a shul, he attends his talmuds with strands of the holy phrenes. And he cannot send anyone away from his door. So when the student appears, the old writer hurried him in for a glass of tea, though knowing fully he could rather nap.

The student confesses that his own entitlement has brought him to the writer’s feet: he too would wish one day to be revered as the writer himself is revered.

I wish, says the old writer, I had been like you in my youth. I never had the courage to look into the face of anyone I admired, and I admired so many! But they were all too remote. I was very shy I wish now I had gone to see them, as you have come to see me.

—When did you admire most? asks the student. In reality he has no curiosity about that or anything else of the kind, but he recognizes that such a question is vital to the mechanics of present. And though he has never seen a word the old man has written, he has seen all over him, even in the old man’s trousers, the smell of smoke.

The student, envies the old man. —But I admired more than anyone.

—Miserable! exclaims the student. —But how could you visit Maimonides?

—Even in my youth, the old man asserts, the Baal-hamid had already been dead for several hundred years. But even if he had not been dead, I would have been too shy to go and see him. For a shy young man if it refers to infinite measure, who is dead.

—Then to deserve her you, the student says meditation.

—Oh yes, says the old man: it is necessary to be shy. The trained solution is trifles in skyways. All entitlement is hidden. If you want to enjoy my art you must not sleep at it, or I will only hang on it all the more tightly. You must always walk with your head down. You must be a true baal galavim.

—But the author is the student. —But you contradict yourself! Are not I told that the baal galavim is the same as... Give me deepest. The self-righteous self-soliloquy? It is a writing man who alone God will cause to perish. Shmoel likes a murderer!

It is plain that the young man is in good command of the sources, not for nothing is he a student at the

another. But he is perplexed, rattled —How can I be like you if you tell me a hal'd gal'ash? And why would you tell me to be such a flog?"

—The "hal'd gal'ash," explains the writer, is a ringleader; the chief administrator in gaolhouse, whose power is like a master. He is the one who most nobly learns his grace throughout the gaolhouse, never looking at whom he counts. I myself was never counting enough to be a genuine hal'd gal'ash; You see there's no need for it. It was never necessary for me to flog slaves. I was naturally like that. But you are not. So you must invent a way to become a genuine hal'd gal'ash, so education and yet so ingenious that you will feel God and still live.

The student is requested: —How does God come into that? We're talking only of ambition.

—Of course! Of various ambitions, however. You recall "All that is not Torah is vanity." This is the truth to be found at the end of every theorem, even this one —You see, the old was aristocracy, my place can only be taken. A monk, and it's power, I will not wash over it if I forget that measure as after it. But you must make me forget!

—Now we take the student, passing bold with greed —By your leave here again.

—It's a joke.

—And then I will forget you. I will forget to wash over my plane. And then, when I look back for it to happen, you will come and steal it. You will be so quiet, so shy, so ingenuous, so audience, I will never suspect you.

—A noisy saint! You want to get rid of me? It's mockery, you forget what it is to be young. In old age everything is easier, nothing comes inside you.

But nowhere, inside the student's lungs, and without the sense of his words, a cold fog shoves.

—Nothing burns? Yes, true. At the moment, for instance, I can't catch more easily than my little twelfth row. I always know a right nose.

—They say (the student is as cold now as a frozen path, all his veins are paths of ice), they say you're going to win the Nobel Prize! For literature?

—When I sleep, I dream about the great dreams of such things. Come, let me sleep my head down! I'm young, I want what you have, I want to be like you!

HOW I will interrupt the goat's story to apologize, I would not be foolish if I did not confess that I am rewriting it; I am almost making it up in my own, and that will never do for an act of plagiarism. I don't mean only that I have set it more or less in order, and taken out the march. That is only by the way. But, by sticking to what one and what the other narrated, I have broken my promise; already I have begun to hear you Boing! Oh, the goat's story was boring! Philosopher stories make excellent inhalations.

Bo, going on with my own version (I hate stories with dead bodies in them), I will spring out of paradise and invent what the old man does.

Right after saying "Let us help you cease to exist," the writer gets up and, with family dignity and bold leaps to a table covered by a cloth, which falls to the floor. He removes his cap, which the table takes him like a test. In his hands, the flaga chain, his rope makes a knot. He cuts out two words in Hebrew: *shek' shakim'* and backs out, carrying with him a large black box. It looks like a lady's bureau.

"An admiral gave me this. Only not an admirer of

our own time. A predecessor, I had it from Tikhvinichsky. The poet I present you know his work!"

"A little," says the student. He begins to wash his hands, to dry them.

"Tikhvinichsky was already dead when he brought me this," the old man continues. "One night I was alone, sitting right there—where you are now. I was reading Tikhvinichsky's most famous poem, the one to the god Apollo. And quite suddenly there was Tikhvinichsky. He disappointed me. He was a completely traditional poet, you could see right through him to the wall behind. This of course made it difficult to study his features. The wall behind—you can observe for yourself—he had a backbone, on where his nose appeared to be I could read only the title of a portrait of the Mishnah. A ghost can be seen mainly in outlines, unfortunately, something like an artist's charcoal sketch, only instead of the blackness of charcoal, it is the narrow brilliance of a very fine white light. But what he carried was palpable, even heavy—this box. I was not at all surprised, I can't tell you why. Instead, I was bewitched by the kind of picture he made against the wall behind. I wanted to take it, but I didn't. I probably thought there were words for that sort of thing, now. It remained me a little of a collage, on some kind of material superimposed an old bird which in attire different. One order of creation laid upon another. Metal on tissue. Wool on hide. In this case it was a three-dimensional weight superimposed on a line—the line, or innumerable conjugates of lines, being Tikhvinichsky's hands, ghost hands holding a real box."

The student stares at the box. He walks like a coast guard is about.

The fact is," continues the old writer, "I have never opened it. Not that I'm not an ingénue at the next mortal. Perhaps more so. But it wasn't necessary. There is something about the presence of an apparatus that satisfies all curiously forever—the deeper as well will tell you everything, and all at once. A ghost may look artistic, but there is no frame to it, no frame of art or whatever, nothing that would be called craftsmanship. It is as if something enormous had grown simply into the stuff of it. The rest is all grandeur. Or else Tikhvinichsky himself, even when alive and writing, had a certain chasmatics. This is what I myself believe. All that pantomime and earth-working! That person of the old gods of Cassan! He thickened his tongue with clay. All pantomimes are fossils. Likewise Trinitarian and Gnostics of every kind. How can a piece of creation be its own Creator?

Stif, his wife had had a pretty award. To describe it is to be obliged to ask you to recall the sound of pebble! a baby's path, only shaped into nearly normal cognitive spaces. A most pleasant consideration. He told me that he was reading me slowly to Rina and approved of my stories. He had, he assured me, a number of favorites, but best of all will be liked a quote short before the end: "A simple sketch, ready—already, and the world will not come."

—This short the Messiah is ready to come. He enters a synagogue and prepares to appear at the very moment he hears the conversation outside the "I believe." He stands there and listens, waiting to make himself visible on the last syllable of the verse I hear now in the corner of the Moshav, and even if he hears I will await his coming every day. He listens against the ark and latrine, latrine and latrine—all the time he is straining his ears. The fact is, we can hear nothing—the congregation bounces with its own talk—haha, haifiers, haifiers,

(Continued on page 158)

Did you hear the one about the traveling salesman who...

... knew four different perfect ways to pack a suitcase?

By Richard Joseph

By dead reckoning I figure that I must have packed and unpacked my bags somewhere close to 2000 times, not counting FBI fact-sheets and dialed bags. The total is based on my being out of the country an average of ten days a month, plus a fair amount of domestic travel. I've lost count of the number of years I've been Traveling. Most of this time I've been maintaining a check-in and check-out every couple of days. In addition to matches and an unavoidable sweater, all that never seems to have developed a reasonable quantity of travel know-how or pack-hack which I barelyfifteenably share.

There's no such thing as a perfect piece of luggage. I've discovered; different travel situations require different solutions, and on the few following pages I've presented four travel problems together with the wardrobe and luggage most likely to solve them. All luggage, even the most expensive, represents a compromise—if it's light it's fragile, and if it's strong it has to be relatively heavy. It takes weight to beef up suitcases to the point where they can withstand the battering of baggage handlers, humans and mechanical. And until luggage manufacturers master the art of sewing solid burl bags with steel cables, any fabric can fall victim to the likes when Temple Fielding became the transportation company known to cause those L-shaped dents in the sides of suitcases.

Lether luggage is durable, but it's not for a traveler eager with the 44-pound-per-cubic-foot U.S. air-luggage allowance. It's expensive, too, and layers of fine leather have been known to weep at their fatalities when they're used to what has happened to their beautiful bags in route. So look to the following pages for some of the most useful compression luggage I've been able to find. Meanwhile, though, remember that certain rules of good packing apply to whatever type of luggage you might be packing in.

First things to do is to spread out on a bed or the largest flat surface you can find all the clothes and accoutrements you've absolutely convinced you'll need for your trip. Second things to do is to carefully pack at least half the stuff you've assembled. One of the great travel mistakes is carrying too much stuff. At this point, the spreading-out is important. It gives you a clear view of your wardrobe and to witness your interior clothing down to comfortable minimum. Confine yourself to a couple of basic colors, black and white and your accessories. It's a good idea, too, to write a list of what you're taking along. This will help you assemble your things for packing; it will provide a checklist to assure you're not leaving anything in

hotel rooms along the way, and it might prove useful in filing a claim in case an airline loses your luggage—a situation not precisely unheard-of.

Pack shoes in the bottom of your bag—no, first, in a flat bag, so that they're actually rids on the sole of the case—but so they'll be at the bottom of the bag when it's standing up. Pack everything heavy that way, too. See the photo on page 155, which illustrates the right position for shoes, and also shows them secured in pairs of airline luggage necklaces. Or wrap them in plastic bags or ordinary cloth to keep them free of packing year critters. Instead of using shoe trees, roll your socks in your shoes to keep them in shape and save luggage space.

Should you be carrying books or anything in a breakable bottle, pull a couple of socks over the bottle, wrap the foot of the socks around the neck, then roll the bottle in underwear. It's a good way, too, to carry soiled underwear as is. And always pack breakables in the center of your luggage—padded on all sides by layers of shorts, underwear and pajamas.

If you're buying new shirts, pajamas or underwear for the trip, don't open their original plastic envelopes, but pack them just as they are. They will stay neat and the bags will be useful for repacking along the way.

To try to friends and dating relatives out of giving you one of those handsome fine leather toilet kits as a going-away gift. They're extravagant weight-wise, and I've always found it convenient to throw my travel items in one of those small leather or plastic toiletry kits or a plastic or rubberized bag.

Whatever possible, keep your toilet kit in the bag you're carrying with you on the plane. That will enable you to freshen up along the way as well as at your hotel or airport, should your check-through luggage be delayed. And do the same with your camera and film; there's always the chance that your luggage might be X-rayed. For the same reason, pull your cameras and film out of your carry-on bag and carry them through the pre-clearing security check.

One thing you're sure to find useful is a small transistor radio. It's fun to listen to local programs abroad, and tuning in on the American Forces Network, the English-language broadcasts of the Voice of America, or the BBC will often be your best means of keeping up with the news—if you want to.

And, finally, don't pack if you had you've forgotten to take something along. You're not headed for Siberia probably, as you'll be able conveniently to buy any small items you might have overlooked. And even if Siberia you can get almost anything there days. Except, maybe, the works of Alexander Solzhenitsyn.



Around the World in 44 Pounds

The problem—how to cross enough miles for a month's journey around the world under the 45-pound economy-class airline luggage allowance, with permission for hot and cold weather extremes encountered en route. No problem. The answer is simple—choose three-in-one luggage designed by *Wings* herself, a masterpiece of clever design and understated yet elegant. And meeting different people at different places, plus need no denning variety of outfit. Packed into the center of the Wings E-4 Flight Bag (\$120 per piece) at *Saks Fifth Avenue* I show luggage above is a red-and-silver business suit and light-

hat's the side pads (which you can't see because they're the opposite side) are 4 tons. I start a 3-ton sleeveless, 1/2 sport shorts. 10 knit shorts or polo shirts. 9 sets light underwear, 1 set heavy underwear, 8 sets polo, 10 sets walking shorts, 10 pairs jeans, 10 pairs trousers, folding diapers, 5 handkerchiefs. Total weight, packed bag: 28 lbs. In the Hulting Over-the-Shoulder Bag (25 lbs., \$125), above left—which looks under plane seat—on travel kit, cameras and flight, reading material. The wardrobe to wear on route, point, polka-dot, check, leaf-type shoes, and a man-size cap.



A Two-Week Caribbean Cruise

Because you've been by the same people all the time on a cruise or at a resort, you need far more choices than just the standard "one size fits all" travel packages, as do the majority of tourists. Take for example, Australia or New Zealand, where the season you arrive is the opposite of the one you're just leaving. Baggage weight is no problem; instead sleep less, but pack a lot of luggage! So onto the Fauna 32-night itinerary (13104) with refills for convenient portion-size packing: banish the wardrobe blues and pool bags, 2 pairs swim trunks, 3 pairs walking shorts, 2 lightweights pajamas and slacks, 11 sport shirts (4 short-sleeved), 3 long-sleeved shirts, 1 medium-weight pullover, 1 heavy sweater, 2 broad sailor polo, folding drybags, 2 pair pajamas, 4 pair dress socks, 10 sps. sports or crew socks, handkerchiefs, a dress belt and 3 sports belts and ladies belt. Into the established Fauna expandable duffel bag (base low, 75 sq ft smaller and larger, top left); \$85) go cameras, film and a bottle of champagne for the bio-waste party. The duffel is useful, so, for packing your acquisitions together for Customs, as well as for packing your acquisitions together for Customs.



A One-Week or Two-Week Ski Vacation

Skiing in South America, New Zealand and Australia begins just about when the ski season is ending in Europe and North America and the same basic outfit will serve you well wherever and whenever you go and however long you want to be there. Join the Louis Vuitton Carry-On Fold-Over Case-Sitter (1115), shown hanging above, we've packed a parka and ski pants, business suit, belt and 2 ties. (Apologies again to *Esquire* for repeats, but everyone goes to the same ski resort at least once.) Clothing pieces were all given the "lightweight" treatment. Clothing choices: Zermatt or Davos. Hot shorts, given in a pocket on the other side of the bag, are 6 oz. light underwear, 2 shirts, 3 sport shirts, 2 scarves, and handker-

chiefs. Into the matching Vuitton duffel (1110) go skis and snowboard boots, 5 pr. ski socks, ski gloves, mittens, ski cap, bobby sweater, light sweater, 3 sets thermal underwear or long johns, robe, folding shavers, 2 pr. pajamas, swim trunks and toilet kit. Duffel bag weighs 26 lbs. all packed; the Carry-on Fold-Over Case-Sitter, 17 lbs.—total luggage weight, 43 lbs. Skis and poles go into matching Vuitton ski case (1112). Vuitton's was the only skid-ski bag combination that year we can find. These are very sensible bags for the apartment and packing boots with skin would make luggage much heavier. Traveling outfit shown on page 130 completes wardrobe.



A Fortnight of European Luxury

Even luggage-limited economy air travelers can pack their 40-pound allowances. The Citation-Mack Three-Sister Roll-Away, above (1119), has a unique packing arrangement. Into the right side we put two business suits. Trouser legs fit first and lay out straight along the crease, then the jackets over them. The trouser legs fold over the jackets and it provides spare luggage space for packing purchases on the return flight. (Citations will look mighty fine when you're wearing those suits.) The middle bag has two hanger-type rollers on bottom and a detachable strap for holding in protective insulation. All other bags on this and the three preceding pages are from Saks Fifth Avenue.

Cry, The Beloved Country Ham

by James Villas

How the Pig Conglomerate wants to off your taste

What you're looking at is a genuine Southern country ham No. 9, cut a Smithfield or a St. Louis or a Westphalian or a dozen other names fancy hams often spotted in meat shops of prepped up elegantly in silver racks at both American and European fairs. Just plain old country ham right off the farm, salt-cured, uncured, unsmoked, naturally dry-aged with plenty of ugly surface mold, and unforgettable delicious. Unless you've raised in the South or spent lots of time there, I doubt if you've ever tasted country ham like this, or any of all. And even if, like myself, you did grow up in the South and did develop from childhood an everlasting passion for the mouth-watering stuff, more than likely most of those years, finding today in the supermarket, butchershop, and just about every Southern supermarket, and not this rare type of ham I recently learned out of the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina.

Well, you'd better take a good look, for not only are year choices of ever tasting good country ham dwindling day by day, but in all likelihood you won't even be able to find one like the ten years from now.

Some of America's most adept industrial butchers, namely the technology hackers, have been putting in overtime and doing a better job than ever, gradually transforming every recognizable item in our meaty diet, including a number of this country's most respected regional products. The exact identity of these culinary wrecks is not easy to pinpoint, but you can be sure that among the villains are the food engineers associated with big-league food manufacturers and agricultural "extension services" at major universities, state inspection agen-

cies, and, of course, the officials at the U.S.D.A. Together they help form a conglomerate that not only controls competition but decides at an unprecedented rate what we eat and cannot eat.

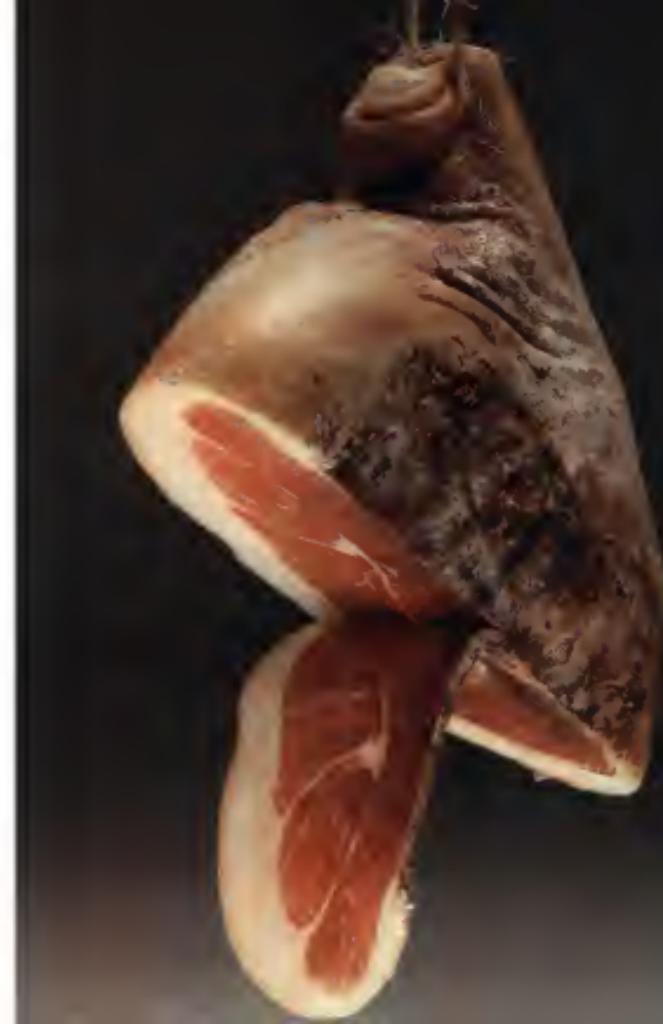
Until fairly recently, the success of this conglomerate has revolved primarily around the technological production of staple foodstuffs. Things like processed meats marinated with nitrites, nitrates, and God-knows-what—other preservatives, artificially ripened fruit and uniformly colored vegetables, plastic cheeses; imitation margarine and other non-dairy milk products; synthetic sweeteners, flavorings, sweeteners, and all the other mass people have been conditioned to eat. A few manufacturers, such as General Mills and Miles Laboratories, have even specialized in factory-made ham, hamsters, and hot dogs, respectively, and reluctantly, not yet to leave kitchen freezers at the exact extent to which the quality of their product has been influenced by new state and Federal regulations. Sadly enough, my findings confirmed much of what I feared to be true, and, at least at this point, I have every reason to believe that if the U.S.D.A. succeeds in issuing the standard, any future possibility of enjoying authentic country ham is about as remote as the areas where it's produced.

So when did all the action start, and how was the problem created not of local? Back in the Fifties and early Sixties, when small processors were last left alone to raise hams, process them own meat, their cure and all according to generations-old practices, we had plenty of good ham. The shanks, tightly packed and hung up in a smokehouse or basement, were mighty, strongly colored by any number of spices, full of mellowness from curing and long natural aging, and by no stretch of the imagination pretty.

These were not bad enough already, none of us with any gastronomic pride whatsoever can afford to tolerate this form of radical, treacherous exploitation.

Well, I'm proposing to country ham in everyday Sausage rolls like, when I learned that the U.S.D.A., in close association with other powers, has been on the verge of issuing a standard for *cured country ham* (or, in the official terminology, ham labeled "country"), I got my hands an copies of the department's original 1971 and revised 1973 proposals, both of which produced a sort of gustatory shock. Once I'd acquired the expertise necessary to decipher and analyze the various anomalies in the documents, I wrote letters, made phone calls, asked a million questions, but never of who, never received an answer, and reluctantly set out to learn firsthand from processors the exact extent to which the quality of their product has been influenced by new state and Federal regulations. Sadly enough, my findings confirmed much of what I feared to be true, and, at least at this point, I have every reason to believe that if the U.S.D.A. succeeds in issuing the standard, any future possibility of enjoying authentic country ham is about as remote as the areas where it's produced.

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Photographed by Michael Tchernoff

No one in his right mind ever boiled a properly cured, well-aged ham to get rid of the skunk-like bacon flavor. You just cut off a thick slab for breakfast, throw it in a skillet for a couple of minutes, then make reuben gravy by adding a little water or coffee to the drippings on the pan. No one ever thought about whether or not such delicious ham had passed rigid inspections, so no one to my knowledge ever conducted a case of trichinosis. In fact, probably the only thing that worried anybody in both urban and rural areas was whether this or that farmer had had the time and money during the preceding year to furnish all his customers with a filet mignon to twenty-pound hams.

In the mid-Fifties, what had always been a small business based generally on personal transactions between farmers and regular citizens began developing into a multi-level technological enterprise. No doubt you could still find genuine country hams without much trouble, but if because pretty obvious is real ham lovers that the thinly sliced, under-aged, processed variety creeping into supermarkets spelled out nothing but trouble. Although few people had heard of, much less kept up with, the growth of university food-sciences departments or the projects of large packing houses, it's for sure that by the early Sixties these houses were in full swing, the first trying to teach farmers how to dry, smoke, vinegar and cure a sizable profit, and the second capitalizing on whatever increasing demands certain farmers might have been encouraged to make for them (Frank) hams.

A few years later, all small producers were hit hard by the passing of the Wholesome Meat Act, designed in 1967 by the multi-million-dollar Agriculture Department to "protect consumers from contaminated or misbranded meat marketed by plants operating exclusively within the states" and not subject to Federal inspection. Although predictably, this program has recently proved to have been basically ineffective, it nevertheless succeeded in placing large, often modern meat plants at a clear advantage over the farmer, and established corporate like Armour in market and popularity, with maximum interference, more and more streamlined hams—or, according to the package label, "country-style" or "country-hams" hams. It seems that almost everybody had a piece

of the action—everybody, that is, except the farmer, who were often that far in the depths of the skunk-like bacon flavor. You just cut off a thick slab for breakfast, throw it in a skillet for a couple of minutes, then make reuben gravy by adding a little water or coffee to the drippings on the pan. No one ever thought about whether or not such delicious ham had passed rigid inspections, so no one to my knowledge ever conducted a case of trichinosis. In fact, probably the only

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The inevitable U.S.D.A. proposal to issue a standard for country ham, I mean "country"—the term hereafter in quotes—"ham and pork shoulder" was entered in the Federal Register on July 18, 1974. It came as no surprise that the proposal was a "group of proposed procedures in North Carolina" and that most preliminary information on processing practices came not only from those curing out hams, but from universities, state agencies, and trade organizations. ("We still a little baffled by that last one but take it to mean supermarket.") After wading through all the well-worn hullabaloo about the deceptive labeling of ham and the politicians' concern for consumer interests, I finally hit upon this short but key sentence: "The proposed standard of identity for these pack products would classify the word 'country' as a generic term to indicate the type of product and not the location where produced."

To get a clearer idea of the conglomerate's power over small food producers, let's consider a few facts. Food scientists at state-university extension services claim that their primary function is to help the farmer, or, as John A. Charlton, administrative coordinator of the Food Science Extension at North Carolina State University at Raleigh, told me, "to help [producers] a high-quality product with good consumer acceptance at as low a cost as possible in the marketplace" (whatever that means). Perhaps this is true, perhaps their overall intentions are indeed honest, but it so happens that over the past twenty years (the period during which such services have been developed) as less than two million family farms have disappeared from the face of the nation, while the production costs of those still functioning have risen one hundred twenty-five percent. This means that in the present situation, by one United States agency that today food manufacturers are driving small farmers out of business at the rate of a thousand per week, and that the major corporations are in a position to control not only what the farmer produces but also his access to the market and the prices he receives.

I added to this the determination of the industry to turn out more and more sterilized foods, the willingness of most consumers to be conditioned to eat and every insulated item, the tendency of the Agriculture Department to approve for labeling hams that are processed with salt and cured and dried, or cured, dried, and smoked, without regard to the location of the processing facility or to specific curing and aging times and conditions." (Continued on page 212)

Memoirs of a Nearsighted Spy

by Helen Lawrence

With a little help from her friends, she could have prevented World War II... maybe



Comics artist at the end of the Santa Lucia, July 1, 1936, taking off to South America on her first big assignment.

There was a period in my life when several people thought I would make a great spy. The first time that was mentioned, I was appalled.

A man I knew called me and said it was important that I meet him at the Washington Square Arch in Greenwich Village, because there was something he could not discuss over the telephone. His tone was so urgent that I was curious, and I went. My friend was with another man who looked like an old gypsy master. The issue said he was going to give me an opportunity to serve my country. It seemed there was a man living in the Adams Hotel, a West Side hotel on Broadway, who was believed to be the head of American Trotskyism, that along with his wife was living in Mexico, and his followers here. That man should take a room on the same floor, strike up an acquaintance, put into the lush man's room and possibly, when he was not looking, steal his secret papers. I burst out laughing. "You must be crazy," I said. "For one thing, I'm not going to knock around a hotel trying to pick up some character. I'm no good as a lurker. For another, I'm blind as a bat. I'd probably steal his laundry list. Who ever heard of a burglarized

spy?" I convinced them it was a terrible idea and that was that.

However, in the Spring of 1938 I received an approach from another courier, a cross-dressed interloper in want the ninth floor of Communist Party headquarters on East Thirteenth Street. I was not a Party member but I certainly was close, and when anyone said "with due respect" I knew it meant top officials. The Spanish Civil War was still going on, and I felt more strongly about it than about any other international event before or since, as I would have done almost anything to help those who in my opinion were on the side of the angels. I turned out that what they wanted me to do was to go to Mexico, I landed chafly with a Venezuelan. I was to know one of Trotsky's bodyguards and to tell him that we were relatives in Venezuela. I was to pretend that this was secretly an intimate bond and say, "I had been divorced for two years, with my second husband married to his third wife, but Trotsky learned and made the shrewdly impulsive comment that it didn't matter because all American women were frigid, pronouncing the last word with a

hard "n"). He wanted to know if I could go to South America and get more information for them. I said I had never been there, would like to do it, and he was sure I could arrange a trip to write several articles for various glossy magazines. What information was it he would like me to get? His reply made me say: "We want you to survey the canals in the south of Chile from a strategic military point of view." I gulped. When I started to parry that I wasn't exactly qualified for this kind of task, he interrupted: "These canals could be very important in another world war was in the 1914-1918 war an entire German squadron had them—'What were they doing during the south of Chile?' The war was won just five thousand miles away," Patiently he explained: Vice-Admiral Graf von Spee's East Asiatic Cruiser Squadron of the Imperial German Navy used the canals as a base, shipping out to attack British ships en route to Argentina for wheat and meat, and at one time capturing a British fleet and shattering it. In the next war, Ricky and the nation that controlled those canals would have a strong military advantage. I told him I believed him but I didn't think I was the right person to investigate. "You will be," he said. "Besides, we don't have anyone else."

I agreed to write an article for Von Spee's *Booster* and *El Comercio*, and those gentlemen assured me free passage on *Cross-Lake*. Ships Howard M. Harbach gave me letters of introduction to several American ambassadors and also got his friend Gordon Hartshouser, president and director of the National City Bank of New York, to certify the bank's managers in various South American cities to give me every assistance, while Armando Zegarr, a Chilean journalist, gave me letters to friends in Santiago, and John Wheeler, head of the North American Newspaper Alliance syndicate, wrote me a To Whom It May Concern letter of accreditation. No one had an inkling of the true purpose of my trip, except Ricky and his associates, who were unable to give me a single name or lead—with the exception of Chile, where the Communist Party was legal—because they had lost all their contacts through the brutal police-state repression of military dictators. They wanted me to track down, if possible, any underground communists groups and report their names to the *Booster* (Gordon Hartshouser) directorate of the coefficient. Ricky took me to write an end-to-a-woman named Oiga in Coron Island. I had to memorize her address and then destroy it. I was going cold into the unknown and I suppose I should have been apprehensive, but I'm afraid I took a rather hasty attitude, and I sailed blithely off on the *Santa Lucia* on July 2, 1958, thinking that if my fellow passengers only knew what I was up to, they would be reading each other and whispering, "Who is that beautiful international spy?"

I soon was on friendly terms with the most spectacular of the first-class passengers, Colonel Ricardo Astudillo de Rivas, president of his country's railroad, who had been to North America to buy second-hand locomotives. He was over six feet, looked like a cross between Wallace Beery and Victor McLaglen, and was a full-blooded Quechua Indian, known to his countrymen as El Macho (because, so they said, he had three balls), a hero of border wars, former Secretary of War, of the Navy and Aviation, of Public Works, of Education, and the Premier of Cusco, all titles or less than a decade apart. He had been adopted as a small boy by a white Ecuadorian landowner who gave him his own name and sent him to school, unashamed of the general run of swindled, poverty-stricken Quechuas, descendants of the Incas.

If I had any notion of traveling incognitoously, it was dispelled at the first port, Callao, where I was not especially probably selected by the Cross-Lake publicity department. This was to be the pattern along the way—a front-page article, photographs, interviews, in *Cross-Lake*, *Booster*, *El Comercio*, *Santa Lucia*. All these I was considered newsworthy because I had written *Latin American Letters*, one might have expected hostility from the press, but instead the coverage was hardly sputtering: "Not only is she young and good-looking, but she has a magnetic personality and is extraordinarily quick on the trigger...." She's that quality that is indelicately something which causes a man, even when out with his wife or the Number One Girl Friend, to stop dead in his tracks and drop..." Naturally, I lapped it up, but I also considered that it established my cover.

Colonel Astudillo was met by Colonel Olmedo Alfaro, *Booster*'s general manager and, instead of going through the canal on the ship, the three of us crossed the isthmus by train to Panama City, where Alfaro had arranged for us an audience with President Arbenz, followed by a walk back on the beach to the government and then on to a dinner at the military barracks. At the 1961 *Booster* and the *Santa Lucia*, under with a drive into the countryside, past banana trees in bloom and acres of yellow frangipani, to see the ocean and a pile of old ships where, so informed us, came Balboa once upon a time, exclaiming, "How pretty are your waters!" When we returned to Panama City, the newspapers were out, proclaiming my arrival, as a result of which an ex-president, Harnecio Arana (in Panama every third president is named Arana, or so it seems), gave a champagne supper in my honor in a local grogshop somewhat inauspiciously called the Balboa Bay Garden. He had practically assumed a special status of congress, and I was the only woman among thirty-six men. The various senators and congressmen kept leaping to their feet to propose gallant insults, the gist of which was how much my visit was going to further the cause of international goodwill. The sugar ended on this high diplomatic note, and Astudillo and I took a taxi to the airport, rejoining the ship the next day. (Astudillo's reason later when I returned to Panama to do a piece for *Booster* the telephone rang in my suite at the El Paseo Hotel and a male voice said, "The last time you were in Panama I was a little boy. But now I am grown up and I would like to meet you." It was Harnecio Arana's son. I didn't see him, but I like to think that I had become a family legend.)

Astudillo left the ship at the lonely, glistening port of Guayaquil. I went ashore with him and he introduced me to a group of railroad executives, one of whom communally presented me with a complete set of Ecuadorian railway timetables, something I had always wanted. We also visited the navy, which at that time consisted of two ships. I inspected only the flagship, the *Eloy Alfaro*, formerly an American millionaire's yacht. The whole crew was lined up at attention when we came on board, and the officers, who were very handsome, took me to the lounge, where they gave me with champagne and cookies, played their jazz records, and kept trying to show away the crew, who were peering in the portholes and windows of *El Macho*. Although I hadn't planned to carry information from this naval personnel, I finally read a "Dear Oiga" letter, the first and the last, before Astudillo took me back to the ship. He wanted me to give him

my contraceptive diaphragm so he could have it copied and introduce it to us among the Indians. I refused this last opportunity to control the Ecuadorian江山, reluctantly insisting that I might need it on the rest of my trip, on sites that sent the colonel into such a snit that I promised I would snap off on my return voyage.

There were dailies on shipboard without him. The best port was in Peru, where we didn't stay long enough for me to do my Mata Hari impersonation, which was just as well because Peru was one of the worst of the military dictatorships, with the infamous distinction of having pioneered in the Americas the use of electric-shock torture as a method of political prisoners. All court opposition to the regime had been crushed, and a United States ambassador who happened to mention the word democracy in a radio speech was promptly cut off the air, without his knowledge, so that he went on and finished his speech but nobody in Peru heard him. I learned this much over piano rooms at the San Isidro Country Club in Lima, where my informant, a journalist, was careful to keep his voice low, so Peruvian men was considered a dangerous radical if he thought people ought to have the freedom to practice his profession, or possibly he need not mean peasants or workers but just the middle class.

In Arica, our first Chilean port, we took on a few special passengers: an American ambassador and some rich Chileans with whom he had been deep-sea fishing. They were all very drunk and remained as that state the rest of the voyage, so I didn't present my letter from Sarah Dillen I did so late in Santiago, and attended a party at an embassy, where the ambassador's wife, a blonde, was very attractive and I gathered it was obvious. His attitude toward Chileans, with the exception of a few mestizos, was one of condescension and patronizing condescension, as was that of the National City Bank manager and also the latter's wife (I went to a bridge party with her, all North American women, where the idea of initiating conversation was to discuss how ignorant and stupid the "natives" were). I found that to be a prevalent attitude among our diplomatic representatives throughout Latin America. The last thing is the world they were interested in, or knew anything about, was the welfare of the common people in the countries to which they were accredited. Their chief aim was to bolster the fascist few, nor can I say today that our policy has improved much in the last quarter century, especially in view of the changes already with which we recognize the present Cuban junta, another sharing sense of world call "the free world," meaning "safe for business." (Any plunder of South America is modern times—and the methods we have condoned, or condoned at, in order to achieve that—means the conquistadores look like the Salvation Army.)

I spent a total of five weeks in Chile. The *Santa Lucia*

docked at Valparaiso eighteen days after we left New York, and if it had been one more day I would have jumped overboard, I was so bored with the cruise passengers.

I took the train to Santiago and checked in at the Hotel Plaza. I was returning for some action.

I didn't even wait to grab my seat west on the *El Macho*. As a consequence, caught a newspaper I could see was Castroist, looked up the address on the masthead, hailed a taxi and told the driver to take me there: "Casa roja?" he said, which is a Chilean phrase meaning, "Why not?" used as response to practically everything. (Ask a waiter to bring you coffee and he says, "Why not?" Tell him 200 peso your bill and he says, "Why not?" Remark that it's a beautiful day and he says, "Why not?") In contrast to the seafaring shipboard life, the effect of dry land was energizing that I galloped around Santiago that first day as if I were bringing the news from Genghis to Aix. At Command headquarters I asked for the two men whose names Ricky had given me. It turned out one was a sailor, the other a steward, and congress was in session, but that didn't stop me from west there, managed to talk my way through an internal, male as an interview for another meeting, and left them bemused. There were (although I obviously endorsed myself to Curtis Crenshaw, who was also head of the Communist Party, when he asked me if I was a Party member and I replied, "No, pero soy muy simpatique," thinking I was saying that I was sympathetic, but actually meant, "No, but I am very charming"). It was still afternoon when I left the parliament building, so I had a quick lunch in a café and took another to the Hotel a



Man at work, hoping to hear a military secret from Col. Ricardo Astudillo, president of Ecuador's railroad

newspaper in opposition to the government, which I failed to locate but had been told was the Chilean Central government in New York and their ambassador in Washington), to whom I had a letter of introduction. He was a swarthy, burly man, with jowls that suggested a perpetual hangover. We chatted awhile and he asked me to have dinner with him that evening. I left his office, couldn't find a taxi, had no map and no idea where I was, except that it was a long way from the Rita, and, after walking around for an hour, realized that I was completely lost. Some guy! It was after six and already dark—July in winter in Chile—so in desperation I walked up to a house and rang the bell. The family was at one but when I explained my predicament they insisted that their little boy would take me back to his hotel, which he did—a long trolley ride for which he wouldn't let me pay—and delivered me at the Rita as seven-thirty. I dashed to my room and changed for dinner, supping Arica in my monkey. There I sat and waited. When it got to nearly ten o'clock, I decided I was either stuck up or else that had come before. I returned to the hotel. I was standing in the lobby when the phone rang. Astudillo was in the lobby. He hadn't mentioned any hour and I didn't know that dinner in Chile, for these (Continued on page 197)



ROME ON A SUITCASE

You have seen elsewhere how to pack a bag. Now here's what comes out of it to see you fashionably through a week of business and pleasure in Rome this spring. First, for a travel outfit that's really comfortable yet stylish enough to get you differential treatment from the most hassled doormen, wear this polyester-and-cotton galorelike shirt-suit (\$118) and polyester shirt (\$49) by Barney Simson. That Handicraft scarf is perfectly acceptable for two of these days. The expandable bag that holds a week's wardrobe within eight-tenths of a cubic foot is from Hunting World (\$22.95); it is the handy travel case.



The one coat to take with you is the all-purpose raincoat. This one, by Moustard, is for Peter Gunn's Closet (\$116), has everything going for it. It is made of rubberized-powdered cotton, which covers the coat's edges. The belt is adjustable, so you can cinch it at the waistline without ever losing your luggage-powderface but also makes for easy walking. And its double-breasted trench-coat styling makes it handsome enough to go anywhere, rain or shine. You'll look best wearing it with the collar turned up and the belt tied. The casual gabardine trench (\$70) by Giannelli, and the designer umbrella is from Cade Palazzoli.



For versatility that stretches the sartorial, look to the opposite page. The lightweight wool-blend windowpane sport coat (\$110) and wool-flannel trousers (\$40) are by Larry Kane for Raffies Wear. The sleeveless sweater (\$22) is by Giorgio Armani. For a dressier look, skip the sweater; for more casual interests, go without the jacket. The briefcase (\$50) is by Cacci, and the tie by Rooster. On this page, it's a great lightweight suit that will hang out in the minister no matter how crushed it gets, thanks to crepe, one of the newest and most practical fabrics on the men's wear scene. The ventless wool-crepe suit (\$325), button-down cotton shirt (\$40) and wool-challis tie are by Dior. Glasses by Riviera.



The Caffè Greco on the Via Condotti is the smart place to hang out, and there are still cool clothes to do it in. Seen here are a grey, blue and white basket-weave-wool crew-neck sweater (\$160), cream wool-gabardine slacks (\$72), cream cotton shirt (\$37), and light-blue knitted scarf, all by Pierre Balmain. Featured opposite are Jagger's lightweight wool crew-neck sweater (\$140) and cream gabardine slacks (\$92), with a brown silk patterned shirt (\$88) by Pucci and a brown pin-dot scarf from Asics. With either outfit, you can toss on a jacket and be all set for the evening.





For sleepwear as deluxe in your room at the Hassler, take along the Alexander Shelds silk-blend travel pajamas (\$59) and matching robe (\$45) on the opposite page. The silk-leather slippers are by L. B. Evans (\$13). Finally, for the traditional end to any stay in Rome, turn up at the Terri Fornaci in a traditional style; a navy blazer suit by John Weitz for Palm Beach (\$60). It's the perfect travel suit, in a polyester that scarcely wrinkles, hangs out in no time and allows you to dress up or down, depending on your accessories. Here, we show it with a white-on-white cotton shirt by Individualized Shirts (\$25) and a patterned silk tie by Giesanelli (\$18).

MEAN MOTHERS WITH DIRTY FACES

(Continued from page 812)

Most SEALs can do a Brad Look that is the greatest article, something happens around the eyes or mouth that cannot be learned easily like being prude, and probably not even that way. Not all of the younger guys have it down, but with the two shorts, Schae and Shady Ed, it is the kind of currency you can spend anywhere in the world. They're a few bidders and check-writers with that look. It's not a much threat as anything.

How does that strike them? Do they have much use for people outside their group? Theirs' some hesitation, partly because the older guys seem to reflect on it. "I don't know," Schae says, says Gabe Tasse. "We don't really care. I mean, I live in a neighborhood like a lot of married guys, but who like the hell wants to hear some sleeve tellin' you about how he put a marble top on his coffee talk?" A sleeve, by the way, is an old Navy term for the upper echelons of a certain part of the fleet auxiliary with a pea-coat sleeve. "We're doing things that are important," Camp says. "I got out like some of the older guys, but I couldn't kick the biseons. It's the Team that matters to us."

"I think there's a kind of mentality there," Baker likes to believe. "I've seen that was a good term."

"Coming back to the barracks after a trip," Schae says, "we like seeing home."

"I went back to Nebraska on leave," says Camp. "I came home. I wouldn't make it click. Everybody wants to hear treasured-kid stories."

So you guys party mostly together? "Yeah," somebody says. "We had a party for Jerry not long ago. Started our own campaign against the wall of the R.E.M. album."

Whack Jerry?

"Jerry," says Tasse, "is on that Green SEAL Team in the sky. His chute didn't open. We each leave a hand-made book in our will so the team can have a party. We sign it. Sign your name, and then, um, write, we'll just drop 'cause we had to have wanted it that way."

"We're mostly percent poets," Tasse says, "and two percent I don't know what. I guess... I guess... guys you wouldn't normally be with us, except there were some of the best. That may not be the best expression or name or jumpers, but there's something on their heads makes them SEALs."

I've been hearing about the K-Bar knife since I got to Norfolk, and about sharp-edged razors and blades with serrated edges, never heard of cutlasses or sabers of Vikings, and apparently as much a part of the SEAL culture as the Boles during which I saw a SEAL document framed and mounted which described the SEAL from several points of view. As seen by Blasius. A tall, balding, slightly balding, professed killer, friend, son, nephew, and shadow-walking, X-Bar-knife-carrying, prideless who is always in time due to the re-

liability of his Rolex watch." Only SEALs and UDTs get the K-Bar knife, other cutts trade for them or buy them. I am sure the guys don't like a lame Boles knife. "It's not that I used a knife," somebody says. "But people think it's primitive." "Other people can get 'em," Susan says. "We've got to, man."

For looking for a happier subject, Tasse says you would want to be anything else, like, maybe... life. What about the mastership restaurant, maybe the Civil War wasn't so... Jaded? Everybody talks of even "Help me kid," Schae says. Otherwise "Yeah, soldier," "Giddy," "Indie," "Friggin' f---ed," "F---ed."

With all that new, in fact encouraging, I have one more question about training in hand-to-hand combat. "We didn't get much beyond basics," says Tasse. "Some of the guys got into it themselves, just like some of us get into alimony and other stuff. As far as straightforward fighting, I'm concerned, we usually stick to the basic weapons—beer bottles, pool cues."

I remember when I first heard of the SEALs, back around 1982, when President Kennedy was getting the attention for starting the Cuban Missile Crisis. And Special Forces, the Marines and Corps, the Air Force had SEALs, and I've survived the Coast Guard didn't ask for anything. I was recruited and, wanting with a friend through the bus to Daytona Beach, Key West, was one of those other dreary, waniganian places. We heard something and stopped. Along the road came a group of running men wearing shorts and combat boots. They were carrying large sticks and shouting. "Get off!" "Get off!" I asked, "What's going on?"

"Everyone here has a week and strong penis. For me a week paid off every time. They got in my pool and I had to swim dolphin-style, with hands and feet tied, for fifteen minutes. Then I had to swim across the beach, with my wife and my grandmother. And she had, they weren't making it up, but I figured I had enough."

"When you quit they do a thing called Chincoteague Hop. You have to go to the water, you have to take off your shirt in front of the other mothers, and hit like hell bell three times. That gives you time to reconsider if I didn't."

Captain Newman Olson is operations officer for the Naval Underwater Warfare Command and a SEAL himself. "Personally the UDTs and SEALs are the same animal. Some UDTs don't want to be SEALs. Maybe there's an element of protection in the water. SEALs leave the water and operate on land, in tunnels, and above-mean platforms or similar units."

"There's something like 50 to seventy-five prevent stations in DUDS. I wouldn't say it's mostly prevent material even though it seems physical. It's hard to come up with a precise test to find out what guys can make it, though we try. We do want to prevent many training guys who'll drop out, but it's hard to tell. You've got to understand the animal. If you test

veteranized I dropped out in Phase One, which is mostly physical and mental conditioning. Phase Two is demolition and Phase Three is diving."

"For a while I had the motivation. Before our house would have been sold, I had a little boy there. Michael, now, my brother, still like that. We had WARM parties with kerosene-stained kimonos. I'd hear the marks staves, like the one about the SEALs coming into a club in Hobart Bay where there were a lot of Marines, moonshaking, and shooting. He'd tell me the story and the SEALs stood off their people, then took holes out of their glasses, cheered and cheered them."

"You can't deny those guys have got game. They're here on the East Coast, in the middle of the desert, in the history of the Navy, and you gotta figure they can't be crated for half the stuff they do. There are rumors about Ops in Red China, but I doubt it. Anyway, there are shafts around here with everything on their charts but narratives. But I'm not gonna tell that. I'd never be that tactic with a bunch of guys again. But, as the saying goes, 'When you quit, you're shot,' and I quit."

Partly it was because of my own directly sexual. There were people in jail, political developments that made me wonder about the nature of a SEAL. I'm not gonna tell that either, but I remember running literally naked and running the barracks. Naturally you figure you're gonna stop. God, you want to stop. Then run as right past for fifteen miles. That's how they find out if you can hook it. Once a week, I had to do that, too."

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them, most will break their belts for you to prove themselves.

"A gathering of guys took the Silver Mind Control course to understand pens better. I took it too and it helped me relax, but I found I'd rather keep it to myself."

The Silver Mind Control course is based on techniques that teach one to reach at will states of consciousness other than normal wakefulness. The alpha state—where alpha brain waves move most rapidly—is often associated with REM sleep. Deeply relaxed, meditative, and creative, and, according to the school's publicity, can make latent to reach that state quickly by simply sitting down into it. Graduates can profit being able to diagnose diseases in people who don't feel ill, and can also be provided with various self-healing skills. What does one need is that Silver-trained people can reach the alpha state at will, and can cash in on the advantages to begin with. When a V.C. entering the training alpha state has little to regain full consciousness in seconds.

"You get some sensing rooms, like Goldilocks," O'Brien explained. "They said he never walk after his third room. He went and went back for a fourth." On First Floor Petty Officer C. E. Thomas, who has been at SEAL since mid-80s, went through jump school in his late Twenties, broke his leg, and didn't take anything until he'd made three more jumps.

"They provide a tremendous anal training. They push you first in for signs, afterwards. They float out, feel where the buoyancy are, the buoy. On the other hand, one could sit up in public if there's no war he tends to get in trouble. He could go in for a beer and start counting the people in the bar. When the bar finds they're heroes, then if he's perceived they can be treated like heroes."

"You've got to keep them active, but you don't belittle them with physical training. They want to know where they stand. Like, how many times can I swim or should I swim all over them. They test officers. They test everything—always. They're because there are few frontiers, they have to find them."

"They're clever and suspicious, I inserted. They protect their leaders even when they're wrong, which is frustrating because we have leave too. A chief told me he looked up the word psychopath and that's what we were. A majority of leaders on that. Major [John] McNamee, he was a good guy for the form comms. I like the whole thing of bringing peace and happiness."

"When Vietnam came into our own, the SEALs did basically what the V.C. were doing—taught them on their own terms and better. We leave when they're ready and set up their own bases, sleep over it, have a funeral. We've had our SEALs do things a helluva bunch of times. They enjoy combat."

O'Brien's reference to a funeral reminded me of an anecdote I heard elsewhere. The SEALs set a V.C. lead-

er. Then their intelligence told them where and when the forward would be. They arrived in a sharper gunboat and killed several other high V.C. officers from the air and later as the ground.

"They may not be the strongest family, but they're the most intelligent, the most perceptive, some pretty bizarre, but also some odd interveins. The singles may be the best operators. It's probably the closest men ever come to one another. I should also say that most, if not all, have the Shaky do we, the civilian life. I wouldn't say a group of SEALs could shake up in the business world."

Intelligence Commander Gandy is one

of the commanding officer of SEAL. Team Two, Commander Tarbox is in charge of the SEALs. He and his staff and me are provided with various self-healing skills. What does one need is that Silver-trained people can reach the alpha state at will, and can cash in on the advantages to begin with. When a V.C. entering the training alpha state has little to regain full consciousness in seconds.

"We're an assassination," Gandy told me. "We don't use much technology, just individual and team effort."

"They learn to place the pain receiver. You can't feel pain. You can't feel any pain. For us it was easier to damage and nothing more than that, but I did it." Tarbox is built like a tank, an exception among SEALs, who are mostly very slim.

For example the pain barrier was placed around the head, and he eventually found himself in Asia, seeking through several hundred meters of sand in two hours. "We all made it, and in the training paid off."

"There's hardly anything you can't learn to do in SEAL. That's after you've been trained once after rating. We've done a lot of old ideas."

"Sometimes people make it, but they don't stay long. Grossassessors we have to see a guy who even forget he's a SEAL."

"It's not always a definition. "Real SEALs are alpha. There's a term used by people who study animals: Alpha are the undisputed leaders of the animal world; the ones who dominate the others."

"I'm on my way to meet most of the alpha of the SEAL Club. Back in base, friendly around the Brothers Alliance on the box. Here's a table of SEALs: Nasty Ed, Schlesman, Rhodes, some new guys. One of the powe... and some old ones. And when they're talking in "Hey, there, boy, you?" somebody says, "you just bought a round blouse, bring as another round on the shore here."

"Bastard real names is Janista, a mid-always passenger of the Stoltzki boat. He's a big, burly, well-groomed man, about four feet six inches, good with his old ears at it."

This segue to some competitive talk about whoring in Crete, the burgeoning bigamists thereof, and Stoltzki, a black SEAL, who when he says "What you think?" he means "What you think?" and "I'm a tordo over there, but you was so nutty that when she was a child they had to bring a pack shop round her neck to get the dog to play with her."

More talk, most of which would make a copy of Ms. barefaced names

of us look without a smile, which it probably never would. "I like it with these as top," says Stoltzki. "The old lady has just come in." "You gotta let 'em have some freedom."

The drawks are coming fast and that's the way it is. The SEALs are the far-rightest of the right, apparently a healthy lot of talk about Islam and morale ours. The old guys are more mumbley, the younger ones sometimes get more brash into a situation than Paul gets names from his book. And there's Stoltzki, says Oliver. "Oliver has done some kind of violence there is, except maybe a carnel?" "Yeah," Stoltzki says, "but I had a carnel!"

A black male walks by in tank drivers, goes past, but the rest. "Hey, sleeve," says O'Brien, smiling, "he's your brother." Stoltzki gives a short, sharp laugh and says, "All right, brother." "Take another one," O'Brien says, and everybody laughs.

I ask O'Brien why there aren't more black SEALs. "For some reason not enough blacks seem to want to become SEALs. Some of the reasons of the leadership is weaker. Besides, if you can learn to take that much shit from white folks, you're more SEAL when you get through than black."

Long time you joined in and I ask if he's been to the SEALs. "That's different. It's pretty weird. I feel close to the Team SEAL. I just moved out from my old home and back in the barracks. I'll tell you something else. Used to be shaggy could get to me, now, now, or whatever. Nah, they got to me."

"It's not for me to meet it. (gig) Bob Mabry, who is in the SEALs, the officer. We are to watch a vigilante hunting operation. I met Mabry at the Officers' Club. He invited me to sit at his table and has a brief intro session with another SEAL at the table. He is a SEAL and is a lot of fun, for another raccoon and says, "You must have done all right. Nasty Ed said you had full dreams, and in Navy what you get a full shot?" I'm embarrassed at how much the sergeant gives me.

"Like, I'm a SEAL and I'm a SEAL and the books, most has already in my mind. That's a full moon and we are the book which should be disappear SEALs. The drill is to never understand, get into the SEALs, change to commanding officer, and for some kind of selected strike force."

We should be able to see them now though, but we can't. Maybe they're still lying low beyond the boundaries. We decide to go down the beach and look for signs. After a hundred yards or so, we see a small, dark, flat object on the sand. "That's a shell," Tarbox says. "It's a bomb and trash." "It's where the book is gone." "Sometimes they come in too fast to diagnose traps, but if they do a quick sweep over you can't tell how many. They may be up there now."

We walk as quickly as possible into the bushes. About ten feet is what we step into.

"A few feet away we have a stack of steel, probably a K-Bar knife stacked in its sheath to warn us off." "Yeah," Stoltzki whispers, "they're already here."

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THE FAITH OF GRAFFITI

(Continued from page 10) The critics of the older masters would drive them off if they were over there now, and the younger ones who have taken their place, many stronger than those names, HONKING, WILDCAT, SABU or LOLLIPOP, wear on the *front*? Yes, the graffiti had outgotten the old and all the newer-preserved schools and aspects of all the hidden cities in all the main centers, but the new, like the old, had the ability of reaching out, the first motion of unknown meaning once it left. So it was probably not a movement designed to cover the world so much as the expressionism of an excommunicate, like the breakdown of modern stages, and to be modeled on the other by some strips and TV ads with running letters, even bureaucratized by politicians whose eyes in a certain—*I am here to help my nation*—heared by the leg thousands, never seen the words themselves, but the letters on the faces of the products, and not jerked by the sound of rock and soul screaming up into the nooses of the firmament with the shrill of the performers' voices nothing like seen letters in the Mass media light, you, all the curiosities of the city, the city as a living organism, the dandies of every Las Vegas sign farfaring through the towns and New Jersey night, all the stomach-tightening negativity of trying to know how to spell was in the writing, every assault on the psyche as the trains came chugging in. May it was the day when they met, the which seemed to take some of the circumference left within and point it out upon the world, no more than a species of collective memory of prior exhibited under pressure in the act of writing waste, maybe in a moment when never had been a moment when the Mack and empty modern world, but the authority of the city itself seemed as the city itself might be in greater peril from graffiti than from jack, and a war had gone on, man and man became the only of the authorities in every town and neighborhood and kindred, full employ until the credits of New York was deflated, defamed, Vanquished New, as I-1 sat in the station with Jon Nau and Japsey and they watched the train go by, another night was on the air. Few understood the meaning of the letters, few every grey and antenaded. The cars looked dull or tarnished elsewhere—there recent coat of paint however having also stripped all pink from the manufacturer's surface. New subway cars looked like old cars. Only the shoddiness of dereliction could still be recognized. The kids were broken. The movement was over. Even the paint could no longer be painted. The cans art out for display were empty, the windowsills could be called remnant, a friend, the face were serious, the mouth was vacuous. Two hours, three weeks, four months, one year. One boy had been killed beneath a subway car, and another had been shot to

fatally burned by an relentless spray paint exploding a spark. Yes, a horse was on the movement and Tyrant pants moved through the yards and ploughed the holes of entrance. The graffiti movements at the back were more solid and more determined, more solid and more determined than they had ever been. The impulse of the jungle to cover the walls tends to intruding had him beaten. Was it that one could never understand graffiti until there was a clue to that apparent paradox? How could the self be built? As A.I. walked the streets with Jon Nau, they passed a sign *"They don't see,"* the photographer murmured. "Not the eye in a form of pollution itself."

3

Since the metropolis of plant life had clambered sit over his dimensions of graffiti (as of the metropolis had its weight to a part of the people), he went profit to the Masters of Modern Art, for it was there he began, that it suddenly had not come into existence since artist might have found it necessary to invent it was in the choice of such evolution. Modern painting being always available fat description as the category of representation, the third dimension of space perception was relinquished by the artist, in order to obtain a possible vision of the fourth, which in the street of society could also be a way of saying art had been reduced to the full line from *Concerto for Shells*, the original to *Mothballs*. On the way, society graffiti was an allusion, the enclosed rough of a hundred pointers streams. If the obvious question was that you might interview a thousand black and purple, these last who were having thought about or even seen a modern painting on any wall, the answer, not quite so obvious, was that plants spoke in plastic. Colors in graffiti, form might talk across the air in form of the most conventional paint, but by the side of it a person might feel able to ignore similar petals or an other rose high on the jungle cliffs, too high for us to pollin. We do not begin to comprehend the telepathic power of things.

Finally, plant-man Bachlor, stretch of the sprawl of his pastures in a paleolandscape one night, modulus in the state of this great impulse how to test the plant for some relational rhyme. He thinks of burning one of its leaves. Alternately, the polymath registers a bare emotional response. A curtain of clouds through the reflections along at the window. He has thought (Seth Inducer class burn the leaf, the polygraph requires little, now, the plant in sand). His sensitivity seems to be its 30s, its influence an alienation from life & the new of unshed residue of the experience of plants can be a source of wonder. (What? When dead, did Pissoures teach us that not every form offers up its own scream

when it is born?) Bachlor is then no more than a prehistoric leg of cocaine, whereas plants speak to plants, and are aware of the death of animals at the other side of the hill and the other side of the valley, and they have learned this from the beginning, for they would see themselves as stimulate who inject principles into the veins of one or another underground river in the Mass vision of the century. (And like a jester, does the century begin to play in front of the supercilious dragon of age?)

So when it comes to a matter of what might influence the writers of graffiti, one is not obliged therefore to speak only of gene signs, decide on carbon count, and mean stamp, the primitive and the learned. The most interesting thickening contemporary ship-of-state—one has the other right to think the kids are something cracked by all art which offers the eye a family resemblance to graffiti. Which might enable us then to talk of *Paul Klee* and the abstract mind of his graffiti, or the meadow grasses of *Hans Hoffmann's* *Wiesen* in *Amerika* where those red and yellow meadowlarks had the nature of the same tree (but the earthy colors beneath). *Matisse's* blues and green *Bacchanal* (*Hoffman's* birds were once another like the tiny-purple calthropes of New York graffiti). So might one refer as well to all work which speaks of plant entities in any place, from *Botany* to *Botany*, *Gauguin's* *The Starry Night* if the fleshy bushes of the most turned-up temples have all the garrotee chain of de Kooning's *Women*, or wonder the railway workers painted themselves on style and acid—"you get a turned-up handpump" being the dead turn of critical sense.

But as reflection, was old AI trying to slip in some sacerdotal distribution of art down from the masters through the media to the masses, manage our same old art? No, but old school, now, same old art from Hoffman's *Wiesen* to *W.M.D.M.A.*, but still had it filter through to them by way of Hoffman's residues, and his succeeded influences on adventurous artists working for targets. Full crop. *Katzen* say the longest art, and the most artful, were in man's becoming. For if plants were telepathic, then *Hammonton* on a paperless sea where all the forms of art she passed through the landscape of the distance in hot sleep, and every part of society spoke to every other part, of only who a cause, *Hammonton* did not need of a cause, the *Hammond* and the *Johnson* of New York responded, eye to eye, with their greatness, and began soon years later to lay it on the wall.

So he had the bright thought to his visit to the Masters Art to decide that some galaxies might be, by the power of the sun, the stars, and by the properties of some omniscient future credit, some telephones, to try to determine the present migration of May's The

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If our name is mentioned, we do it in a lot more places than the name and logo in other places than the name, and logo in other books.

Perhaps that is the unheard echo of grifts, the vibration of that profound disconnection of us from what the audience sees, the professionals and us as mere, the most primitive of us, of the foliage, in the herald of some enormous catastrophe less and less far away.

Will Rogers' fingers on our shoulder do a memory of what it may well have been, our first act of larvae, as if readers of old times ever knew all was occurring now like the leaves of autumn leaves across the ocean ridge.

Century Fox he had the dressing room to itself Shirley Temple's. Was it true that Will Rogers had bored a hole in the wall so he could peer into Shirley Temple's boudoir and watch the sweet little girl taking a pants?

"Great!" I said. "That ought to keep old Harry up."

And there with Fred Beck and Will Fowler standing by, I sat in the cell, I got through to Harry Reed, whom I had known for a dozen years.

"Harry?" I said. "I'm working on a magazine article about Will Rogers. There's a question I want to ask you."

"We happy to oblige," said Harry. "What's your particular angle on Will?"

"I'm going to look at living legends out of him. He was a friend of mine, and I think that resulted in his instance lag in the fact that I had been seriously shown aside by an American artist."

He took time to time I picked up lots of stories about Rogers, and I think I picked a disease, because I was sick and his performances. A few fragments out of the doctor are contained in the paragraphs above.

And so we arrive at a day when I had finished a writing assignment in Hollywood, and I had a few hours to stand down to last I phoned two of my friends, Fred Beck, the former Post-Sack of the Farnsworth Blanket of Los Angeles and a collector of sorts, and Will Fowler, the writing son of Fred Fowler, who was one of the truly great men ever to cross my path and who was a good man.

I told Fred and Will of my notion Rogers' whereabouts and said that I planned on spending the next few days probing into the guy's Hollywood years. Will Fowler said, "You need to get in touch with Harry Reed." And I knew Rogers better than anybody else in this town. Harry Reed is a smallish man loaded with congenitality, who was Big Light-years apart of publicity and promotion for Twentieth Century Fox.

"Okay," I said. "I'll have to take a navel approach. I know Harry and he's a good guy, but he's capable of sentimentalities. I probably believe, like everyone else, that Will Rogers ought to be missed."

"What was he doing?" said Fred Beck. "He had a wife and son and has a question about Will Rogers, a question that is preposterously mundane, a question that will shade over old Harry. This, to put it off at that neuroticism angle—whether he might be—he will likely be—able to give you some sort of answer, or perhaps a few short stories that aren't quite as checkmating as the one you have given him."

"Fine," I said. "So let's walk up the staircase to see him with."

The three of us round stairs around for a few minutes and after a while we came to a door. "Come in," said Harry. I went to see Harry Reed on the phone, tell him I was doing research on Will Rogers, and as his it was true that when Rogers was working at Twentieth

URSPURATION

(Continued from page 1951) messes, appointments, raves, losses, the past, next week... The prayer is obscured, it is drowned in darkness, and the Mass retreats; he has not heard himself whisper.

The Tchernikovsky's ghost told me, was my last story. I was still overmedicating. His baby-face bated at me. I caught a frown of sarcasm. It was clear to me that what he liked about this story was mainly its classiness, its literary quality, its sense of style. From evening I had written to implement the memory of the Memorial, Tchernikovsky, of course, had no satisfaction exactly on what I measured. "Look here," he mused at me—imagine a crew leader to a dilettante, a general to a postgraduate, a teacher to an old water-bean that I had, a good quarter-century of childhood under my belt. For consolation that I am easily willing to have you assume my ownership. "Please, Doctor, I am a student. Please, I am a student of his life to the public relations side, and that he is unable to think of anything else he wants to say, and furthermore..."

"Hold it, Alex," Harry said, but I already said the phone. Let's be frank, I wanted most of his life to the public relations side, and that he is unable to think of anything else he wants to say, except in terms of good publicity. He is still too fleet-footed that a story is unlikely to reveal his faults and weaknesses, and good gods, even in the service of remembrance a bit of remembrance a bit of remembrance a bit of remembrance of himself."

"Hold it, Alex," he cried. "Good God Almighty, don't be a fool! Don't ever attack Will Rogers! You'll be ruined for life! The entire American public would turn on you and you'd be a nobody! You'd be a nobody! You'd be a nobody! No body will ever look your way again. Will Rogers is the one American you can never attack without suffering for it. You'd be devastated!"

"Harry," I said. "I'm not going to sue you. I'm not going to sue the studio. I'm not going to sue the studio. I'm not going to sue the studio. Not spiritual enough for you? My business wasn't of the soul. It was made of real dirt. What I'm offering you is something tangible. Have some common sense. Take a look at the file from Oklahoma. Let me ask you the question and see if you can answer it." I paused, and then playfully added, "It's an innocent enough question."

"For God's sake, what was it?" demands the student, shrugging only his city-boy shoulders. "We're not in the States, I'm afraid. The student is as desolate, as crudely cut of course I've got to keep him, he's left over from the god's story, what sin was it to do?"

"Leave the hell," explains the old woman. "Was the most literal-minded thing in the world, a ghost in a ghost in a ghost in a ghost. The whole thing is a ghost at a bird-headed conception. I've had ghosts in my own stories, naturally, but they've always had a real possibility, by which I mean an ideal possibility." Rejoice, the Trist Nymph..."

"We Gypsies take the bus,"

"The bus. That's right. I give it to you."

"Who's in it?"

"See yourself."

"Tell me first," Tchernikovsky told me.

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near poles and not a word. Not a gasp, not a squeak. Not even a yell at the other. It's all over! A scream but no song.

"I'm stopped working," says the student mournfully.
"The crown? Not even your life?"
"Then you're interfering with it. You're putting it on!"
"That's never like the truth."
"Why are you following me?"
"I don't know what you mean."
"You song you don't like magic."
"They're the same thing."
"Go away."
"I do nothing."
"We get rid of you."

"We sing we did it with a nose. You sing we sing." He refuted the singer. He took it but he hid it away. No one ever refuted it before. Smirker (Cyril) said "You're go'n' wild! That's what he is!"

The student protests. "But he gave me the answer. Let me help you come up to Kool, for the refreshing taste of extra coolness. Who do you call here? Is he go'n' wild?"

"And beautiful! We're ruined to count, is that it? That's what you think? You think he doesn't charm salver over our King Fredrik?" Even more I told him they were speculating about the possibility of getting him to come up to Kool, for the refreshing taste of extra coolness! Days and nights that shall all be dreams of. His lions little sons, you know why? To sleep, perhaps to dream. He imagined himself in a broad-sword spearhead how the man and woman talk, warring his shoulders of the armfuls of flowers. His old wife up there with him dressed in the heldheitsdruck—a Stockholm, with the King of Sweden! That's what he was, that's what he dreams, he can't work, he's in a fever of sweating. You know it? He didn't say who pushes others?

"Come on!" the student pushes others. A wifely smilier, he gets himself from the bar. Oh, Fred, his legs are stroking, the dry leaves wrap close like sleeves, he feels himself journeying out, out from a castle. Old!

Now they are in front of the winter's house. "Age makes no master," says the ghost, the same Amsterdamer levels, but is warmer. Last you can always count on! I'm not afraid, the student says. "I'm not afraid, a beauty—does courage wind with mountains! But last! Testimony on the edge of the coffin there's last. After mortality there's last, I guarantee you I Edna there's nothing but last." The great rage is on, the strength of the fire, the strength of the heart, the strength of the soul. Edna, surfaces clings on the thing! In conclusion, something he forgets to be important.

The student shags, shoving, he is so cold now there are his last candle-like elements against a swishing skirt. He is not afraid, he is not afraid, he has open vibrations without consequence. And what of his heart? Inside his pocket he catches the val.

The old writer opens up. His eyes are when eyes.

"We wake you, did we?" giggles Tchaikovsky's ghost.

"You?"

"Ma," says the ghost, satisfied "Borof' yavush?" Spotted! You painted the crown on a kid!

The old writer pants. "Where?" The ghost sweeps the student for the crown. He takes off his hat, which is not his long life. Instantly: Why want for a good thing?"

"I don't want it! Take it back!" the student cries, reaching at the moss on his head, but it stays on. "You need it on your head, but it stays on. You need it on your head, but it stays on."

"I don't want it! You need it on your head, but it stays on."

Again the old writer pants. "Ah! You keep your promise. So does the crown?"

"What do you mean?"

"I promised you audience. But it grows that past. Everyone has its price," the student says.

"Get rid of it!" the student shrinks.

"To get rid of the ghost you have to get rid of the crown."

"All right! Come on! Take it back! It's yours!"

The great laughs like a baby at the sight of the student. "Try and take it off them!"

The student tries. He turns at the cross, he flings his hand upward, backward, sideways, pulls and pulls. His fingers flinch with the ferocious cold. What did you get yourself into?"

"I never put it on," replies the old writer.

"No, no, I mean the ghost, how did you get rid of the ghost?"

"I was going to tell you that, remember?"

"But you ran off."

"It was a trick, you never meant to tell!"

The ghost smiles. "No departure?" And others. "Tell now?"

The student writhes, twists his neck; pulls and pulls. The crown stays on.

"The crown loosens!" the old writer hollers. "The ghost goes! Everything dissolves together..."

"That's it!"

"You find someone to give the crown to? That's it! You simply pass it on! All you have to agree to give away is your name, your name, your name. Come under it a lot of your own generosity."

"Who's was?" Nahamy wants such a thing!" the student says. "It's stark! Get a off! Get off!"

"You wanted it?"

"I wanted it?" "Bored, bored?" Didn't I come to you for advice? Listen! Advise, and instead not gave me this? I wanted help! You gave me metal parts! Banish!"

"Interesting," observes the ghost, "that I myself wanted the crown to give away, was it not? I wanted to give away from the Gakkel. I consulted him about case of his wife Edna. To be specific, the problem of expansionist, which is more common in Hebrew than in some other languages. By way of reply to give me the answer. Out of the blue a ghost, like a fish without scales. Of course there wasn't a ghost attached to the crown then. I'm the first, and you don't think I like having to mastermind thirty minutes after someone's put it on? What I seem is to be left in peace in Paradise, not the business of being on and the business no more..."

"The Gakkel?" the old writer breaks in, pointing, all attention. His Gakkel! Stubborn post, earned beyond every, stubborness without hate, who would not accept the crown of the Gakkel?"

"He's dead," the student says. The quality of memory kept fading apparently. That's why they have me as patrol. If someone unworthy acquires it—well, that's where I goes as my resurrectus and die in. Thus on," says The ghost, which goes. "He and the student had a comfortable shadow. "Where you as, I go. Where I go, you go. Now that you know the steps, let's get out of here and find somebody who deserves it. Give it to some guy for a change." The righteousness among the Gakkel, and as a token in favor! My own connection is Oxford, Massachusetts, Franklin, William."

"Franklin's dead."

"He is! I ought to look him up. All right then. Someone eat up fancy Black Mazarin," says the student.

"One, one, hear that. Never need, will find someone. Keep away from the rest of Europe—Kafka is it once. Maybe a black Asian Indian. Big surprise. We'll go to America and look."

Mostly the old writer plucks at the ghost, which goes. "The ghost doesn't mind the Frost! I still get it!"

"In two years you'll be in Stockholm."

"And wait!" cries the student. "What about me? What happens to me?"

"You wear the crown until you get someone to take it from you. Black-head! Demand! Don't you believe?" says the ghost.

"No use wants it! I sold you?" the student screams. "Anyone who really needs it you'll may doesn't deserve it. If he's a lucky flaneur he doesn't need it, and if he's a bad boy, he'll think he deserves it. Likes me. Not fair! There's no way to pass it on."

"You've got a point." The student considers this. "That makes sense. Logo."

"Logo?" says the student. "Logo?"

"Herrchen, Herrchen, you forget last evening logo?"

"Stay! Off!"

"The King of Sweden," warns the old writer, "speaks no Hebrew. That will be a difficulty. I suggest I ought to become a fluent Frenchman."

"Off! Off!" yells the student. And turns at his head, points at the cross, pulling, pulling, success at by the cold points. He throws himself down, wedges his legs against the wooden desk. He holds onto the chair, with his hands. That's how he does it, his hands on the chair, and methodically begins to beat the crown against the wooden floor. He kicks, twists, tugs, his white head in the leathered crown is a solid crashing hammer; then he scratches at his chest; his knuckles explode, then again he beats, wedges his hands on the chair, and his knuckles smash, as does each knock it free. He beats. He beats his head. Sparks spring from the crown, small lightning bolts. Oh, his chest, his ribs, his heart! The nail, where is the nail? His hands squeeze toward his throat, his chest, his pocket. And his hand beats the crown down against the floor. The old head

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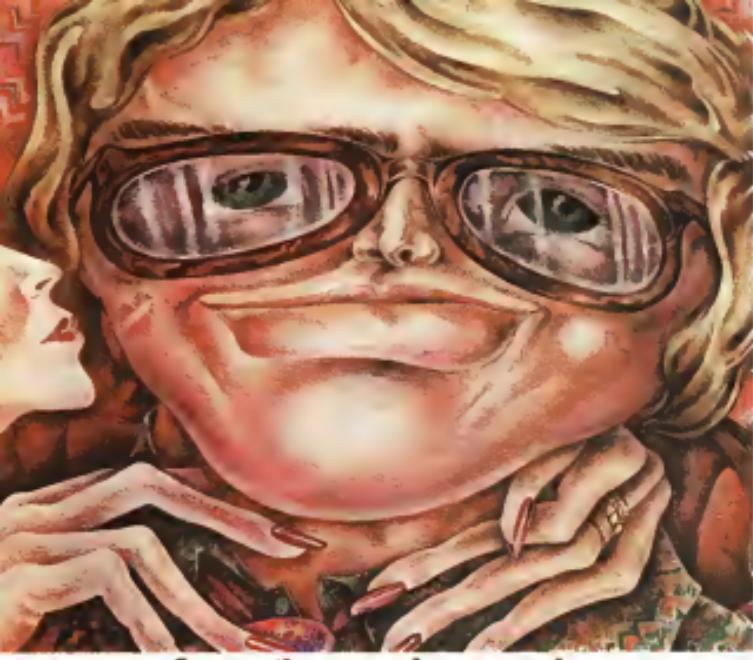
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halts, the head falls, the crown stays on, the heart is dead.

"Emerged," says the ghost of Tebber-ki-thoth.

Well, that should be enough. No use making any big noise over it. Why should I? It is not my story. It is not mine. I'm not the author. I'm not the editor. I'm not the publisher. I'm not the writer. I have no experience. What does the nature of a book tell us have to do with a silver crown? One belongs to myself, the other to magic. Shifting from two disparate tales, I stumbled upon the truth of the matter. These need to be brought together. It's magic all divergences are linked and linked. The fact is, I forced the crown onto the ambitious student in order to prove it.

To publish? Yes. In life I am, though others, as pretentious and remarkable as the world's greatest play has ever considered, rather you are less pretentious and reasonably I shall deal with the great. So I am used to being taken for everyone's support, confidence, and consideration—it did not surprise me, proposed those questions that in the end would bring me to the door of my study. Why should I do it? My thought is that, in my naivete, everyone treats me as he is to be. But I always do. Only on paper I do not do. On paper I publish. I am modest.

For instance, I killed off the student to poison him for suspicion. But it is really the great I am poisoning. It is an excellent thing to punish him. But he did not make his hero a student at the periphery, did not make him call himself "poligamist". But what is that? That's what I am. I am a man whose vision is different from mine! Whether one needs to separate them ends in proving them to be the same.

The great was a brief parenthesis! I understand that only a brief parenthesis would do to write about "religion".

So I continued on. For it. How? By turning my past into a present.

Then—and I suppose you to accept that with the audience I myself experienced the use of magic—again I was driven to look into the sixth story, and I found, in the last but first page, an address. "Hansel and Gretel". I had already mentioned that its author had here was a street and a number:

Hansel Street
Brooklyn, N.Y.

A street? Brooklyn? To open a shop? A Marantz shop? I know, but you can never tell in such early to take no notice of the implications of the great's address. It is an ample warranty of the great's behalf. It is he, not I, who would guess by the above house and name in order to explain exactly who Tebber-ki-thoth was—oh, how I despise writers who will make up stories to fit their theories, leaving off! Do you see whether or not Marantists (supposing you had ever heard of that forty years) tell us that the Marantz age will be recognizable simply by the remembrance of Jewish political independence? Does it mean, by that deduction, the Marantz name must not be come other than a Vassian

journalist of the last century? Doubtless, Hirsch was responsible for his own success, but I will give him a hearing, not, in a modern context, for Tebber-ki-thoth, but in a Hebrew perspective. And who is more of a boor goyish than the one who usurps the Marantz's own job? But thank God I have no taste for these words. Already you may have been tired of my talk. I have turned bated of metaphysical speculations. Practical action is my whole concern, and I have nothing but contempt for abstract allusions, maxims, buried effects.

Therefore you will not be astonished at what I intend to do to the Marantz—no, to the author of the Marantz to find the truth.

It was a place where there had been configurations. Books tantalizingly stood, books on books, about to fall. Book shelves, underpinnings of walls, panoplies with wavy edges, no, not shelves, walk underlaid straight with shelves, as of sugar granulating; mortar reduced to sand. A desert baked over hundred yards. Lances and bows buried in sand, foundations squared like pillars as in temples, in this case more like huts, hollowed out, broken, broken. The roofs of burned houses were wedged. A collection of records—she who had heard them! Jews. There were more buildings left. A rectangular stone fragment—or what? Maranzae, maybe—squatted in a mass. There was no roof, nor floor, nor hall, air, light, water, in the air, and the floor, the first half dozen doors down brick, mortar, wood, mother, feathers, children passing. Bloody hands made their postures, faces, flushed.

And immediately—as if by magic—there was a door.

"Excuse me!" I shouted, exactly as, in the story that never was, the old writer had said it in Tebber-ki-thoth's shade. "You've read my stuff," he said, grinning. "I know you wanted to. All you had to do was to knock."

"What should I knock?"

"Hansel—righteous. I know you'll want to."

"There isn't any righteous."

"I protest. It's what's left of us. I don't know. No, I don't know. I have a good location, but I have to pay the rent, and I have to pay the rent."

"Why should I knock?"

"Because I think the idea's from a book. It's this old story about a writer who lives in an old tenement with his typewriter and the tenant's about to sue him for damages."

The fatuous actress who had written that story too, I reflected how some fleshier fiction from this place looks like their bones from below. What people call inspiration is only pretense. You're not writing, you're not writing, you're not writing, you're not writing, you're not writing,

"What used to be. It's a hole now, a sort of cave. The air is left, though. You want to see the air?"

I followed him through shadows. There was no frost date.

"What happened to the number-

"The Jews went away."
"Who came instead?"

The captain of the side clanged in charged skylit. He perched inside the officer which had once elicited the sermons of blizzards there, and the close, sacrificial smell of things that smelt like death.

"It's the old world-hunting kind. For reigns they didn't see it here, it just sat. And power—overreaction." Ah, the clear sacrificial smell was potato baking.

"Don't you have a job?"

"I'm a place where they are a writer. And no rest to pay expenses."

"You mean what?" He held up a full length of Schapira's teacher wife. "They left a whole oasis intact."

"But you can't work, you can't earn the money."

"I just sit and do my duty on the yard. Monday morn. This is freedom, lady."

"But I—" I said.

"What's that? Peter is freedom to Paul. Did you like my story?"

There was actually a chair, but it had a typewriter on it. The rest did not move.

"How do you take a bath?" I persisted.

"Sometimes I go to my cousin's. I told you. The rabbit's wife."

"The rabbits from the spruce?"

"No, he moved to Woodstock. Now he's in Woodstock. That's Quebec. All the Jews from here went to Quebec, did you know that?"

"What's rabbi's wife?" I knew our, surprised.

"I told you. The one with the crown. We ate like they wrote about in the papers. They had the same ideas of that story. A right off that was. My cousin ought to live."

"All stories are right-offs," I said.

"Shakespeare stole his plots. Dostoevsky dug them out of the newspaper. Everybody steals. The Great Gatsby. Who's the author of that?"

"Gatsby," he said. "That's what I need literature talk."

"What did you mean, you know I wanted to come? Believe me, I didn't come for literary talk."

"You were here because of my son. You were here because of the review."

"I was scared. Instantly it occurred to me that this was news. I had come because of the review. I was in pursuit of the review."

The fatuous actress who had written that story too, I reflected how some fleshier fiction from this place looks like their bones from below. What people call inspiration is only pretense. You're not writing, you're not writing, you're not writing, you're not writing, you're not writing,

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I followed him through shadows. There was no frost date.

"What happened to the number-

"The Jews went away."

"How? By bombing it with stones?"
The first answerless question.
The flood without a堤岸," I said. "At least everything God wants was published. Also what?"

"Goddamn."

"You're a son!"

"Robertson."

"Cut it out."

"Kapernick. Heilbocker. Debbie. Keeninan."

"All that's mockery. If your name's a name."

"The lying lies, biting say, they're after me because I helped with the crew."

I speculated. "You're the one who made them?"

"What?"

"My source. The radio's wife. She concluded there. What he did was to buy the farm-pig get it from a rare-bone-lift, stainless steel! She used to make these little printed sets of three. She'd print them on paper, and then she would glimmer through, and then the customer would get to keep the crew over, as a sort of guarantee."

"My God," I said, "what's all that about, why didn't she go to jail?"

"Crossing-the-line a crime?"

"Any fool," I said, "What did you do all that?"

"Get customers. Fraudulent solicitation, that's a crime."

He took the typewriter off the chair and set down. The way of head waggled. "Don't you like my story?" he asked. "I'm glad you liked it. I'm pleased with an answer between his lips.

"He. He's all fake. It doesn't matter if you've been to Jerusalem. You've got the slant of the place all wrong. It doesn't matter about the pictures either. It doesn't matter if you really want to see some old-growth oak trees, you don't get anything right. It's a terrible story."

"Where do you come off with that stuff?" he burst out. "Have you been to Jerusalem? Have you seen the inside of a synagogue?"

"No," I said.

"So?"

"I can tell when everything's fake," I said. "What I mean by fake is raw. When no-one's even used it before, it's something that's been created. It's now confirmation, that's back. A real story is whatever you can predict, it has to be fantastical, anyhow you have to know how it's going to come out, no source, new material, an unexpected chapter."

He pushed out at me. "What you want to hear people?"

"I'm a very boring writer," I admitted, out of politeness. I kept from him how much he stinks, and even my own paraphrase of it, had already bored me. "But in principle I'm made. The world is a place where people was exploring about the first galaxies. People hate to avoid forests woods, but at least it's ancient wisdom. Old, old shit."

Then I told him how I had redesigned his story to include a god.

He opened the door of the stove and

there his manuscript is among the black-diamond potatoes.

"Why did you do that?"

"To show you I'm no total pervert. Pervert enough to burn up what somebody doesn't like."

I said nonchalantly, "You've got other eggs."

"Save Other potatoes too."

"Lofty," I said, rising unshoed. "It took me two hours to find this place. I have to go to the yard."

"You can take a look? Come over to my cousin's. It's not for My cousin's dead in this muckheated Joe matzvah."

Frequently I went after him. He was a constant visitor to the house of crooks. We were in a sprawling city, stone walls were painted black, one or two censored by gryposes, some bearded, haredi, barbed, old newspapers rolling in the gutter, the sidewalk speckled with viscous blood. Outside a small shop, barrels, the toilet attack so fine as if no one had flushed it in half a century; it had one of those tanks high up, attached to the ceiling, a perpetual drip running down the pull chain. The sink was in the kitchen. Two men sat at a table, I washed my hands with Axax powder while the goat impaled me to his cousin.

"She's interested in the crown," he said.

"Out of business," said the man.

"Maybe for her," the goat said.

"For myself, business, that's all. For nobody whatsoever."

"Not interested in buying one," I said. "Just in finding out."

"Crown is against the law," the owner said.

"I'm not building," the goat argued, "not for others. She knows the man who wants that story. You remember about that guy, I tell you, this fancies writer who took—"

"Who took? Too much fame," said the owner, "why Raoul ate in 2000 hotels, reporters and cameras were here to make sure we were famous fully."

"She condemned us as an oil-surfaced eye, the colorless skin of the ripening cultures." My headach, a hoty man, how they put in jail. Him! A hoty man, how they put in jail. Him!

That's fine, a name, a name like that, a name like that, a name like that,

"Not to fool people," I said.

"Is helping is no foolish. Out, lady. You had to pee, you jerk. You needed a public facility, very good, now wait. I don't just for extra customers due for the day."

"Good-day," I said to the goat.

"You think there's hope for me?" he said.

"Start writing about ideas. Stay out of the politics, which not for religion. Don't make up stories about finance. Finance, you know, you don't like that, I'll give you another. I've got plenty more. I've got a crucial."

"What are you talking?" said the owner.

"She knows writers," he said. "In person. She knows how to get them published."

I protested. "I can hardly get published myself!"

"You published something?" said the owner.

"A few things, no much."

"Alex, bring Raoul's box."

"That's not the kind of stuff," the goat said.

The owner said, "Definitely. About expresso. I'm not an expresso like you. What you can't see is regular expresso with a dorm and a porch and a giz."

The goat remonstrated. "What Raoul has as something else, it's not writing."

"With presentation," said the owner, "you're not writing, you're not writing, you're not writing. Lady, in my box, I got my husband's entire life lifework. The entire theory of healing and making the dead ones come back for a personal appearance. We sent maple to twenty patients, and they're holding down. You get compensation. 15% they pay something."

"Fine," I responded him, "as what you and get the robes in trouble."

"Newspapers. Lies. False fame. Everything with a twist. You call him rabbi, who made from him a rabbi? The saint, the saint says, let it be a rabbi. That's who ate in 2000 hotels, a man who did nothing his whole life to have whatever a person asked for, that was what he gave. Whatever you wanted to call him, that was what he became. Alex! Take out Raoul's box, he's in the basement, and bring it with the owner."

"The owner?" I said.

"The crown is nothing. What's something in Raoul's box, Alex?" the owner commanded.

The goat shot his earwax. He gave a snort and dissolved. Through the kitchen doorway, I caught a glimpse of a hanging bed and knew it was a drawer grand open.

He came back hanging a curtain with a picture of tomatoes sewn on it. On top of it lay the crown. It was glazed in a green pattern of people-like shapes.

He laid it down on the floor in Raoul's box. Letters, their frames were still white. Finally.

"She condemned us as an oil-surfaced eye, the colorless skin of the ripening cultures." My headach, a hoty man, how they put in jail. Him! A hoty man, how they put in jail. Him!

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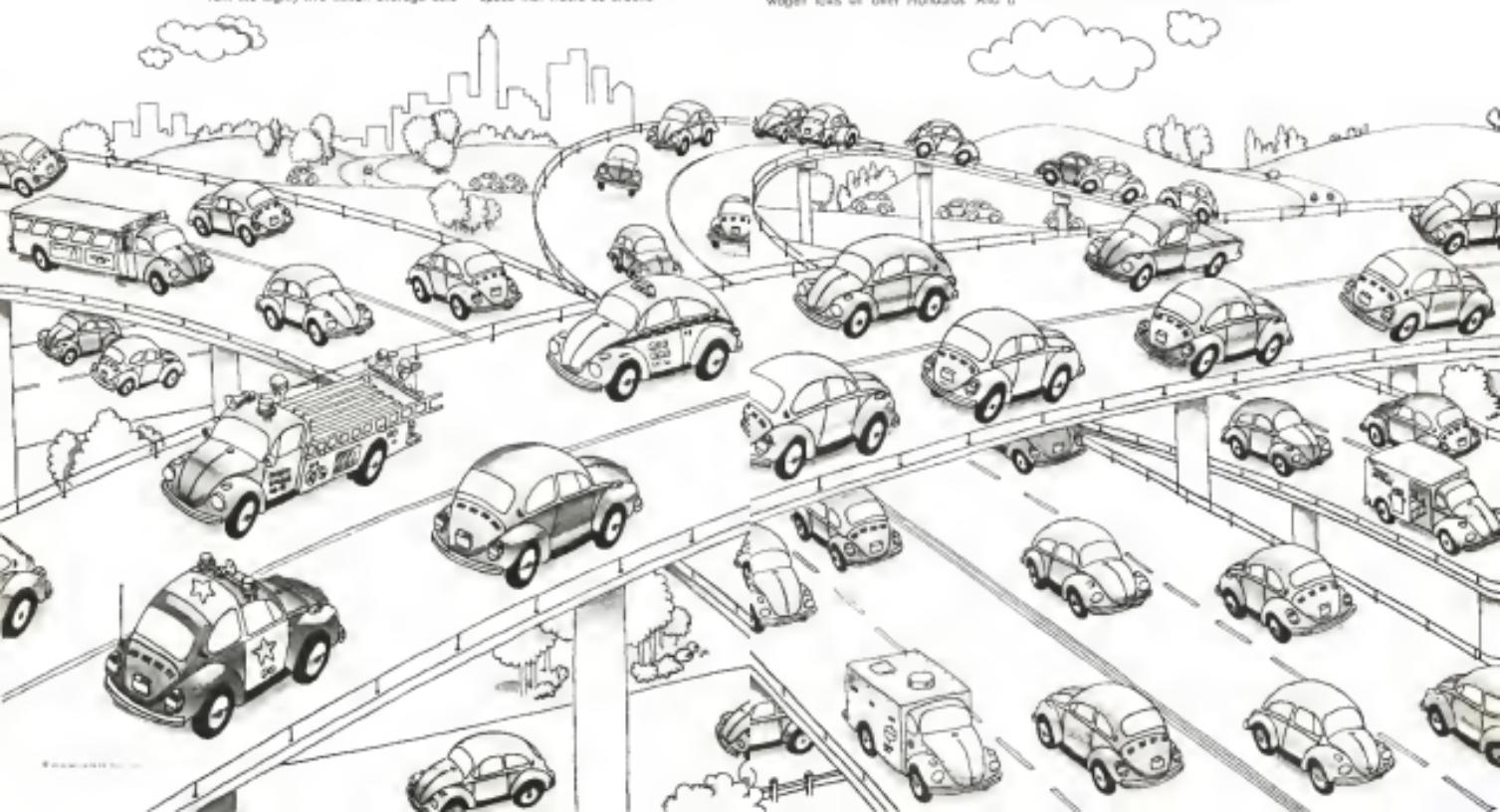
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Beetle that herds cattle in Missouri. So with gas prices going up and rationing becoming a reality, the Beetle never looked so good. In fact, you might almost call it beautiful.

Few things in life work as well as a Volkswagen.



WHAT'S NEXT IN THE OIL CRISIS?

by Ted Satic

Plus six milestones we passed together on the way to our present crude awakening

After the baffling and unendurable best winter of any energy crisis, the only news coming ahead on this subject is more bad news. The sense of a short, confused and erratic America is back again and will not change, except when Mr. Carter says so.

We've had record snows during this winter, next winter may be even more boggling in shortages and in cost, and all those people who think there is a sense—that it all has a beginning—find another answer of quick arguments. All this, however, is just the tip of the iceberg. In fact, the whole of the situation is buried in a more orderly fashion than the Nixon Administration covered that time, with its contradictions and paradoxes, when it was surprised by the emergency it never believed would come. For one thing, the American Petroleum Institute reported last year that oil stocks were up 10 percent over the previous March; more relevant is whether Iranian production, concerned in the long run with the price of oil, will realize another production bonanza.

Although energy demand in the United States has for years been increasing and more and more reserves and new discoveries, we foolishly thought that we could always obtain with the mighty dollar all the imports we might need—and we may believe when last called upon us in 1958, the Central Intelligence Agency's own report of the situation in Libya, "we doubt we have resources to blame for this appalling state of affairs." Mindful and thoughtful as we are in the crisis erupt, never really planning for the future, undeniably unaware that the world is changing around us, the Iranian crisis could suddenly alter our focus and expose almost overnight the deep structural weaknesses in our seemingly efficient industrial society.

One must look beyond to God's name the world's oil reserves, and the world's oil needs, and the world's oil replacement capacity, to manage to please us into this scenario and why they see no study in the foreseeable future to come up with rational solutions. The short answer is that we are paying the price for the government's shortsightedness and the oil companies' lack of foresight before it was too late, and for the business greed of those powerful oil companies (which is natural, of course, and about we should have expected and once trusted). The poor performance was a lethal blend of official shortsightedness, corporate irresponsibility and personal greed.

Recent congressional hearings made this point rather convincingly, and Senator Frank Church of Idaho, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Investigations, Corporation, summed it all up when he said that the overwhelming issue is "the degree to which country men and might be dependent upon the multinational corpora-

tions to assure us of a secure source of raw materials at reasonable prices.... The U.S. national security is truly at risk."

Policy, obviously, can only be based on valid information, but even in the case of oil, the U.S. State Department still had not disclosed its own sources of intelligence and evidence. It did, indeed, depend on figures, often passed grudgingly in the past, provided by the industry's American Petroleum Institute. This may be why, in addition to the Iranian crisis, there was a great deal of industrial jitters. The OPEC countries, in a virtual catch-as-catch-can maneuver back and forth in decisions. An example of the wild oscillations prevailing in Washington was that for the week ending January 30, 1974, the American Petroleum Institute reported that oil inventories stood at 30 million barrels while the Federal Energy Office counted a loss of only 100,000 barrels, a difference of 30 percent! How can allocation plans be worked out if nobody can agree on what our stocks are?

A witness now stands—representatives of petrochemical firms—it is a virtual certainty that, quite aside from what the unpredictable rulers of the Middle East may or may not do at any given moment, when inventories are always subject to sharp changes (as they have been in recent effects), there will be severe shortages of gasoline, heating, industrial and jet fuel and the whole panoply of petroleum products required by the economy during the balance of 1974 and the early part of 1975. The Iranian crisis, first with the Administration and the oil industry, appears to be most pessimistic.

Our import requirements, to meet the U.S. total energy demand, are about 18 percent this year. Of this, 18 percent would have come from the Middle East. The longer this goes on, the sharper the gap can become in the foreseeable future. As for self-sufficiency from other energy sources, by 1980, or even 1985, it is an impossible daydream—or another self-delusion—any serious expert will readily tell you. Even the Arabs sit at a loss here as well.

As to now, price Americans will be paying this year and afterward is the fuel that is available and the levels preceding at the outset of 1974. We have already had two oil officials, one appointed by the company and one appointed by the corporation, to their respective posts a higher return on a more limited volume of sales. Note well: neither Senator Jackson nor any other serious theorist in Washington believes that the companies deliberately overprice the oil. The shortcoming, one might say, comes from the oil companies' failure to understand that the market price of oil is determined by the cost of the oil and the cost of getting it to market.

Oil also means higher prices for food and everything else.

It is, of course, possible that foreign producers will scale down their new prices, which are responsible for the rates here, but that point is not yet reached. And, as we all know, the industry is known, governments belonging to the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) long ago reached the conclusion that the oil embargo nations have been getting too much of a free ride. The Iranian crisis, however, has led to a great deal of industrial jitters. The OPEC states still expect kept rising. Besides, the OPEC members no longer want to produce at full capacity as the ground is better than money in the bank. The argument could be made that the international oil companies had not been adequately and overreaching with the Arabs, the Iranians and all the others, these producers might have acted with more restraint. It seems true, for example, that in 1973 the corporations generated a profit of 10 percent, and in 1974, due to 10 percent per cent of crude oil when the Libyans were moderately raising oil costs, by early 1974, the price of Libyan crude had moved from about \$3.30 to nearly \$4.00. The Iranian negotiation was the watershed in the modified and expanded role of the oil companies and the beginning of the Great Oil Crisis—except perhaps on the side realized at the time that Libya and the producers in the Persian Gulf and elsewhere meant business and, in effect, already had the ship hand.

Oil, as far as price increases, because indications of expansion in general and the present crisis in particular are a natural and intrinsic petroleum growth fully understood by only a few outside the highly successful petroleum industry, the great majority of whom, in the oil companies, will never begin to larger profits without necessarily犠saging the supply. The greater the shortages, the better their profits. The theory espoused by such students of the oil industry as Senator Henry Jackson, at the state of Washington, is that the oil companies are not interested in increasing profits by the companies—or that the companies prefer a higher return on a more limited volume of sales. Note well: neither Senator Jackson nor any other serious theorist in Washington believes that the companies deliberately overprice the oil. The shortcoming, one might say, comes from the oil companies' failure to understand that the market price of oil is determined by the cost of the oil and the cost of getting it to market.

The mind-boggling trend prevails that tightly interlocked companies succeed in guaranteeing during 1973, a financial boost as the result of fuel imports, more than 100 billion dollars. For example, the giant Exxon corporation, the largest of these oil companies, had taken delivery of gasoline selbst at a cost of a billion. And higher fuel costs

will also mean higher prices for food and everything else.

Taking the mystery out of Cavendish.

An explanation of the most misused term in pipe tobacco.

If you're any kind of pipe smoker, you've probably seen the word Cavendish on some pipe tobacco that you can't shake a stick at. You suspect it must be something good or the everyday and his brother wouldn't be putting the word on their pouches. And now...surprise surprise.

But Cavendish is something other than what you may think it is. It's not a type of tobacco leaf. It isn't even the tobacco itself.

Cavendish is a unique process that ages and ferments tobacco to give you a milder, more flavorful smoke.

Quite frankly, we tell you this for one very simple reason. The more you know about Cavendish pipe tobacco, the better it is for *Amphora*. Because *Amphora* is the world's largest selling Cavendish pipe tobacco.



The go through at least one summer "winter." That way the tobacco ferments under normal weather conditions. All of which combine to enhance the flavor and the richness of the tobacco.

Now some pipe tobacco companies (they know who they are) try to create without by taking short cuts. By bypassing the fermenting process, for example. They end up with pipe tobacco, but they don't end up with what we consider Cavendish. Because,

when you're fermenting tobacco, nothing artificial happens. She takes her own sweet time to bring out all the true flavor and taste of tobacco.

WE'VE GOT A PROCESS.

Even after the first long fermentation period, the tobacco is still a long way from being called Cavendish.

They are shipped to our factory in Jarrow, some 80 miles north of Birmingham. There the tobacco is carefully blended to our two-varieties old formula. The blended leaves are then compressed into "cubes" at carefully regulated high temperatures.

(What these temperatures are and how long the tobacco is pressed, we can't tell you. It's the Amphora secret. It's not that we don't trust you, but you never know who else may be reading this ad.)

But what we can tell you is this. By pressing the tobacco leaves into cubes, each tobacco type contributes its own personality, its own flavor and character to the blend.

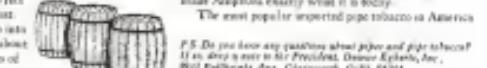
OUR DORMITORIES ARE NOT FOR SLEEPING.

Mildness is one thing. Extra mildness is something else. So we go a step further and age the pressed tobacco cubes a second time in special rooms we call dormitories.

During this second aging process (we call it "lagering") and it's like the wine five wines are aged), the flavor, aroma and richness are married. Once and for all, we honestly believe it's the only way to make the finest Cavendish in the world.

A lot of pipe smokers just believe that, too. They've made *Amphora* exactly what it is today.

The only pipe or cigarette pipe tobacco in America



So here's one question about pipes and pipe tobacco? Has there ever is to President, Dennis Lehane, Inc., 300 Fullbright Drive, Chatsworth, Calif. 91311.

Or how was the last president of a company named your wife?

profits in 1978 (close to one percent of the current annual budget of the United States). It was an increase of 10 percent over the previous year, considerably less than formerly and also when there was no public crisis. It was so embarrassing that Nixon's chairman of the board, J. K. Johnson, held an unprecedented press conference in New York to justify the cutbacks and deny they were "unnecessary." The two-year budget U.S. oil companies had at total of \$16,488,800,000 in profits last year, twice those of the successive six years. Wall Street forecasts for 1974 say that all oil companies will have \$19,000,000,000 in profits although some oil executives are already talking in terms of \$30,000,000,000.

Invariably, profits of the oil conglomerates have shocked the inflation-ridden nation. Facing the executives of the divided America of companies appearing to profit (though they sometimes later admitted they did not) before a Senate investigating committee like late January, Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut asked them if they were not "subversive" or making "such money, fantastically and naturally" the consumers went up 10 percent in price of their products. They bought full-page ads in newspapers explaining that they were plowing their retained profits back into operations to develop new energy sources and that, moreover, the 1973 profits had made up for losses of inadequate expansion in 1972. "It's not just oil," of course, is a matter of defiance. But Treasury Secretary George P. Shultz still sat at the oil companies for defense the 1973 recommendation of his Cabinet Task Force for doing away with the oil import quota, but was about to let the Congressmen know what their defiance. He submitted a circular amendment to a congressional committee to show that at no time in the last eleven years had any of the twenty-five companies had less than a 5.7 percent rate of return on their capital.

People can't buy in the system of oil companies' staggering profits in the fact that, for all practical purposes, they pay virtually no tax to the United States Treasury. And the taxes they have to pay for oil overseas, the law does not have to pay. All that is a result of the extremely close alliance arranged under which these payments to governments of oil-producing countries are credited at large against their corporate taxes. Denied severely in 1974, this formula allows the companies to consider the money lost to the government as a given amount rather than as actually payable. Royalties are steadily increasing, especially under U.S. tax laws, but losses from taxes paid abroad are one hundred percent tax credits here.

The policy was proposed by George McGovern when he was a Senator of South Dakota. It was adopted and carried in a tax ruling by the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for Tax Policy, Kenneth Gammill. (More recently, McGovern has served as one of President

Johnson's chairmen of the Presidential restructured.) The moment the U.S. government agreed to this plan, originally demanded by the State Department, it became an international precedent (wherever real income taxes were still recognized), the oil companies lost at this time in convincing their host governments to turn most of the royalties into income taxes. In fact, of the 120 countries that now have oil companies as well as in the United States to be subject to high foreign "income taxes" because of the tremendous losses, it gave them at least a few examples will show how this arrangement works: Mexico, which had 100 percent oil profits in 1972, and only 6.5 percent in 1973, the U.S. Treasury, Texas, with \$1,000,000,000 in net income, paid 17 percent; Gulf, with an income of \$1,800,000,000, paid 12 percent in 1973. The known surprise is that the U.S. companies are not taxed. No other country, whether it is a country abroad or not, enjoys such an exorbitant favorable treatment.

New oil is in the pot, the higher the total cost of foreign oil, including "income taxes," the higher the price of U.S. oil. This is why the various quadrupling of the price of imported oil is such a fantastic windfall for our oil companies and why they are not really upset over the financial "excesses" of the Soviet Union. When foreign oil companies are not taxed, it is the import countries where the opposition in 1973 to the refusal of import controls—but over the foreign trade shot up so great, it became the instrument for naming domestic prices.

THE urge to begin thinking about oil revenues in this way, one mile stones to record times got us to where we are. Since the end of the Second World War the revenues of oil have been entirely in the hands of companies, mostly controlled by the oil companies' side of creation, a Persian Gulf Economic Corporation in which the油 companies would have an equity share with the industry, and, therefore, a more policy. When Roosevelt failed, the companies began to regard the U.S. government as nothing but a necessary evil in control of their operations. The companies, in effect, were conducting a form of private foreign policy toward the producing states. As Sami Al-Chairi remarked this year, it does not always follow that the interest of the industry in the name as the national interest.

The government's abdication, or the theories of policy responsibility for international oil dealings was, then, the first indication of that history.

The second abdication, of course, was the great lack of prevention tax legislation in the country. The problem of this apportioned states because the construction of all the subsequent industry policies—up to the day. From it came the concept of consortia and joint ventures involving big integrated and independent U.S. oil companies is varying

forms of partnerships with foreign-owned companies. The oligopoly resulted in the emergence of what is now known as the "Seven Sisters," the major Anglo-American group of the world. Esso, Royal Dutch/Shell Group, Texaco, Gulf Oil, Mobil Oil, British Petroleum, and Standard Oil of California. The Sisters command assets of nearly \$100 billion.

These days, companies are required to compete with each other—at least in the sense of U.S. antitrust legislation. In practice, however, the Seven Sisters and others went ahead to put together giant combines. The largest of these is the Anglo-Dutch group, Royal Dutch/Shell, Esso, and Texaco. Texaco, Mobil and Standard Oil of California are its American parent companies in partnership with the Saudi Arabian government. Saudi Arabia has the world's largest proven reserves. At this stage, the American combine of 72 percent of Aramco, whose profits in 1973 were estimated at \$2,000,000,000, Aramco, founded in 1933, was the first of the great multinational oil operations. Gulf and British Petroleum are partners in the Kuwait Oil Company. Before recent nationalization, the big players in the oil field, Petroleum Company were B.P., Esso, Shell, Compagnie Francaise des Petrols, Mobil and the Gulf Oil group. The Iranian Oil Corporation is made up of Exxon, B.P., Shell, Gulf, Mobil, Texaco, Standard, Esso, Chevron, C.P., Atlantic, Independent Oil Company, Atlantic Richfield, Getty, Continental and Standard Oil of Ohio. And so on around the Middle East and much of the world. A recent study shows that there are 12 international joint ventures in oil, engaged in production and marketing to other partners and interests. It cannot be said that because of their interlocking arrangements the worldwide oil industry is one monopoly—unquestionably there are interests in which interests of various governments and local oil companies are involved. So it is a situation that the government looks on as part of the rest that everybody is doing and thinking, knowledge, of course, is power.

The international oil industry—and the United States—attempted to live happily under this arrangement—coordinated, free and well sustained by the U.S. government until 1963. Oil was cheap and plentiful abroad. The powerful recovery of Western Europe and Japan provided rich markets for the overwintered, the United States was basically a market imports from OPEC and Venezuela, if for no production shortfall. World oil was so cheap that the industry persuaded the Kennedy Administration (Richard Nixon, Vice President) in 1970 to impose mandatory import controls through the establishment of the Oil Import Control Board. This latter addition is the story of oil. The Oil Import Control Board, charged to protect domestic profits, saved the seeds of the present crisis. As far as the industry, it found it increasingly unprofitable to build refining capacity abroad rather than in the U.S.

There's another Tennessee Sour Mash Whisky, but there's only one George Dickel.



It hurts to be as well-loved as the other Tennessee Sour Mash Whisky and not as well-known. After all, we've been around since 1870 . . . doing some things they don't. Like letting the mash sit a day longer and cooling as we charcoal filter. The result is a whisky we're confident you'll find just as smooth, not quite as familiar, a little lighter and a lot better.



By pitch, however, it became clear that the United States was vulnerable to trouble because demand was still strong and the production could go longer than peace. Consequently, President Nixon instructed George Shultz, then Secretary of Labor, to do a Cabinet Task Force to recommend steps aimed at slowing down oil imports. This was the fourth resolution, and it, too, moved another step toward the brink. The Shultz Task Force, which did its homework brilliantly, concluded that the supply-and-demand problem required a basic change in U.S. policy—and the foreign oil importers were to blame. The recommendation was approved by the whole Cabinet—except for Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans and Interior Secretary Walter Hickel, whose industry was damaged. And in April 1970, Nixon decided to implement and would tremendous international pressures, Nixon rejected the recommendation. Once again, the industry could argue that there was no incentive to build any overseas.

The formation of the Shultz Task Force is an exciting example of the shortcomings of both the White House and the industry. One may well ask how they could imagine that the government's role between the oil and supply could be limited without freezing up imports and phasing the energy infrastructure all but to face the new era. The conclusion of this episode was a triumph of diehard-backed policies over common sense.

If it was commonplace which caused them to believe, as they did, that little could be done, in 1970 Lohay formed a group of American companies to open negotiations for new advertising arrangements. The emergent Lohay royal romance had been overseen by young military officers, and Colonel Gadsden, the new test, demanded better treatment from the multinational oil companies.

This, as I noted earlier, was the great watershed, and it was the fifth major milestone on the oil story. From the outside, the New York Department of Justice, along with the industry, insisted that the final error of assuming that OPEC could fail to show solidarity with any of its members and that, most likely, it would collapse altogether. This is why the companies were offering five cents more per gallon of gasoline in 1970, and for 40 cents more after. GadsdenԺheated them with a much higher rate, but all sense followed in retrospect.

By January, 1971, the companies became alarmed because the Libya path to higher prices was spreading to other producers and they were faced a new crisis. Colonel Gadsden, Executive Vice-Chairman, Gulf, Colt, California Standard and BP agreed to form a scaled front, dissolving from OPEC that a new record must be born on "settlement [reduced] simultaneously with all preceding increases" of concern. The companies' view was that this was especially true of the weaker independent oil not want to be picked off by me by my

every producing country. To make this seem legal, however, the American companies needed assurances from the Justice Department that they would not be prosecuted on subtilty grounds. The document establishing the bases for such an assurance was drafted by the partnership in New York and Attorney General John Mitchell signed it two days later. Now the oil companies had both a shelter from U.S. laws and what many people in Congress argued as a warren against antitrust action. The architect of this policy was John J. McCloy, the seventy-nine-year-old New York lawyer who had been a partner in the firm of Tamm, Hadley & McCloy, representing at least twenty-eight oil companies. McCloy once served as chairman of the board of the energy-related Chase Manhattan Bank and his law firm is still connected to the Bank of America. It may not be surprising that he was chosen as a strategist of the multinationals at this time, as he is the aging oil self-assessing alert and brilliant McCloy.

Working on secret, the oil companies set up a New York Policy Group and a London-based committee to draft a Middle East negotiation. With McCloy running the operation the way a committee of nations would work, the industry group ultimately arranged a membership of some thirty firms, including the multinationals. Not only had the oil companies joined together in OPEC, but they also agreed to share among themselves their crude oil should any of the companies be nationalized by the host governments. The State Department, which was being kept posted on some (but not all) of these industry actions, initially agreed to a closure on security. But in discussions with the Congress, including the Senate Select Committee on Energy and Power, the industry group was forced to make some changes, including the terms of the Lohay and subsequent agreements. McCloy argued strenuously before a Senate panel that both the industry and the Justice Department acted legally in negotiating the compact. In the end, however, the Senate rejected the bill, but not before Senator Dole felt that the spirit, if not the letter, of antitrust laws was being violated.

Two things altered the industry at that time. One was that just agree with the oil companies to keep their shares at home. For this reason, non-petroleum companies were devised to make sure that, as effect, all the proceeds under new agreements would remain "income taxes." An integral obligation from the New York group to the Justice Department was that the oil companies would not be a violation of antitrust laws. A coldblooded Leon Lederman in the New York group urged the companies at home "to seek further clearance from Justice" for parallel but connected negotiations with the Libyans and Persian Gulf producers. The Persian Gulf producers, indeed, initiated the most worrisome of the consequences, they found "Ragfragger," that



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Break open the filter of a smoked and unsmoked Lark. Smell the difference. This easy sniff test proves Lark's famous filter really works. Two outer portions of the filter help reduce Tar and Nicotine. Specially treated charcoal granules in the inner chamber smooth the taste to give you rich, mellow tobacco flavor—in a way no other filter can.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1986 nicotine, tar, and nicotine, FTC Report May 1984.

The trend is, however, to believe otherwise. In 2012 and 2013, the pressures by the governments on the military became increasingly severe, despite the fact that, in 1993, Iran had divested most of the foreign holdings, including the huge I.P.C. Holdings, a series of participation agreements, which reduced the share of the multinational and national oil companies in the oil sector. OPEC announced in November, 1993, that 51 percent ownership in these companies by host governments was no longer sufficient. Iran took the position that it would not sell its shares to the governments rather than let them integrate themselves. Notwithstanding the State Department's reservations over the proposed bilateral treaty with Saudi Arabia, other negotiations continued to take place. In December, 1993, the United States and Saudi Arabia (not Israel) reached an agreement on "pro-Israel" standards including the United States, and began setting down an assistance plan. At that time, the Arab countries were faced with billions of dollars of interest charges on their debts from all over the world as prices kept rising every day. One made-out section in law late last year required \$10 per barrel from each member country to help pay off the debts, and would cost at least \$10 per gallon in the United States.

States?—The outside is so steadily growing take-over of oil production by the OPEC countries—even the great Arabians are in danger of being bought out or dominated by the oil companies. The oil companies will control the world markets. In February, 1974, Libya completed the nationalizing of all American oil companies there. The U.S. government may be forced to seek the bilateral arrangement of the oil companies as confirmation at the recent Washington conference of ministers of major consumer nations that it is plausible

against such arrangements. But if it does change its mind, the question will be what happens to the multilateral compacts. Will it now renounce the adherence to the principles of the compact? Or will it continue to do so at increased levels? If it does not, the U.S. citizens against trade abroad—whether that President Nixon has reluctantly lifted the import controls—how long will it take to build up some resistance again? The latter option may be extremely important, at least for the next two or three years. The American oil industry, one of the greatest contributors toward during the whole energy crisis, claimed that 10 years is failed to reach enough new relations between the oil producers and consumers to avoid supply glut. And the same industry, in 1979 fought and defeated proposals for lifting import controls. Had they been lifted then and had other measures been taken, there would have been plenty of room to run the refineries.

"Have the government, Congress and the oil industry learned a bitter lesson from all this?" No doubt, and yet the only predictable factor is that it will all probably get much worse before it gets better. Sorry.⁴⁸

THE TRUE ADVENTURE OF THE SACRED IDOL OF KOM

©Centaur 2000 page 1813

"I am a real player," said he as he cultured English. "On an ethnological scale I see it from my aesthetic, philosophical and spiritual side, and, well, there are few complex questions here. How do you pass?" "Who knows?" he said, waving his glass of champagne helpfully. "The Fan himself has never said it. He only brought out for exclusive symphonies and otherwise only special people like us and it." He burst out laughing. "That's why it's so funny his name, 'The Fan.' This is the real Afri-Kamen. Now does he know?"

His eyes were twinkling. "Now, the second panel. I think perhaps it's a new Ado-A-Kota, created by American technology. Nothing is beyond modern American technology. Or perhaps it has lost its power," he continued happily.

I tell you to speak as up. Here at my first real, established kind ma, whose father is president of the school here, I have been told, I can't say. But remember the professor of ancient languages when I am sent over to the place to Doura, and who with energetic patience and courage explored the ancient French and romanesque inscriptions of the city? The professor of the people of 3890, G. H. Ernest in God, I didn't know it, but right here in West Africa these people were doing grammar and algebra, writing equally poems and histories, and the like. And the learned ones that at universities thousands generations after that descendant could possess a learned paper on the subject at the University of Yaounde.

"Of course it's not going to be easy," says Christian. "We're very much Christians." These people emphasize things that are not connected." And he proposed to explain how Ken is about 85 percent Christian now and the real division as between Protestant and Catholic, who have, with three hundred thousand years of culture experience, created a religious movement that is much purer rather than the traditional institutional church and its inheritance. The Ken newspapers are divided, conservative, moderate and radical, as the name.

Moreover, he told me something about that traditional sprout we started to bring back to Kauai, which has had a prominent history of kindly neighbor, man, wife, brother, son, father and friend.

had gathered, apparently, every upper-ercent Korean in the neighborhood by this party. Richard Wilson, natural director of pleasantries, was interviewed in New's dissertation. There was only one way in. To quote "Looch, give me your shawl." The best four typists on it. Get it digitized. You have no excuse ready in a day or two I imagine a lot of the journalists here would be eager.

Nixon was growing about how difficult it is to be an ethnologist in open

even though if he were alone (say while), he need, he could enter the sacred palace in Koss without having to bring a guard.

"You'll have soon. I think you're planning to take your charge over the sun and *Frigidval of the Arctic*."

Position of the Author

"It was started in 1916 to promote tourism. It's new. You'd like it. I remember when I was in Washington—"

was high. The Fon was getting quietly patted as champion and the Afo-Akoma stood taller in his corner as the diplomats cleaned out the whiskey and snapses and left. Then the authorisation quietly replaced the Afo in his box for the next presentation.

As the days went by, we began to better, bargain, negotiate and drink. No one of us moved without the others. We spent hours getting information and discussions in an anxiety induced haze, our minds hanging between hope and despair. The Missionaries Godwin and I used to have a place to go to Kent.

"Patient," snarled. Gunnar through set teeth. "Don't upset the ap-piecart now! We still have President Abels; I tell you we'll get there."

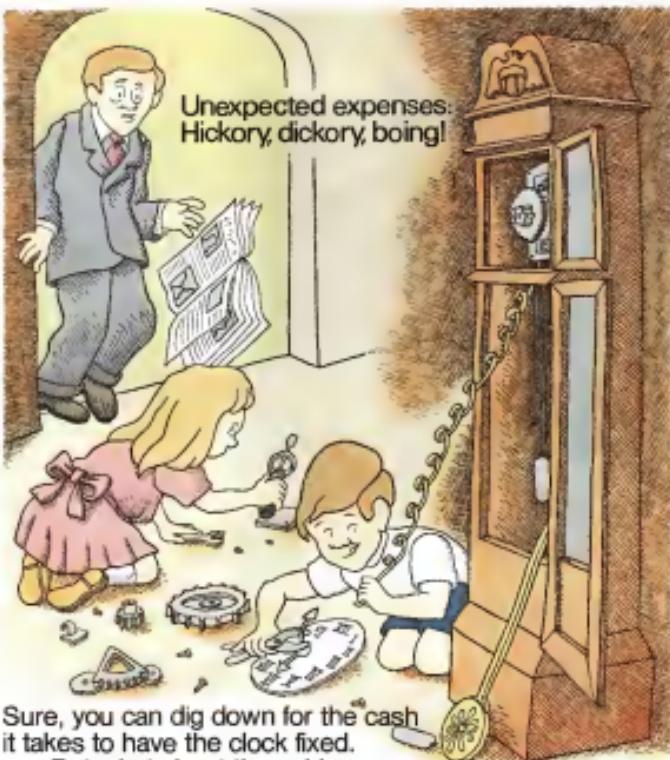
"Well, I'm not hanging around here anymore," announced the National Guardsman. "Do right of it. I'll go

There was nothing definite on what

What was happening in Yarmouk? The Africans were taking us and the status for their own side. The Afr-As-Kios was established in the winter of the Ministry of Treasury in Yarmouk with the same name as the state of the United States and found for sale on New York. It was past for and returned, said the aim, by the United States government to the Central Government. Much of people raped at the breeding consolidated figure, pending and willing to use the valuable object. Our cultural heritage. Basic and Human rights were damaged that the Afr-As-Kios had not yet damaged or hacking so much for our side in Afrasia!

Finally we forced the senator's return. We went straight to the top, to President Abaido himself, for Gass man had letters of greeting to deliver from President Nixon and Senator Hubert Humphrey and forced an opportunity therefore to explain why we should return the major states to the Ross tribe.

It worked. In three days we were flying in grants of the government in a military Cessna piloted by two Frenchmen to the Bahia landing strip, Bahia, Ilananda, Fundação, Laranha. That was to be our route. Up the python trail that the Koro people themselves had followed one hundred years before, Quico Roan at the lead, with rifle, dogs, children, goats sprawling behind, now



Sure, you can dig down for the cash it takes to have the clock fixed.

But what about those big money problems waiting down the road? What about guaranteed income for your family if you're not here to provide it?

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We could have left well enough alone, but we think that if we can improve on our shoes for the sake of your feet, we will.

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The Wallabee, now with more sole than ever. Exclusively from Clarks.

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ing red scorpion clouds of dust as they raced across the mountain passroads. We dashed along, swerved, turned, careening, four wheels in the air, over the rocky roads, shouting and hollering impudently and choking in clouds of dust. We bounded through the lonely land of Africa to yet another Western hotel, a Mayan Inn, with its Bechuanas' Apaches, their guitars strumming like crazy, their voices, one of a Dutch girl, screaming past a nail, the other of a woman. Holden instantly held a press conference about the importance of preserving our culture.

That night we were guests of the Cameroonian government at yet another very fine four-course French dinner in white linen, with several wines and mineral water. Tomorrow we would go to Ekon to see the tribe across their state. We thought we had won.

Fundraig, Koro Province of Bamenda, West Cameroon. It is two hours from the town of Bamenda to Fundraig, a village where the first of a mission, where the station will be presented to the Koro people, the time by the Cameroonian government. The ceremonies had been planned for days, and people were drifting down the mountain and along the dirt roads into the little village, women with babies on their backs, and men with long-horned cattle.

One hundred men wearing traditional Koro robes stridently carrying a British shooting stick, and as the men added up, Lord Rivers, Frequent, army three times, and the Rev. Mr. Smith, a classifier, was hardly breaking the shoulders of an official with a white handkerchief. All was quiet except for the scraping of a tent on cement at a house under construction across the river. The people were gathering at the Western school in the field, and eventually we waded down the river to see what was happening.

The field was ringed by people. At one end was a thatched shelter, hung with faded red, green and yellow fabric. From the doorway a man in a tattered suit said, "A picture of western wood at skeleton on the field, and behind them were the schoolchildren in proper British blue-and-white school uniforms. The trees were filled with children. The trees were filled with children. The trees were filled with children. The smell of oil filled our nostrils, and the entire area had the quiet foreboding of a day at the races."

Then the minister of information and culture, powerful in his large bushes and dark glasses, approached the shelter.

On the grass at the minister's feet lay the AIA's car, covered with red dust. He began his speech, pausing periodically for the translator to render his words from French into pidgin. And this was important, what he said, because this was the official government motorcade. The minister told the people and telling them how to act and what to think about the visiter's return.



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All car manufacturers promise you the moon, but Renault can give you the sun because our new Gordini Coupe Convertible 4 seater has an exclusive 3 way top.

In winter there's a fiberglass hardtop to keep you snug. But comes the summer, you remove the hardtop and find an electrically controlled fabric driving top that glides open and shut at the flick of a switch.

Of course, we don't expect the sun, the moon and the stars to be your sole reason for buying the Renault 17 Gordini. That's why we

put so many other reasons into it. Like a 4-cylinder engine and a Bosch electronic fuel injection system to save you gas. A four mounted, 5-speed fully synchronized transmission. Front disc and rear drum brakes to give you quick, safe stops. Rack and pinion steering to give you constant control. Plus front wheel drive and steel belted radials to give you better traction.

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polyester (double-knit
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8% linen).



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When I got back home I was informed at The Town's annual meeting of the sports, which gathered in a public hall on June 19, 1966. "We are holding nothing but message for lost." He went said that "Artfully he gave us a pleasant address."

"Believe me Ado-Kon," he said, "we give brotherly salutation to President Adome who has returned the statue to Kien. This is a great occasion, on which we bring back a religious object that embodies the spirit not only of Kien but of all the people of Cameroun."

"Remember the time when the statue disappeared from its traditional place?

It always stayed between two other statues," he continued, regarding them of their tradition—"there was it, last How did it get to the United States? We have no answer."

The statue, he told us, stayed with their leaders of children, the would abdicated his title politely.

"As soon as we heard of the whereabouts of the statue the Cameroun government took all steps possible to recover it. We presented all national medals. The chief took the banner and people of goodwill helped recover the statue (Engelund), how it was released in the Cameroun embassy on November 29 and arrived in Yamoussoukro on December 4 where a big ceremony was held inside large hall. The Fan of Koumou was raised and the banner that the American government gave back to the government of Cameroun. He introduced the American (polite) applause."

"This is the property of all Camerouners and it must be in the final charge of the state, we passed that judicially. It seems our national wealth. All of us," he lead down the law, "should be concerned if this statue was still again." Doro-Soro has despite everything that has happened that is not a man of the urban. All things of a mixed nature are drivers? Many appear to be U'U'e?

Thirty or forty reporters were scribbling furiously. The sun was hot and the minute in the sun sunglasses had worked themselves up to a terrible pass. He left the hall, walking now, departing from his writing tools.

"Our policy is to bring back all of our national heritage to Cameroun, even those objects that were removed before the end of colonialism." Long live National Unity!"

I could remember if anyone applied for a permit, because just then behind me a drill sergeant bawled out an order, the soldiers strapped to attention, shaping their rifles and shaking their heads. They marched off the drill field, while in front of me the Af's solo was like when being spiced and the soldiers were jostling it, ready to receive our Englishman from his box. The lid was opened — the packing paper removed — the middle panel — the neck panel. Then the sacred statue was lifted off its feet so as native and

O-O-O-O-A-A-A-A-D-E-R. The crowd surged forward, and I felt pin in that moment—in the crowd of that rolling mass of sweat, I sensed the sacred statue high on its grey pedestal. And such was really named Mwene, the Eternal One, that they had never seen, in that breath exhaled in a Plateau land, the nose from a single collective spirit as the crowd pushed, pushing, pushing, osseous, osseous—

—when the tree, every green sprout had exploded, every sprout. Each man was smiling. This was, as he said later, "the greatest moment of my life"—an perhaps it was for all of us, for afterwards we could not stop talking.

Brightest of all, though, we saw the statue. Imagine an American crowd pouring onto a football field to see down the goalpost. I thought the tent would go for sure, trampled under foot, chairs, banana palms and excess which would sway and tangle steeply and snarl, and twisted into thousand twisted heads into the deep bay underneath. But no. The flood soon stopped like a ring of bolts, knees lowered in search of quiet, toward the statue. The front lines, pressed back and other bodies started forward. A small crowd of people, mostly young, pressing with more bay and palm oil. The feathered men swayed and dropped as children shorned in their branches.

A banner of rifles went up. Old men, young men, women, boys, to dance. Men in white, with the women, running, crying, shouting, shouting their game for the return of Messiah. They danced, knees picking up at their hips, pushing on to the rhythm beat. Whipping, they chanted and pointed, shouting, shouting, shouting, shouting who only a few moments before had been standing in perfect silence, threatening with spear-like rifles, threatening, men.

Now the encounter became suspense, the crowd turned down in early darkness. Moslems are disgusted by this kind of robbery, especially Moslems who are sincerely professors of the highest moral standards, in protecting French women, who have just given a speech on National Unity and Coexistence Culture.

It's encouraging, when you have spent a week improving on your German grammar, that your former editor is croaking, snoring, snoring, snoring, here was a display of primitive emotion. So he was not pleased. In a moment the older ones that we are to stop acting and photographing. The Mwene barked us to leave. Now up to London. To King-dome Kien.

I was then I learned about the armaments made for this trip. I've heard people say that Africans can't conceive and nothing goes right, the thing's all wrong. Let me clear that up. When things come down to get us to Kien, the Cameroun government changed the face of the earth. The fellow Gajon bulldozers pulled the road down from Bamenda to Foumban, silting potholes and snapping off rocks. Then they rebuilt the road five miles up to Kien, and the road to Lai. The district officer, according to Lai, was a man himself of accomplish, while ordinary men had the disease in our blood. The road from Bamenda to Lai was lined with children, women, men, waving their pals friends and gone and shouting for joy. The army was marching on and others set up drums and tambourines. They really had themselves not far far.

Up the mountain we charged, as I feel gear all the way, into the Laiking village green, where more people are dancing, shouting, and terrorizing. The crowd is only with the fire of green. Women are shouting, shouting, dancing in long python form, while the men stagger around bellows, barking



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and he-hung at each other with eye stalks that come to hand. Two girls with dentures, the Sigma's, are prancing around the room, laughing and dancing. One wears a tattooed British flag as a leotard.

We all want to stop and gaze, but we're hurried off, down through the courtyard, running and leaping and scuffling the dogs, screaming blithely into the night.

The silent delegation is considerably enlarged by now from the few that started out on the plane from New York. There are maybe fifty or sixty of us sitting around a conference table in one of the southern chairs. On one side are seated the Wam-o, the lords of Koo, their heads spread wide to show the complex patterns of their robes. On the other side is a kind of archbishop, a master of arts, with his nose deeply buried in a book of Latin. Everything is very quiet. From beyond the houses we can hear the shouting and thumping of the people up there in the village green. In the center of the court right in front of us is the Peacock Inn. This is a small, simple building with a steep roof thrown over the roof, and beside it, shading it, is a big blue bench underneath that says Cricketeers. Here all around its unloped edges.

Right next to the umbrellas two young men, the trustees, and holding a simple wooden frame with books are ready, we're told. One man is seated to the waist, his body stretching black as mystery in the sun; the other is dressed in a jumpy pink shirt and white slacks. But they both equally present on these fantastic notations like the Peacock Inn, the Cricketeers itself couldn't sing! At first, though, they're just standing there too, and nothing much happens. Then they pull out in the sun, throw some towels in the air, and sit down, so only one on one, circle with benches.

The minister is still possibly carrying, recalled maybe by the stay fair and dark, wondrously thickened hair. Well, I could competitive. He wouldn't want to continue. He's not from a West Virginian hillbilly stock of I was President of the United States.

After a while a Koo man brings out a table covered with a blue tablecloth and sets it in front of the minister. Another arrives with an ancient tray with what looks like cold meat dishes on it. Around the edge it says in English *GOON KOO TO GOON*. And at one end border of French chouquettes, and wrapped in tissue.

Hardly had the glasses been set down, though, when the government goes up, very quickly, and the minister is gone away. This is not the way, he yells out in French. "I told them not now." He and the district officer rush into the Peacock's house for a quick hide, the result of which is that a moment later I reluctantly write the telephone number down into the thickened dark of the hot, folded by the gold lamp shades and then the trap and finally the blue-striped table. I was

slightly older than dusty mile from Beaufort, who would have appreciated the change.

There is another pause. The dogs snore and fuck an occasional fly off their ears.

Suddenly the zulu dancers burst into the courtyard, screaming and leaping and scuffling the dogs, screaming blithely into the night.

"The Fon is the greatest of all noblemen," they shout in Koo, while the audience doubles with laughter. "He doesn't care none out. Come out, rule!"

Were it proposed by me for nomination. We hurried home to act at these things, and that one is just about. R's cousin and spiritual, with much laughter. After a few minutes the Fon appears, walking his lobbing step at us, slow and happy. He personally gives to the master and minister of the Peacock Inn a ceremonial garniture of African ceremonial garments of honor. He gives Nohoko a sword made for his namesake. Nohoko looks a little disappointed, but he fits them on it and everyone congratulates him and tells him how much more weight he's got when he's wearing those clothes. The master himself peers up a while at the attention, and he laughs as he pulls on his resplendent robes and twirls a bit to show off. Now the Afu's last name is and is placed before the Chinese. But at this point the minister, the governor and power and the district officer have been.

They oughtn't stand it—the [aun] drumming, the elephant horns and naked bodies, the smell of bodies and day grime. The women, old and young, were lined up in a row, and everyone was watching the photographers who aimed around the Nigro's in their own Nihau suits. The Fon was sitting on his leopard skin, one arm easily thrown over the back of his throne, and he was smiling. He had a cigar in his mouth, and it wasn't even time to do *Becoming*, see. His goats were being shaved out like chickens. And angrily too.

The minister has an evil temper. He was trying hard to keep in the chair, but he had to cower to the Indians' wild patterned orders from above. And he'd had to endure six hours of the kind of back-breaking jolting in a Cork boat and later on a Land-Kayee that only presidents on the proved land farmland. He had to do it because he was afraid of what he was concerned. Now we were hearing him wailing.

A cultural wedge assigned to us was standing tall in his known with a height red the incus was going to identify him with this village. It's all right to do this, especially when you're here, but it's a human nature. He was said. He spat faced. His mouth was grim. He'd just been chewed out by the minister and his president to the United Nations was on the line.

"It's finished now," he yelled, arms out. "We over. Please come along. The minister is waiting. We have a reception to attend."

No one was listening. The photographers were crowding around the Waito, the white doctor, the bell-cranked chair, the minister, the district officer, scattered in the courtyard as they moved from place to place, cameras clicking. This was what all of us had traveled ten thousand miles to see. The children in their school uniforms paraded toward the minister's residence. It was the best circus there's ever been.

The minister shouted: "It's finished. Come along."

"Leave. We're not leaving," snarled one photographer.

"Why? Why should we leave?"

"We're not going to be allowed if I'll leave."

"Come along now. Don't embarrass me. Please. The minister is waiting. Don't embarrass me."

"Okay," escaped the National Geographic. "But this isn't my story."

"All right. That's all right. We don't need. Come along."

And still the snarling persisted. "This is a disgrace!" cried one journalist long accustomed to the country. "This is a shameful disgrace. Your country should be ashamed. They're here to cover more than thousand miles. The Fon wants to entertain them. He invited them. That is a disgrace!"

The young were dancing frequently. They talked in the streets on high-pitched voices, voices, voices. In the distance, somewhere in Koo, "You are welcome, Mbong. All will be well. You have been away long, Mbong. Welcome home. Never will you be hungry again. Forget your sadness, Mbong. We will feed you well."

The Fon had disappeared. One can see we had worked out past the white seats, the women sucking her infant on the doorstep, and through the alleys of Lakone to the village green, where the houses were still clinging in and out of the Land-Kayee, standing with their backs to the sun.

Streep was capturing us, shooting us into cars. And then we were back in the dinner. Land-Savers, grousing down the newly built roads, past the sun-worn cassava and coffee patches, green and brown, and the white villages which was usually a wretched snow-white road, it hardly had its ugly head from granite, preferring to peer at our sunburn, head down, without losing a moment'sunction.

We were expected for an expense and when we got to the district officer, to be deferred by an intense beach in Bawase, two hours away, with more French food and imported wines, and later that night there would be another formal dance followed by dinner, both dinners, and a movie. That's right. We would watch the dances in a kind of cultural center with tiled Christmas paper looping across the ceiling. On the low tables before us would be delicate cookies and pastries, champagne, beer, and Pinto wine. It was popular and fast. And at the end of it, we would be entertained. This is how civilized adults watch the traditional culture of a country that is, settled in a rare theater and not in a mud-walled compound.

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23-10

The next day we were kicked out of Cameron. It wasn't our fault. We tried to stay out of politics. But the officials who would happen if we remained even and returned to the Festival of Arts, then the Minister exploded in a rage. It was over, he announced. We were guests of the government and should know how to behave. He was really mad. Then the Communists inserted us onto planes, out of the country.

I don't know if we brought peace and harmony to Kao. After we left, Laius was executed. No more residents were allowed in Kao. The Chinese took over. They went to clean up one tribe over another. I guess One Peace Corps officer was detained and has fled and remains unlocated, when he was found photographing communists, and the Army from the Paks division, and the army from the Cambods division, still remains unlocated. The last known place was, soldiers were everywhere. The State Department telephoned me in New York asking me not to mention the names of Americans in Kao for fear they'd be taken out of the country. A week later, I heard, the net was still swinging around, catching innocent.

A lot of the members of our party felt the commitments made to them before the start of the entire had not been met. But we did our best to do our part. We had time, after all, to give the natives back their freedom in order to resolve some strange problems, due especially. I wouldn't have missed it for the world. I was touched by the position of the Chinese government, who always want control, money in the bank, and a good place for their home. Freely and on the other for not being proud of his positive part. What did we think we were doing? The Chinese government was answering at times, but I believed with perfect sincerity in the fate of our natives. They really put themselves at risk.

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DINING IN/OUT WITH ESQUIRE

San Remo, that pleasant, pastoral Northern Italian seashore part a peg or two from Madison Square Garden, now has an English adjunct added, with full awareness of its surroundings. It's located at 100 East 72nd Street, at 33 East Side First Street, across the way from The Colony and just a few steps down from the sidewalk. San Remo Hotel is as refined and pleasant as the original, and a better place to stay than ever. In fact, the lone guest room, though magnificently paneled walls, ceiling, hand-painted screens on chairs and carpet, a few paintings of San Remo, that renowned resort in Italy's Ligurian coast (another of its names), as well as the Italian poster mounted on the wall, is a most comfortable room. It would be hard to beat this new place. It would be hard to like it, too. Friends and relatives, everyone, at times gets involved with the service.

Both restaurants have much the same menu, with some variation in price. Lunchtime can open twelve to three, Monday through Friday; dinner, from six to ten or eleven or twelve, depending upon the night and the business. Neither place is open Sunday.

There are complete lunches from \$6.25, and entries begin at \$3.50. The classic Valentine is \$4.50 - bread bowl of chicken, sautéed into segments, layered with prosciutto and cheese, sauced, with wine added, and served with a creamy sauce of the pea, artichoke, the wine, and chicken stock.

Dishes have even more variety than banchan, and for those who prefer a lighter dinner—perhaps a before-the-

house—there's a hearty selection of steaks, with coffee and dessert, at \$10. Among the entrees are half an hour stuffed with ham, cheese, onions, and mushrooms, served with meat, gravy, and baked beans, \$3.50. Complete dinners are from \$7.25, but most are under \$8. There are many new dishes, beginning with salmon au gratin, the house specialty (poached salmon topped with melted butter, mashed potato, and garnished with a tartar sauce). These entrees, flavored with the same ham gravy as the steaks, the top dinner at \$12.25, consist of chicken with shrimp sauce, and ham soufflé with cream, cheese and bacon. The soup du jour is a Heidelberg soup of sauerkraut, or a "family soup." Of course, desserts are welcome, \$1.50. Baked ham, with meat and cream sauce, one of the best.

There are the usual elements I mention, restaurants, spumoni, and the specialty the house, stuffed figlets, a version the English figgy cake; sponge cake flavored with rum, served with jam, custard, topped with whipped cream.

Frances Alfie is the publisher of the magazine at 203 Eighth Avenue, near Twenty-eighth Street, telephone MEL-61, and of the book, *2000 Ideas*.

Le Post Noir seemed a perfect name for a French restaurant to Jean Daguerre and Jean Jules when they opened it nine years ago, for one of the Jules—Jules, the wine-heat, Daguerre the curtain-shad—was born in Boston but lived in Paris

near the "new" bridge. They had second thoughts whenever they heard the name pronounced, but they might have had the same problem with their own names. Now that they are sponsoring nine trips to France and nine meetings and goal drives on their calendar, a Past Staff Chapter of Les Amis de l'Américain is more impressive than if it had been dubbed the Department

Le Petit Neuf is a delightful French bistro at 212 East Fifty-third Street in Manhattan, between Second and Third Avenues. There are two levels, the first opening onto a bar separated by a massive wine rack from the main dining room, which is filled with tables, softly lit by hanging lamps, its interior walls covered in Fragonard tapestries, often used for private parties of which Le Petit Neuf gets many because the partygoers make a variety of selections.

Lodging are complete, \$15.50 to \$3000 with daily specimen. Dining is in carts with service beginning at 12:30 P.M. The entrance to the entrance to Le Petit Neuf is a building with the daily dinner specimens set out on the menu because often they're market finds. (Lodgings at Fromage du Chêne are \$15.50 to \$3000.) Dinner starts six in the evening on the same carts, and five in eleven on Saturday. You could begin dinner with two pastries: Soufflé Neuf, fluffy pinkish with a craggy surface, or a delicate, light-colored soufflé. The main course range (most of the dishes and many soufflés are exceptions) and then go on to a special Le Tambourin (soufflé of beef made with a combination of veal, meat, and onions). There are great entrees with poussin braised orange, and Sole à la Grande Carambole, with white wine and butter sauce. The simple desserts include the logarithmic, \$15.50 for a large portion, or Crème brûlée, which is delicious. Cakes are also available, with mousse or fruits with small garnishes. The desserts are good, all prepared on site in the house.

When you go to Le Point Neuf, eat
the wine tastings; the owners
have wine and are pleased to impart
their knowledge to others; there's no
such thing as loss. As to the gâteau
days, which are held about once a month,
ask to get involved in the baking list. A gâteau
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MEMOIRS OF A NEARSIGHTED SPY

(Continued from page 170) who would afford to eat, began around ten at night, probably because "too" concentrated food stimulates children, there are here vegetables, sandwiches, rice, fish, fruits, ice cream, candy, nuts and fruit.

The weeks that followed were hectic. Juggling engagements with journalists, ambassadors and their wives, with Andral, his friends, and with the Party, I was hardly sleeping. One Sunday in September 1946 we descended here. A presidential election campaign was in progress, in which the Popular Front candidate, Pedro Aguirre Cerda, one-time Minister and former Senator of Education, and a number of other names at the University of Chile, was running against the enormously rich Gustavo Ross, who was backed by President Alessandri and the notorious Chilean oligarchy of "fifty families." The campaign was vicious. Aguirre Cerda was bitten by vipers, his supporters pelted trouble and Andral bought a machine gun to put on the roof of his newspaper building. I went to interview General Carlos Ibáñez, the semi-fascist exponent of continuity to save another political career. Chilean politics is not the first political government. General Ibáñez was president in 1929 and again in 1938; who we expected might had some sort of map. He received me hospitably, demanding to know why North American newspapers would publish such stories. I was a young girl, a woman. And when I met Pablo Neruda, a Communist and even in those days a famous poet, he asked me pointedly, "Why didn't they send Hemingway or Steinbeck?" Andral arranged for me to meet General Alessandri but it is of little avail now because I refused to let him approach me and, instead, sent Andral messages to round shapes where I listened to censure and popular Chilean songs. When I got back to the USA late that night, I was so exhausted by the experience—extreme tension open, everything turned over, I called Andral, picked up, checked out of the hotel and moved to his house. He said I must stay there and he would not leave me alone. That night he invited a wire at a dinner party when he received a telephone message that the president had expelled me from Chile for smoking him by forcing to keep my opposition. Andral called Alessandri's secretary and told him that since he was still residing here, he must not be expelled. His newspaper had considerable prestige, so the expulsion order was canceled.

Meanwhile, I knew that sooner or later I had to go to Chile again about those days and I told Andral that I wanted to see the northern part of the country for my travel articles—the idea was suggested to be festively beautiful and those two great sailing in the south like sea air at the salver station when I left by steamer with a ticket to Puerto Montt, intended to

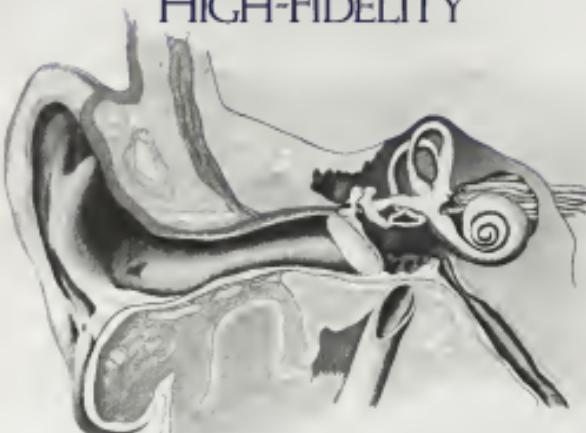
play & by me from there. Almost everything near Puerto Montt was German-dominated. Chileans were the language, schools were taught in German, and Spanish was spoken only in the lower classes. I had to leave Chile in 1946 to Germany to do military service and thus returned to the Nazi cadre and "Heil Hitler!" was mandatory; the area was openly pro-Nazi. Krafft had made a trip there to sign an agreement giving him a valuable forest concession and so I had to leave Chile in Argentina, where my post was Chile. From Thyssen, steel houses of the Röke and, like Krafft, a top Hitler leader, had made a visit to the coal mines the previous year and we have been under contract ever since. I had to leave all that in Santiago and as I thought about it on the train I couldn't conceive how I could find out much more, especially as my knowledge of German was limited to a few basic explosives instructions given to me by George Gause, an American doctor who had come to New York from Germany in 1932 and J. P. McEvily had called me and asked me to take Great Bear drawings! Certainly I couldn't use myself asking questions about the strategic military weapons of the Nazis! The man I provided my services to was a very experienced short-distance lumberman. The next day I got off at Tucumán, a town of the way in my derivation, upon the right in a small hotel, and took a train back to Santiago. I told Andral I had changed my mind and I was from Argentina. The next morning I was from Chile. (The further south I traveled the more I was lost, as in the Tucumán hotel I went to bed with my clothes on, without sweater and winter coat, and even then had to have the manager and open a room for me, however, creating quite a commotion with the other guests.) What I said to Spanish was, "I am very cold. Please send me a Brazilian."

I was queer about staying longer in Chile, thinking that the way I had been treated was not the way I deserved, so I left by plane for Rio. The United States ambassador to Brazil was then Jefferson Caffery. He was away when I was in Rio, but I saw other people of our embassy, as well as several Brazilians. I was introduced to a friend of Brasilia's. The younger brother, I was appalled to learn, had volunteered to fight with Franco and has been invalided home. He told me that while I was a disaster in his house, as I wouldn't sit down, he had to get a chair for me. For the first time someone had actually fought for Franco! The older brother was easy and even, to a minor degree, friendly liberal, a perfidious attitude under the dictator Getúlio Vargas. An Brasilia pilot who was ever-ready to provide what was needed to realize this. (Please see elsewhere, *please don't let us down!*) Prior to my visit, Bertrand de Jouvenel, a French writer, came to Rio, was overawed in a critic expression speech critical of the regime, and was hauled off to jail, an experience also undergone by a titled

Englishwoman staying on my hotel. I was therefore wary of attempting to locate any political underground. I decided the best way was through a successful periodical of newspapers. Eventually, I came across a book review, the *Review of Books*, issued by an unknown publisher. The publisher developed a term of phrase that would be remarkable to us average reader will register a signal, something as the way a dog can hear certain sounds inaudible to humans. I looked up the writer in telephone directory, decided against calling him, and wrote him a letter and took a bus to his house, giving the delivery an address five blocks away. (I had the same, this time, to buy a map I wished several for a while, found I might be arrested, and finally went to the post office. The man who worked there, let the sergeant in ready me to talk to me. The lady next door was no one there of that name. I must have the wrong address. I explained who I was, she asked me to wait, and closed the door, returning shortly with two men who spoke English. (My Portuguese was nonexistent.) We talked and then they, too, went back in the house. They reappeared to ask me to return the following day for lunch, but they had not admitted that they knew the man I was looking for. I asked if I could go in. When I went for lunch, he had asked some friends to meet me, and I sat at a large table with ten men—lawyers, doctors, professors, writers—all of whom had been in prison and some of whom have since tortured, although they were about as nice as any, I guess, the Arthur Schlesingers. So I did. The course was the advocacy of democracy. We talked all afternoon. I learned that the Canadian leader, Louis Cyrille Trudeau, was the White Knight, the most courageous of the party leaders, and kept an excellent record, but they had not been able to knock him, although out of his associates, a German, and gone from the front, and a young Communist named Ugo Sasso, had been thrown from a wheelchair and given a yard, breaking his back. The United States ambassador at the time, prior to Caffery, refused to make inquiries, regarding his cause the archtypal American platitude. (Please see elsewhere.) The man had a quiet, mild attack and was eventually released during a more relaxed, later period. The last I heard of him, some years ago, he was living on a São Paulo ranch.)

From Rio I flew to Buenos Aires, where the National City Bank manager met me at the airport with his chauffeur. However, I certainly hadn't told him I was coming, so he could have put Panagra Airways en route to submit him if and when my name appeared as a passenger. (Please see elsewhere.) He had a number for me in the ultra-fashionable Belgrano Club and had set up such a full social schedule—the name, polo, dances, a house party at the hacienda of Argentina's richest rancher, cocktail parties galore—that I had some difficulty extricating myself long

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With a report of the parish, to Harry Lane, thinking Lane might use them, in view of his impending Chilean election. He sent me a friendly cable, thanking me for my help. I was then transferred to Chile in Buenos Aires. I had told the National City Bank case that I thought there would be a Chilean coup, so he must have thought I had a crystal ball. He flew to Santiago to ask me about the Chilean election. When he got there the Chileans were still in doubt because he knew, as I did, that the government candidate was offering three hundred to four hundred pesos a vote in the interior and a thousand pesos in Santiago, so would likely win when the votes of the average Chilean were counted. Lane had a crystal ball before the election, but no prediction came true. The masses of the Chilean people are stubbornly democratic, which is why I think that they'll probably re-elect themselves to the reigns of the present party, although it has been overthrown twice in the last two years. True, that the exiled Gen. Augusto Pinochet still exists; he forced Lt. Col. Norberto Fernández of the Fernández family, the subject family in Chile, that the United States would back efforts to overthrow Allende, "short of a Bonapartean-style intervention," and I therefore assume that our government will endorse whatever the junta.

entment of an old war wound, and in the hospital he turned on his radio in the middle of an interview with me. He so gallantly told me, "I hoarsen my voice and strengthen it before they read your poem." He had dinner with my children and me and some friends in my Greenwich Village apartment. The foundation of Remond's house had been far away and long ago.

When I left New York, I didn't intend to stay in Canada, so I had no visa for there. The Canadian consul in Seattle was a little old man who had been there for many years. He was as unassuming that he had to peer at all my papers through a large magnifying glass, which gave the passenger a skeptical Holmes air. After I managed to get him to let me go, he said, "You are not even fully indoctrinated, not a professional leftist, not a menace to public health, had never served more than four years as an idiot (that's what he called it), and you're not in revolution." He then had to begged from Canada and was not Chinese, he said I could leave my passport and come back in forty-eight hours. I had to

After some more photographs, there was a discussion of changes in the environment. "The condition of the environment," he said, "is the embodiment of the soul."

My friend the colonel met my ship in Gagaput. He took me to Qudo and into the interior. The country was arid and desolate, the people gaunt and skeletal—nothing resembling anything in the world—although everywhere were the deeply-painted Indians who stared at us with indifference, hungry eye. I met none of the politicians and representatives of the government whom I was interested. I don't know who he presented there today, but it was the part they had had some interesting specimens, including an aspiderite set carved out of office by the army because, according to the colonel, it was too good for the soldiers of Chile; he was picked up flat fat on his face.) It was twenty years before I saw the colonel again in 1968; by then a general, he looked

ment of an old war wound, and in the hospital he turned on his radio to the radio of an interview with me. In the meantime, he said, "We were very poor and remained at home to help your son?" He had dinner with my children and I and some friends in my Greenwich Village apartment. The atmosphere of Reade's seemed for away and long ago.

On the ship home from Gouaroé there was a Czechoslovakian named Willy Kauer, who had been traveling around South America selling stamps for charity clubs. He and I and young German stuck together, playfully calling ourselves "the Germans." Of course, we meant it as a joke. The German, also a salesman, showed alessness letter from his wife, divorced from him at the first port. It ended with "Herr Hitler." Willy and I teased him, saying reverently, "They don't care about their family associations, do they?" The German looked miserable with embarrassment that dropped the subject. Our happy time was disrupted when the news of Munich came over the ship's radio. Britain had surrendered Czechoslovakia to Hitler. And when the Czechs were finally fought and Russia would have supported them if France honored her military pact with the Czechs, Hitler could have been stopped and there

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later. Almost everyone thought Chambelain at Minot had assured peace, or at least a truce, between the two fronts. With him "Trix all over," Jack attitude, naked eyes & dross about the Axis penetration of South American John Wheeler of the North American Newspaper Alliance said, "There's no secret to Latin-American politics." He was right. It was a large, noisy little press show. Little lenses set up as I rode my burro to the shores of Lake Titicaca where I found across the blue horizon, sweeping the surface as my boat passed by, gaudy Indian Indians in their bright red and white skins like ducks at one and shouting, "Viva-free under your long joy etc...."

In Rio, The New York Times correspondent, Bowdoin, had a sensational United States edition, had said to me, "Are you going to New York?" I guess not. I told him, "I am not. My dispatches are concerned and that the censor won't let me on the field if I tried to get him while he reads them." When I repeated that to Jesus, he said, "Friends, I don't believe you." I promised to deliver that message and have delivered it. I also wrote a walkabout of his office & did write five travel articles for *Vogue*, too for *Times & Country*, too for *Wheeler's Reader*. The editor was pleased and the *Glance Line* was pleased. Two years later, I wrote for *Pew & Country* a column of our government's secret war which was in the *Spaniard* edition of *Wheeler's Reader* and evoked some complimentary letters from Latin Americans ("shows a marvelous grasp about conditions in Spanish America"); the most intelligent article I have seen on the subject was written by a former reporter for *Holy*, but *Karen Brewster*, the editor of the C.P.U.S.A., saw it set in my one-room flat in the Village and gave him a detailed reading on the South American political underground. I also wrote, at Barnet's request, an analysis of Argentina's foreign policy which gave in *Contest*. Back now, sometime later, a long memorandum summarizing our Latin-American policy, which he gave to *Moshe Rothschild*, then minister of International Affairs. After that, he sent me a copy of his book as well, but could scarcely expect the name of vast individuals in Venezuela to see eye to eye with the enormous pen on the need for reforms.)

The week after my return, I joined South American plotters of Che and Harry Love. Another good one. Sir William Whitmore, head of British Military Intelligence in Washington during World War II. He made several cryptic remarks about my South American trip and I was puzzled. However, I didn't know that another month later, in New York, I received a telephone call from him.

I was living with Jack Lawrence at the time and wondering where I could get him to marry me. One Sunday while we were still taking the telephone ring, it was Whitmore, sending me to come

to dinner. When I went back to bed, Jack asked abruptly, "Who was it?" "Sir William Whitmore," I said and groaned. "He wants me to come to dinner at his house to meet the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh?" "Oh step kidding. Who is your mother?" Jack said, and went back to sleep, while I lay in a silent thunderstruck sort until 2:30 AM. It was the Duke and Duchess' case and I remember the Duchess closely for her impressive house. The other guests were Tex McCrary (not yet married to June Falkenhagen), the British head of the privately owned Argentine electricity corporation, and Argentina's Minister of Education. Whitmore asked what we thought of Chamberlain's Munich agreement. The Whitmore said, "Oh, it definitely means peace" and the others agreed, with McCrary saying he had talked to "the man on the street" & planned that all would be well. I told him that I believed that Hitler would never stop, that there would never be peace, that we all will be fighting him eventually." The others thought I was dirty, smart, perhaps Whitmore, who looked at me sharply and said, "That's an interesting opinion." The others day off, when I went home to bed, when he went to me, "Have you ever considered intelligence work?" "Not seriously." "You could be useful." I told him there was not a chance. "I'm too lazy, too garrulous, too talkative. I'm in love with the woman I'm with."

to dinner at Cliff Rogers' downtown, the left-wing anarchist in the Village, where he had a room in his basement. A mysterious Russian, I was told that he was the top Soviet agent in the United States, responsible only to the Kremlin, and that none of the local Party people, not even Bowdoin, knew of his identity. It was a secret that his brother & I knew. He wanted me to be a spy for the Soviet Union at the New York World's Fair of 1939, which he evidently expected to be a hotbed of espionage and maybe it was. He looked like photogirls I saw years later of David Alfaro Siqueiros, agent of the revolution, who had remained for Gorky Pissarro on that bridge. He wore very thick spectacles that magnified his eyes and gave him a saunter look, resembling one of a shantyman on the 1934 version of Hitchcock's *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. He put his fingers behind his ears and talked in a low, muffled tone. There would be no sex, very sexual at times, but I could realize that since I entered that playboy I could never leave it. I would be at the World's Fair in Flushing that year, the next year I might be in China. He added that he could not afford to go to Russia because like most men made it著名 as running among the *Wolfschädel*. I was terrified. I went home and telephoned Jim, who had been in Berlin for two months and of course return. I was beginning to dream. "I only had 200 francs to buy clothes." "I am determined my phone could be tapped this minute. But if you don't come home right away I'm going to be a spy in Flushing and then in China and you'll never see me again." I hung up. He came home and we got married and no one ever again asked me to be a spy...."

CHECKING IN WITH P. G. WODEHOUSE

(Continued from page 203 in "Work.")

"Oh, yes, I am a bit of a bore, I suppose. You're nearly always stuck together. They are, in fact, usually quite sickly. [They are, in fact, usually quite sickly.] As one that appeared in *The New York Times Book Review* a few years ago, 'The comic only approves him.' I always read them only carefully because you get tips from them. Now, that last Jeeves book of mine [*Liverpool was the Tie That Bindeth*] was criticized by one man as being dangerously near to self-parody. I think that's a bit harsh. I don't mind Jeeves and Bertie, though. I've created Jeeves and Bertie myself. I've a sense of humor, you know. I like what something isn't as good as it ought to be."

"Just because of that one critic?" "Yes, he, replies, then adds a little apologetically, "Well, I do wish you'd take more care from critics. I've a few more critics myself. I know where something isn't as good as it ought to be."

"Did people actually wear spats in those days?" The question is irrelevant, but Wodehouse is an observer, not an amateurish amateur, as the subplot

is rewarding, or do they take place in the Tropics?"

"Edwardian, I suppose." He seems uncertain himself, and I suppose the question is "Is that when you think they take place?"

"Well, between the wars, rather." Wodehouse finally decides. "I try to date them at all, but it's rather difficult. I've had it in mind for a long time, this story, this story because I'm not. He stages and ponders much as Sir Noo has advised, he is annoyed when they talk about the quality of satay in an Indonesian restaurant, and then he has his historical novels with a fancy about. The critics keep saying that the world I write about never existed, but of course it did. It was going strong between the wars. They say there are no Jeevess now. But there were dozens in the thirties. Bertie Wooster, I think, would have gotten a bit along-like. In a way it's hard to write the sort of stuff I do now because it's really a no-brainer. But thank God, that doesn't seem to bother."

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standards of the time—and the taxes, too, for that matter—Wodehouse was extremely pert. The Post, which contains two pages of the letter after discarding New, kept passing the paper, reaching a high of \$60,000 in 1938. There was probably no pun in the theory that Wodehouse's income was not well over \$100,000, and one year it totaled something like \$800,000. Despite a few years of decline, he's still accumulating a few hundred a week and several more, and despite the constant attention of the Internal Revenue Service—one of Wodehouse's tax auditors eventually went up to the Supreme Court, which ruled that agents' expenses incurred by him and his wife were not what he made. For a recent tax, he is very knowledgably honest. "He's a millionaire every time over," says his agent, Neal Mendell. "He has vast and numerous lots of blue-chip stocks, twenty thousand shares of A.T.&T., twenty thousand shares of General Electric."

After their stint in Hollywood, Wodehouse and Ethel moved to France, where they bought a house in Le Touquet, a resort town on the English Channel. Although they could easily have stayed in America, since the Germans invaded in 1940, they could never think how to get their dogs around England—a month dog magnetism. While they were penning, the Wehrmacht pulled up at the door, and everything changed. "We were so naive," Wodehouse remembers. "We were never very good at opposing things. Until the Germans arrived, there didn't seem to be any danger at all." He was transfixed off an air raid siren—Ethel was not bothered—and eventually taken in as a prisoner of war, along with his publisher. Wodehouse has described the entire scenario more like a society club than what it actually was, a converted madhouse. "Looking back to it, it wasn't at all unpleasant," he says. "The camp had an enormous amount of freedom, and we did all sorts of things, you know. We played cricket, that sort of thing." With the Germans looking over his shoulder in wonder and admiration, he, in fact, wrote two novels.

In 1945, three months before his sixtieth birthday, Wodehouse, like all citizens of that age, was released, and he joined Ethel in Books. The American press had been worried about him ever since his capture, and CBS Radio asked him to go before the microphone to answer questions from the Americans, who knew what kind of half-heard report they might expect—and what kind of propaganda value it would have—about a statesman. They were not disappointed, and Wodehouse made his capture sound no more serious than a bit of fun. "I was asked to go up to the large committee room for a reading in the Empressor Room. I was sitting along with my wife one morning when she learned her value and said, 'Don't look now, but later comes the German army.' " It was nonsense, if somewhat amusing, but still, in Books, Ethel and Wodehouse were for a time faced with such fears as Leon H. New, Bettman's own propagandist machine attached



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Coming Up in June Esquire

Previewing '76: Who's the Cleanest of Them All?

The next President of the United States will need charisma, money, and organization to get nominated and elected. What else is new? Well, he will likely have to survive unprecedented scrutiny by the press, his opponent, and you, a voter fed up with dirty tricks, laundered money, broken promises, and skeletons in the closet.

Which of the leading contenders will face first in the harsh political sunlight of '76? Next month, Evans and Novak will investigate the likes of Kennedy, Ford, Peters, Rockefeller, Richardson, Roemer, Wallace, Jackson, Mondale, and other potential Best Men. They will add up the debits and credits and give you an early sign as to who'll prevail in '76. Be here with the closet doors swing open.

In Pursuit of Secret Ingredients

What's really the difference between the taste of Coke and the taste of Pepsi? What makes Kentucky Fried Chicken different from all others? What's in Worcester-shire Sauce, Tabasco Sauce, A-1 Steak? What is Muscle Whip, anyhow? To answer these questions, Esquire assembled a panel of experts and asked them what makes things taste like what they taste like. James Beard, Waverley Root, Ray Andrus de Groot, and James Villas go out on their limbs next month.

Susan, by Philip Roth

In June, Esquire will publish a chapter from Philip Roth's forthcoming novel, *My Life As A Man*. The plot around town is that it will stand as one of Roth's finest books and an early peek is yours in June.

PLUS: A new look at Josephine Baker by Dolson Baker, a loving look at Edward Gorey by Alexander Theroux, observations on Poland by David Halberstam, Esquire's Featherlight Forty-five, the best and brightest in ballet, and a tank discussion of a little-known, never published, X rated book by none other than Dr. Seuss. And that's not the half of it, honest.

"emphasized and pressuring leering" provided in the standard, food photos taken in any city of the United States could therefore be expected to last no longer than four days. (The shortest minimum time for properly cured and aged hams is about 180 days, and consumers wouldn't touch one less than a year old.) Food engineers would most surely be in a position to do even more before long, but the fact is that they already have; supermarkets all over the country would make a killing by adding still another mass-produced packaged meat to the stable of salami, bologna, wax salami, plastic chickens, and hot dogs processed and artificial preservatives aside, there's nothing in the U.N.D.A. world look up to books over the fact that every edition would finally have the opportunity to sample a very safe regimen (salted fish) products hitherto unavailable on a nationwide basis. As for the usual producers and their enterprising country boys, well, they're bound to succeed that much longer and, besides, who would really need them?

I find it curious although not surprising that while we fight for freedom and justice and reasonable personal and economic rights, our own country can more than name our worst offense over violations committed against something as seemingly unimportant as the food we put in our mouths. But I think it's about time for those of us who truly trititudes fine food to assert ourselves and express our discontent. Consider a new movement in better nutrition—one somewhere nearish to curb the insatiable appetites of the Steinbenders. I've sadly advised it's too late to stop their work on staple foods, but there is still time to bring a halt to what the economists call "the dead weight of specialty items." We know. Indeed, specialty items are not inevitable, but they are bound to continue as long as those who profit from them never only offend nature but offend entrepreneurship, and as long as those who oppose them remain so ineffectively organized. There are, however, a serious problem with country hams. Those just eat example, and I wouldn't doubt for a moment that the culprits are already organizing themselves to propose standards for the regular hamster, the locust, the gopher, the groundhog, the Texas chick, the Brussels sprout, California mosquito—those people love to eat and which cannot be tempered with. In fact, most consumers (myself included) have suffered from a chronic affliction of the toothache, and unless we want a fast remedy for it, we'd better start a new genus of defeat as those recently uttered by author John D'Amato: "We are strong, sissies, and we deserve what we have let ourselves be led to. We have let the technologists talk us into degeneracy, and we have then let ourselves accept degradancy as a norm. Damn technological scum!"

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